THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

MAY, 1914

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Documents

YESTERDAY it was a few newly found letters throwing an unexpected light on the life of Charlotte Brontë; to-day it is the public appearance of the long series of epistles telling the story of Thackeray and Mrs. Brookfield. What will the literary discovery of to-morrow be? Where will it come from? Which suggests that among the readers of this magazine there are probably some who have in their possession odds and ends of real interest and importance—a letter from this American man of letters that tells a story, a bit of drawing by that one pencilled in an idle moment indicating a whimsical turn of humour. There must be in existence many of these fragments associated with Bret Harte, and Eugene Field, and Henry Cuyler Bunner, and Marion Crawford and a score of others of their generation and earlier generations that have never been brought to light. In such fragments THE BOOKMAN is naturally keenly interested. We should be glad to hear of them with a view to their purchase for publication in the magazine.

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Harry Thurston Peck

In the late Harry Thurston Peck we remember a distinguished scholar, a critic of splendid sweep and originality, a writer who combined incisive humour and a style of unusual brilliance. From the *Columbia Alumni News* of March 27th we are reprinting an article written by his life-long friend, Robert Arrowsmith. We feel that in no other way could so fitting a tribute to Dr. Peck's memory be paid.

By the death of Harry Thurston Peck at Stamford, Connecticut, on March 23d, one of the most brilliant intellects that ever shed distinction on Columbia was extinguished, after a period of gradual obscuration by disease.

Peck was born in Stamford on November 24, 1856, the son of Harry and Harriet Elizabeth (Thurston) Peck. From his father, a well-known schoolmaster, he inherited both his bent toward literature and his genius as a teacher. Endowed with an insatiable literary appetite, he early rebelled against parental prohibitions, and by secretly overtaxing his eyes through excessive reading by candle light brought on a condition which was a prime factor in determining his subsequent career. Unable to distinguish clearly objects a few feet away, he was debarred from out-of-door enjoyments, and turned toward study and the pursuit of literature.

Entering Columbia in the Class of 1881, he made a brilliant undergraduate career, distinguishing himself particularly in Latin. Under his management the *Acta Columbiana*, for which he wrote under the *nom de plume* of "Smintheus" and "Spinx," became the most famous college paper in the country. Some of his contributions at this time were of such a character as to justify the judgment of Dr. Nairne, Professor of English

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Literature: "These are not verses—they are poems."

After graduation Peck was appointed tutor in Latin at Columbia, and on the death of Professor Short in 1886 succeeded to the professorship of the Latin Language and Literature and to the Anthon Professorship in 1904, retiring in 1910.

As a Latinist Peck ranked high among the very few men of the country who really *know* Latin. Impatient of pretence and mechanical scholarship, he never sought recognition on conventional lines; but he had so saturated himself with the spirit of Latin literature that he was one of the most stimulating and sympathetic interpreters of his chosen field. For the interpretation of Horace and Juvenal in particular he was by natural bent and sympathy pre-eminently equipped; and the classical world has lost much through his inability to complete an edition of Juvenal which he was preparing when overtaken by his last illness.

While his life was devoted chiefly to teaching, he was naturally inclined toward journalism. He possessed the true journalistic instinct and often planned to identify himself with this field. Much of his literary work was of this nature, exhibiting a notable power to seize at once salient characteristics and to present them from new points of view. He had in addition a very remarkable local memory and in a high degree the power of absorption and retention. Knowledge once acquired was ever afterward instantly available, even in departments far removed from his own. He had a passion for statistics. For his own pleasure he had fought over all the great battles of the world with the aid of lead soldiers, and could give immediately the statistics of dead, wounded, and prisoners in the chief battles. In alien fields he could often instantly direct the inquirer to the work and volume in which the required information was to be found.

Among his many published works the most important are: *The Semitic Theory of Creation,* 1886; *Latin Pronunciation,* 1889; *Roman Life in Latin Prose and Verse,* 1895; *The Adventures of Mabel,* 1896, a remarkable child's story book; *The Personal Equation,* 1899, and *What Is Good English,* 1899, essays; *Greystone and Porphyry,* 1899, collected poems; *The Life of Prescott,* 1905; *Twenty Years of the Republic,* 1906, a notable collection of political personalia; *Hilda and the Wishes,* 1907; *Studies in Several Literatures,* 1909; *Literature,* 1909; *The New Baedeker,* 1910, a work exhibiting his talent for extracting the interesting from apparently uninteresting surroundings; *A History of Classical Philology,* 1911; and a sympathetic translation of *Trimalchio's Feast of Petronius.*

He was the senior editor from 1895 to 1906 of THE BOOKMAN, in which he personally contributed the sprightly "Letter Box"; editor of the International Cyclopedia, and co-editor of the larger work which succeeded it, the New International, and of Harper's Classical Dictionary; and co-editor of the Library of the World's Best Literature, Masterpieces of Literature, Classical Studies, Columbia University Studies in Classical Philology, the Student's Series of Latin Classics, and other works. He was for a time associated with *Munsey's,* and was a prolific contributor to magazines and other periodicals. For some of his most discussed popular writings the pressure of untoward circumstances, and not his own will, was responsible. He was a member of the Century and various learned societies.

To his intimate friends his qualities of heart as well as of mind endeared him closely. Lavish in generosity and in eagerness to help those in need of his assistance, he more than once became the victim of misplaced confidence and the prey of the unscrupulous. To some of those who owed him much his premature failure of health and his death are in part due.

We can no more fittingly close this notice of the passing of an old Columbian and friend than by quoting his lines on the death of the daughter whom he has gone to join.

THE OTHER ONE

Sweet little maid with winsome eyes
  That laugh all day through the tangled hair;
Gazing with baby look so wise
  Over the arm of the oaken chair;
Dearer than you is none to me,
  Dearer than you there can be none;
Since in your laughing face I see
  Eyes that tell of the other one.

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Here where the firelight softly glows,
  Sheltered and safe and snug and warm,
What to you is the wind that blows,
  Driving the sleet of the winter storm?
Round your head the ruddy light
  Glints on the gold from your tresses spun;
But deep is the drifting snow to-night
  Over the head of the other one.

Hold me close as you sagely stand,
  Watching the dying embers shine;
Then shall I feel another hand
  That nestled once in this hand of mine.
Poor little hand, so cold and chill,
  Shut from the light of stars and sun,
Clasping the withered roses still
  That hide the face of the other one.

Laugh, little maid, while laugh you may,
  Sorrow comes to us all, I know;
Better perhaps for her to stay
  Under the robe of drifting snow.
Sing while you may your baby songs,
  Sing till your baby days are done;
But oh, the ache of the heart that longs
  Night and day for the other one!

S. T. T. L.

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A Matter of Ethics

At a recent meeting of the Membership Committee of the Authors Club of New York one of the committee brought up for discussion a curious point that should be of interest to members of clubs wherever clubs exist. To a book of reference dealing almost exclusively with New York men and women a certain man had supplied the information that he was a member of the Authors Club. Though not so stated the obvious inference was that it was the Authors Club of New York that was meant, an organisation for which the man in question was in no way eligible. But although the intention was apparently perfectly clear, no protest of any kind was possible. Any person is entirely at liberty to cross the Hudson to the Palisades, or the East River to Greenpoint and at one place or the other organise an Authors Club, or a Century Association, or a University Club, or a Knickerbocker Club, or a Players Club, and place the club after his name as an indication of his eminence or respectability without specifically calling attention to the fact it is a club other than the one generally associated with the name. There once was an author of somewhat belligerent tendencies, who, on the title pages of his books, after giving the list of his degrees and other distinctions, always added the line: "and once blackballed by the Athenæum Club." That was more ingenuous than organising an Athenæum Club of his own at Clapham Junction.

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Gathering No Moss

It was fully twenty years ago that appeared "The Confessions of a Literary Hack" to arouse widespread comment, and to be ascribed at various times to half the writing men in the country. Since that day these "Confessions," in which are told the hardships and the inadequate rewards of authorship, have been appearing at the rate of two or three a year. None of them has struck a more poignant and apparently genuine a note than "Gathering No Moss," which was printed in the *Saturday Evening Post* for March 28th. While the authorship of the paper was anonymous, there is no particular cleverness in guessing that "Gathering No Moss" deals with the experiences of Mr. Morgan Robertson, the writer of sea tales. The first paragraph of the *Post* story tells that the anonymous scribe put in ten years at sea before the mast. The second sentence relates that he served ten more years as a diamond setter. Turn to *Who's Who in America* and that is part of the information against the name of Morgan Robertson. But these little similarities are quite unnecessary. The narrative is unquestionably his, and in view of the man's conceded power as a story spinner, it is as surprising as it is pathetic.

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Very few days after the appearance of the issue of the *Post* containing "Gathering No Moss" there came to this office a personal letter about it from one of the most popular contemporary American novelists. To show the impression that the narrative made on that man we are going to quote in part from the letter.

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"Did you read 'Gathering No Moss' in the last *Post?*" it began. "Morgan Robertson—and it's a fine thing. What a stunning last line! It is also a curious thing, as it shows he is writing better than ever. But I assume that the thing is pretty nearly true—which is a shame. He writes well and effectively. Isn't there some way to boom him among the editors? I have written ——— ——— but nothing may come of it, and I don't know other chaps very well. Robertson can do delightful things—he just happens to be dropped out. The *Post* story showed that if his work fell off a little it certainly isn't off any more—he has 'come back,' if he can get a market started. I haven't heard from him, or anything of that sort. It just struck me there was something too bad and incomprehensible too—that a man who can do really good and enjoyable stories should be in such difficulties to get them sold. It isn't as if he were unpopular—people like his stories. Can't you prod (I mean vocally if you don't in print) some of the editor bunch into a frame of mind to give Robertson a good and an encouraging show? He's just being smothered in the rush of new geniuses—his stories are bully. It wouldn't be a pity if he weren't the real thing; readers are missing something. It isn't sensible that he should be left out." On second thoughts we see no reason for preserving the anonymity of this letter. It is from Mr. Booth Tarkington.

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Memories of Frank Norris

Almost simultaneously with the publication of the posthumous novel *Vandover and the Brute,* Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company are issuing a little pamphlet of very delightful reminiscences of the late Frank Norris, written by his brother, Charles G. Norris. These memories begin at a time when Frank Norris, then seventeen years old, and intending to be an artist, went to France, and enrolled as a student at the "Atelier Julien" in Paris. There he remained two years and became absorbed, not in art, but in chivalry. The reading of Froissart's *Chronicles* was his daily recreation. He became so imbued with the spirit of mediævalism that once with much amusement he pointed out an error in Scott's *Ivanhoe* in which one of the characters is described as wearing a certain kind of armour that was not in use until a hundred years later; a mistake that was as obvious to him as if some one to-day should depict Cardinal Richelieu in a frock coat and a top hat.

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Frank Norris's earliest ventures into literature, his brother tells us, were more to provide a vehicle for his illustrations than for any interest he had in writing itself. Thus it was that his first novel, *Robert d'Artois,* was written—a crude, amateurish effort that indicated nothing of his real talent. But at that he loved story-telling, and his imagination was keen. Charles Norris's earliest recollections are of the endless and involved stories of love and chivalry that his big brother wove about certain lead soldiers. There were several thousand of these soldiers, and every captain and lieutenant was named, and had a history of his own. In these stories there was an utter disregard of historical accuracy and sequence. Thus the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, the Cid and Khedive, Machiavelli and Corbullo the Saxon, all lived and had their being together in this miniature world of lead. Frank would spend hours fashioning wonderful cannon out of the thick handles of his paint brushes, and the sides of cigar boxes. These were painted ivory black with red trimmings and christened "The Spitfire" and "The Peacemaker." He drew maps of the two countries at war, "Sparta" and "Rome," dividing them into provinces, with rivers and mountains, roads and railways.

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At that time the Norris family were all in Paris. When the rest of the family returned to California, leaving Frank to continue his art studies, Frank began writing Charles a novel in which all their favourite characters reappeared revolving

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about Charles, who was described as the nephew of the Duke of Burgundy. The story was written in the second person on closely ruled note-paper; one sheet slipped inside another, and the whole fastened together with a small loop of red or blue string, in the upper left hand corner. It came to America in chapters, rolled up inside French newspapers to save postage. Every installment was profusely illustrated with pencil sketches, mostly of Charles as an esquire, a man-at-arms, an equerry, and finally as a knight. Plots and episodes from the works of Scott, Francis Bacon, Frank Stockton, and others were lifted bodily, sometimes the actual wording was borrowed. There was one sentence: "The night closed down dark as a wolf's mouth," that years later Charles found again in the opening of a chapter of *Quentin Durward*. Before these adventures were finished Frank returned to America. He left the heroine lashed to a railway track, and Charles locked in a neighbouring switchman's tower. The story was never concluded, but it was to that time in the young lives of the brothers that he referred in his dedication of *The Pit*.

> In memory of certain lamentable tales of the round (dining-room) table heroes; of the epic of the pewter platoons, and the romance-cycle of "Gaston's le Fox" which we invented, maintained, and found marvellous at a time when we both were boys.

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Frank was nineteen when he came home. He began to prepare for the entrance examinations to the University of California. When he was studying for them he elected to write a three canto poem in the metre of Scott's verse. It was, in his brother's estimation, the first writing of merit that he did. While still in Paris, he had written a short article on the armour of the fifteenth century and illustrated it, but it was no such serious attempt as was the poem. "Ancient Armour" appeared in the San Francisco *Chronicle* in March, 1889, and Frank received nine dollars—the first money ever earned by his pen—for it. The poem was called *Yvernelle* and was published by Lippincott. He sent some of his pen-and-ink sketches with it, but these were returned. Probably, in the opinion of the publishers, the drawings were not good enough. Eventually some of the pictures for *Yvernelle* were done by Mr. Will Low. While he was in college Frank began to take his writing seriously. Naturally, his reading of fiction became critical; and at that time he was never without a yellow paper-covered novel of Zola in his hand. He loved Kipling, too, and Richard Harding Davis, and considered William Dean Howells a novelist of the first order.

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One of Frank Norris's first stories, "Son of a Sheik," was written while he was a sophomore, and published in the San Francisco *Argonaut*. Another story, "Lauth," appeared in the *Overland Monthly*. During the early part of 1894—his last six months at the University of California—a series of stories, under the general heading of *Outward and Visible Signs,* made their appearance in the *Overland,* and in August of the same year, "The Caged Lion" was published in the *Argonaut*. But he was never able to sell anything to the Eastern magazines. The manuscripts he sent invariably came back. While he was still an undergraduate at the University of California he began *McTeague*. He wrote the greater part of that novel during his year of postgraduate work at Harvard, but before completing it he began *Vandover and the Brute*. About this time he was carrying a black note-book, in his inside coat pocket, in which he jotted down a heterogeneous collection of notes of his own observation; a well-turned sentence, a good name, the possible title of a book. One of these entries read: "The hands of the village clock closed like a pair of shears, and cut the night in twain." This book was his greatest treasure. Years after he said that keeping it taught him the difference between seeing life subjectively and objectively. No one, he believed, could become a

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writer until he could regard life and people, and the world in general, from the objective point of view. Once Charles read part of this note-book, and was soundly kicked for his impertinence. But years after he came upon many of these same notes in Frank's work, amplified and adapted.

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New Authors

To make a beginning among the authors of the first novels now before us we shall take up first the book with the shortest title. That is *E,* written by Julian Hinckley, and published by Duffield and Company of New York. Mr. Hinckley is thirty years old, a graduate of Groton School, and of Harvard, of the class of 1906. For a few months after his graduation from Harvard he worked as a newspaper reporter, then left this employment to become a bond broker in Wall Street. Thus, at close range, he saw the famous panic of 1907. In 1908 ill health caused his retirement from business and gave him an opportunity to renew and pursue his natural inclination for literature. An attack of rheumatic fever while travelling in Germany in 1910, followed by rheumatic arthritis, reduced him to a state of invalidism that he thinks has rendered him an observer rather than a participant in life. "Two years in a wheel chair at the Hot Springs of Virginia," he comments in a personal letter, "may have contributed something to my knowledge and appreciation of the *genus Homo Americanus.*" Mr. Hinckley writes slowly. *E* was rewritten and rewritten, and the writing of it, interrupted by severe illness, stretched over a period of between four and five years. In the second novel on which he has been working he has averaged less than a page a day.

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Frederick Irving Anderson is the author of *The Adventures of the Infallible Godahl,* published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Strictly speaking, though his first work of fiction published between covers, this is not his first book, for last year the Macmillan Company brought out *The Farmer of To-morrow,* which was made up of articles on industrial economics, particularly relating to agriculture, that had appeared in *Everybody's Magazine.* Incidentally, *The Farmer of To-morrow* was chosen as one of the "Hundred Best Books of the Year" by a committee of Columbia University professors because it was the only work on agricultural economics published during the twelfthmonth which developed new ground in agricultural science. Like so many other short-story writers, Mr. Anderson began as a newspaper man. Before his name became known in the magazines he was for ten years a writer on the staff of the New York *World.* He was born in Aurora, Illinois, in 1877, and was a member of the class of 1899, University of Pennsylvania. His first signed article appeared in *Harper's Weekly* in 1907. The stories which make up *The Infallible Godahl* were brought out serially in the columns of the *Saturday Evening Post.*

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Three authors of first books whose work comes from the press of the Houghton Mifflin Company of Boston are Dr. Richard Clarke Cabot, Dr. Clara Barrus, and Mr. Munson Havens. Dr. Cabot is the author of *What Men Live By.* He was graduated from Harvard in 1889, and from the Harvard Medical School four years later. Since then he has been prominent in medical work and has given special attention to the social and educational features of his profession. He is the author of a number of technical works, but *What Men Live By* is his first book of general interest; it is, Dr. Cabot says, "a physician's contribution to the conduct of life." Like Dr. Cabot, Dr. Clara Barrus is known among physicians as a writer on topics pertaining to her profession. But her biographical study, *Our Friend John Burroughs,* is the first book to place her in the ranks of regular authors. She lives at Pelham, New York, where she conducts a private sanitarium. She has known Mr. Burroughs well for many

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years, and often, when visiting at Woodchuck Lodge, or travelling with his party in the West, has helped him with his literary work. Mr. Munson Haven is the author of *Old Valentines*. He lives in Cleveland, Ohio, where he is the secretary of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce. He was born in Washington, and was educated in the Washington public schools and at Oberlin College. From 1892 to 1898 he worked with the *Plain Dealer, The Leader,* and other Cleveland newspapers.

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Some day THE BOOKMAN is going to make occasion to print some interesting and truthfully complimentary paragraphs about the Authors Club of Louisville, an organisation of women which, if comparatively small in numbers, is not so in achievement. Its membership includes, among others, Alice Hegan Rice, of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,* George Madden Martin, of *Emmy Lou,* Annie Fellows Johnston, of the *Little Colonel* series, and Frances Little, of *The Lady of the Decoration.* Another member of the Authors Club of Louisville is Mrs. Margaret Vandercook, whose first novel, *The Loves of Ambrose,* has recently been issued by Doubleday, Page and Company. Mrs. Vandercook belongs to an old Kentucky family and was a successful newspaper woman in Louisville before she became the wife of the late John Vandercook, then chief European representative of the Scripps-McRae Newspaper League. She accompanied her husband on some of the most dramatic of Continental news assignments, including the Dreyfus trial at Rennes. It may be recalled that, at the time of his death, Mr. Vandercook was at the head of the United Press, which he had reorganised.

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Next door to Kentucky is Tennessee, and so from Mrs. Vandercook's *The Loves of Ambrose* we turn to Miss Edith Stow's *Nancy the Joyous,* since the latter story is the result of the author's experiences in a Tennessee mountain settlement. There she went to make a two months' visit with a friend in charge of one of the mission houses. After seven months she left very reluctantly. *Nancy the Joyous,* which is published by the Reilly and Britton Company of Chicago, is, for all practical purposes, a first book. True, before it there were a little tale published at the author's expense, and a novel called *The Completed Woman,* which is still unpublished. These really do not count. Miss Stow was educated at the Clyde High School and the Albany Normal College. For two years she tried teaching but gave it up to follow her natural inclination for writing. "I come," she said, "of a line of lawyers. In connection with this profession my father is proud of having the oldest insurance office in the United States, established in 1825, and handed down from father to son in the same building. Strangers find our home interesting because it was the first frame house in this section (Clyde, New York) and has been preserved with its furnishings practically unchanged since the days when such men as DeWitt Clinton and Daniel Webster were invited to it.

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Dr. Clarence Valentine Boyer, author of *The Villain as Hero in Elizabethan Drama,* published by E. P. Dutton and Company of New York, was born in Jamestown, New York, in 1880, but lived in Titusville, Pennsylvania, from the time he was two years old until he went away to further his education. After studying at the Titusville High School and at Lawrenceville, he went to Princeton University, from which he was graduated in 1902. He then studied law in Pittsburgh, and was admitted to Pennsylvania State Bar in December, 1904. In the spring of 1905 he opened a law office in Marietta, Ohio, and was regularly admitted to the Ohio State Bar in June of that year. The following spring he went to Europe, dividing the year between Oxford, the American School at Rome, and the American School at Athens. Returning to the United States in 1907 he again took up law, practising for over a year in Pitts-

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burgh. But English literature appealed to him more than the Bar did, and in the autumn of 1908 he returned to Princeton to pursue graduate studies. In 1909 he received his M.A. degree. During the following two years he held the Charles Scribner Fellowship in English literature at Princeton. He received the degree of Ph.D. in 1911. Since then he has been teaching in the University of Illinois.

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Maravene Thompson's first novel is *The Woman's Law,* published by the F. A. Stokes Company of New York. About ten years ago Mrs. Thompson wrote a little story and sent it to *McClure's Magazine.* Soon after she received a letter from Mr. S. S. McClure, asking her to call. She did so and met Mr. McClure and Mr. John S. Phillips, and the three talked stories and story-writing for half an hour or so. "Can you give us as good a story in the 'major key' as this is in the 'minor' "? asked Mr. McClure. "No," replied Mrs. Thompson. "This is the only story I possess, but if I ever do write a story in the 'major key' I will send it to *McClure's.*" "Not if you do," was the correction, "but when you do, for remember we expect you sooner or later to do something big." It was not until 1912 that Mrs. Thompson again sent a story to *McClure's.* Neither Mr. McClure nor Mr. Phillips remained actually associated with the magazine. Yet the story was immediately accepted and with the succeeding stories about the same person made the "Peggy" series. Following this series Mrs. Thompson wrote *The Woman's Law.* The question of double identity upon which the plot hinges has interested her for years. Mrs. Thompson is a Boston woman and the wife of a member of the Harvard Faculty.

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Also from the press of the Messrs. F. A. Stokes Company comes *The Dance, Its Place in Art and Life,* by Troy and Margaret West Kinney. This is a first book, yet the Kinneys, as they are known, have been so long associated with the illustration of books that only the slightest word of introduction is necessary. Another first book from the same house is *The Colour of the East,* by Elizabeth Washburn (Mrs. Hamilton Wright). Under her maiden name Mrs. Wright has already contributed articles and sketches to various magazines. The material for *The Colour of the East* was collected during many visits and several years' residence in the Orient. Two of her brothers, Cadwallader and Stanley Washburn, gained distinction in the Far East as correspondents during the Russo-Japanese War. Both are authors. Cadwallader Washburn is also well known as a painter and etcher. Of Mrs. Wright's six uncles, five were eminent—two were governors (Maine and Wisconsin, two were United States ministers (to France and Paraguay); four were members of Congress (three at one time); one was made Major-General for services in the Civil War, and nearly all were known as authors. Mrs. Wright, whose home is in Washington, was born in Minneapolis, where her father, Senator W. D. Washburn, with his brother, Governor Cadwallader C. Washburn, founded the great flour milling industry. Dr. Hamilton Wright, her husband, has an international reputation for his organisation of research and sanitary work in the East. For the past five years he has represented the United States Government in the campaign to suppress the Indo-Chinese opium traffic, and he was the author of the recent Federal legislation which, it is hoped, will end the traffic in this country.

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As has been the case for several seasons, the stage this year contributes to the list of new authors. For example, there is Ruth Holt Boucicault, whose first novel, *The Substance of His House,* is published by Messrs. Little, Brown and Company, of Boston. Mrs. Boucicault comes from a family which has allied itself with New England for over two hundred years. As soon as her school-days were ended she began her professional work, which has continued almost

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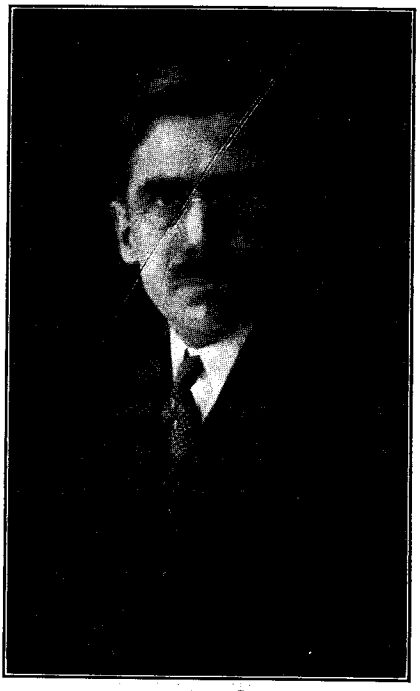
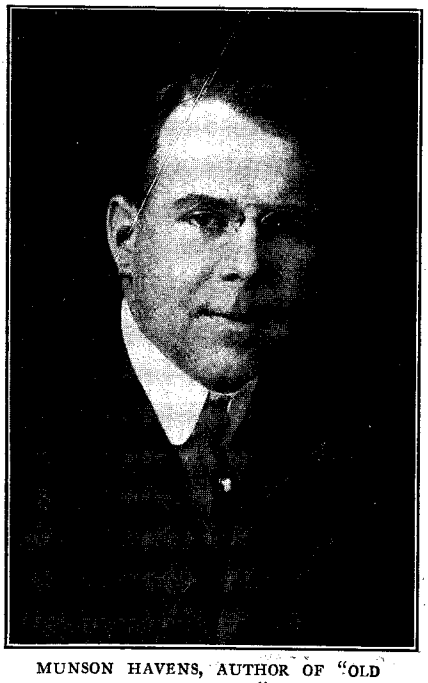
JULIAN HINCKLEY, AUTHOR OF "E"



FREDERICK IRVING ANDERSON, AUTHOR OF "THE INFALLIBLE GODAHL"



MUNSON HAVENS, AUTHOR OF "OLD VALENTINES"

RICHARD WIGHTMAN, AUTHOR OF "THE THINGS HE WROTE TO HER"

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steadily ever since. She has had a wide range of experience—in support of such players as Otis Skinner, and the late Richard Mansfield, whose leading woman she was for two seasons—through the phases of classic drama, Shakespeare, modern society plays, to musical comedy with Fritzi Scheff and even to farce. In 1906 she married Dion Boucicault's youngest son, Aubrey. For the past three years Mrs. Boucicault has been associated with the Margaret Anglin company. Like Mrs. Boucicault, but to a much less degree, a product of the stage is Mrs. John Clarence Lee, whose *Across Siberia Alone* comes from the press of the John Lone Company. Mrs. Lee was educated in Paris for the stage, has produced one successful play and has translated several others from the French. But instead of following the theatre actively as a career she chose marriage. Last year and the year before she was president of the Browning Society of Philadelphia. Her book grew out of a trip last year which had for its cause the chaperoning of her ward to China to be married to an American naval officer.

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Every now and then there springs into existence a new literary colony where men and women of the craft go to write, to talk shop, and to take one another's work more or less seriously. Two of the latest colonies of this kind are those at Mount Carmel, California, and at Provincetown, Massachusetts. In the colony on the Cape Cod shore have foregathered, in the last two or three years, such writers as Louis Joseph Vance (it was there that was written the really excellent *Joan Thursday*), Mary Heaton Vorse, Will Irwin, Neith Boyce, and Hutchins Hapgood. Also to this colony belong two authors with whom these paragraphs have to do, Mr. Wilbur Daniel Steele and Mr. Sinclair Lewis. Mr. Steele's first book is *Storm,* and Mr. Lewis's first book is *Our Mr. Wrenn.* Both novels are published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers. Mr. Steele was born in Greensboro, North Carolina, but left it at the age of two years. He lived in Germany as a boy, then, when his father became a professor in the University of Denver, he was educated in that city. He studied later at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and in Paris and Italy. In 1910 he went to Provincetown for a visit, and since then has spent most of his time in that place. There the scene of *Storm* is laid.

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Mr. Sinclair Lewis, author of *Our Mr. Wrenn,* is a Yale man of the class of 1907. As an undergraduate at New Haven he was an editor on the *Yale Literary Magazine.* After leaving the university he lived for a time at Upton Sinclair's colony, Helicon Hall, where anarchism was regarded as rather too mild, and cubism as quaintly antiquated. He has been an associate editor on *Transatlantic Tales,* and *Adventure,* and a manuscript reader for the Frederick A. Stokes Company. There are bits of *Our Mr. Wrenn* that sound almost autobiographical. Like his hero, Mr. Lewis has crossed the Atlantic several times on cattle steamers. Also he has visited Panama by way of the steerage, during the days of the labour rush to that alleged Elysium; he has camped in the back country of the Santa Lucia Mountains in California, and tramped through unfrequented parts of England. To follow *Our Mr. Wrenn* he is planning a series of novels on the little people of side streets; the little people who, according to his way of thinking, make up all of the real New York.

• • •

There is a not unpleasant ring reminiscent of the days of Mary J. Holmes and her school in the title of George Allan England's first novel. *Darkness and Dawn* comes from the press of Small, Maynard and Company of Boston. In the publisher's announcement Mr. England is vividly described as "perhaps the most picturesque figure in the field of American letters." He is thirty-six years old, was born in Nebraska, and was graduated from Harvard in 1892. He wrote advertising for an insurance company until his health forced

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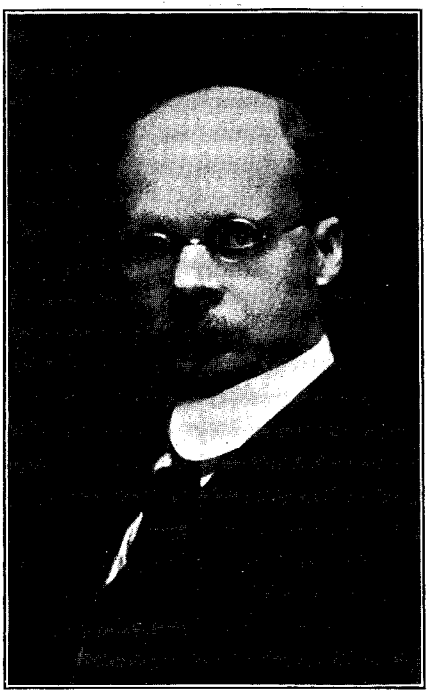
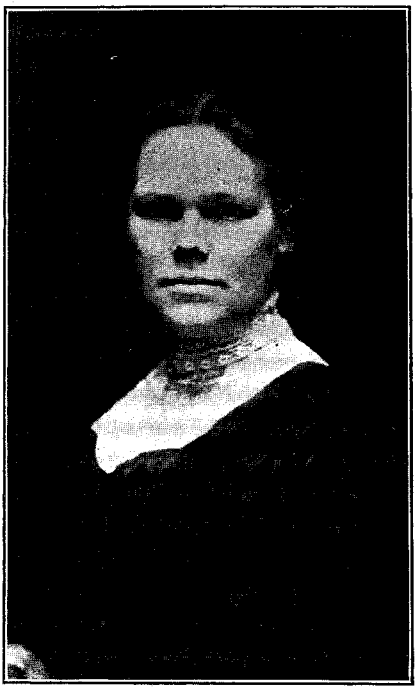


TROY KINNEY, CO-AUTHOR OF "THE DANCE"



MARGARET KINNEY, CO-AUTHOR OF "THE DANCE"

MARGARET VANDERCOOK, AUTHOR OF "THE LOVES OF AMBROSE"

MARAVENE THOMPSON, AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN'S LAW"

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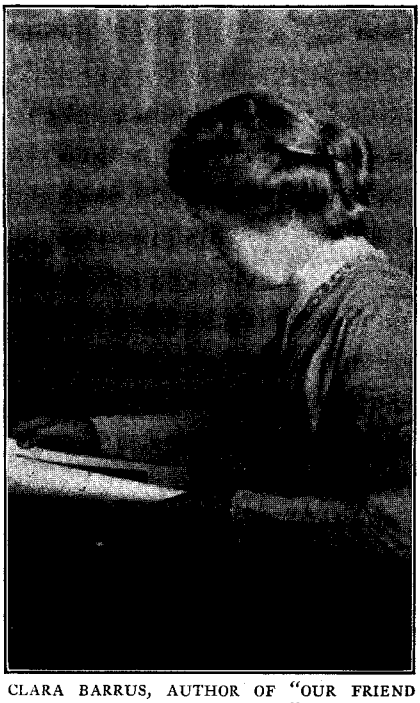
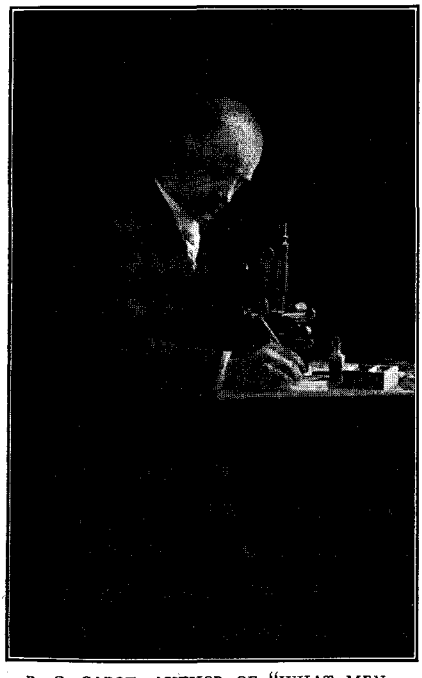
EDITH STOW, AUTHOR OF "NANCY THE JOYOUS"



CLARA BARRUS, AUTHOR OF "OUR FRIEND JOHN BURROUGHS"



R. C. CABOT, AUTHOR OF "WHAT MEN LIVE BY"

ALFRED M. BROOKS, AUTHOR OF "ARCHITECTURE AND THE ALLIED ARTS"

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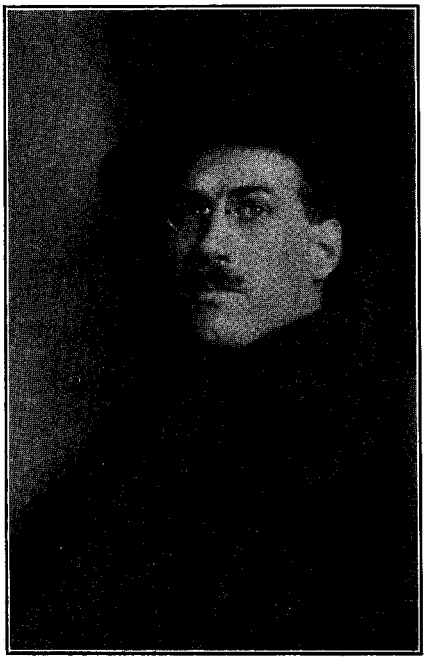
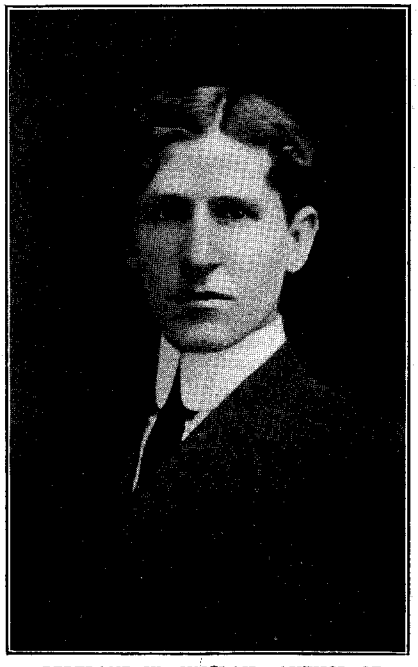
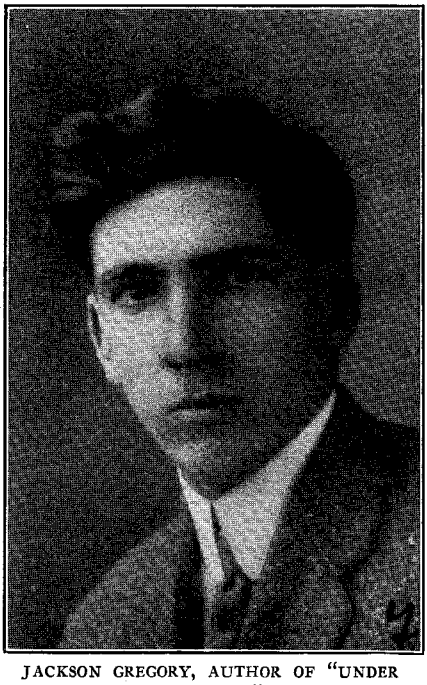


WILBUR DANIEL STEELE, AUTHOR OF "STORM"



BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR, AUTHOR OF "NORTH OF 53"



JACKSON GREGORY, AUTHOR OF "UNDER HANDICAP"

LEE FOSTER HARTMAN, AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE SAPPHIRE"

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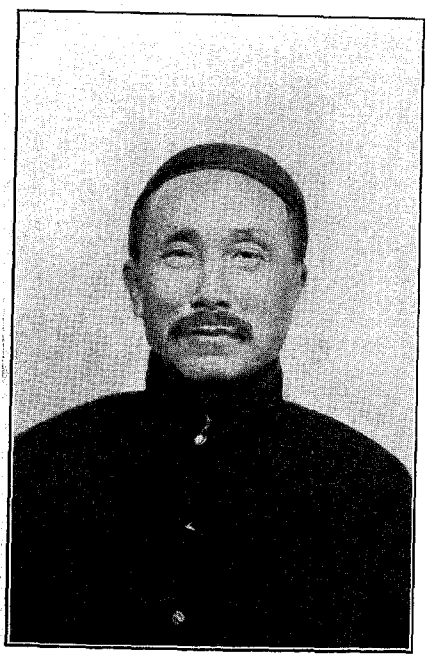
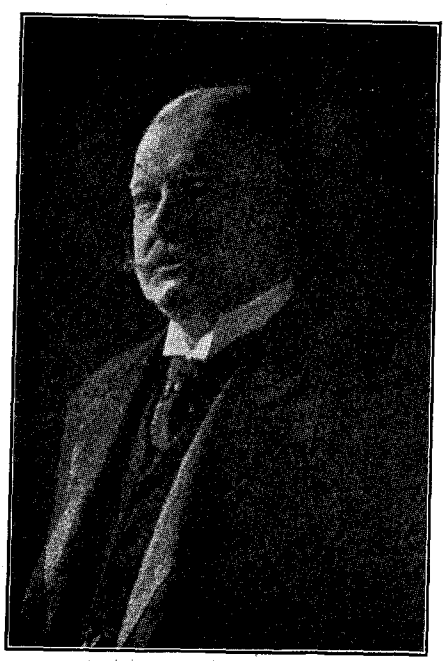
ARTHUR F. WALLIS, AUTHOR OF "IDONIA"

PATRICK MAC GILL, AUTHOR OF "CHILDREN OF THE DEAD END"



WU TINGFANG, AUTHOR OF "AMERICA THROUGH ORIENTAL SPECTACLES"



PRINCE VON BÜLOW, AUTHOR OF "IMPERIAL GERMANY"

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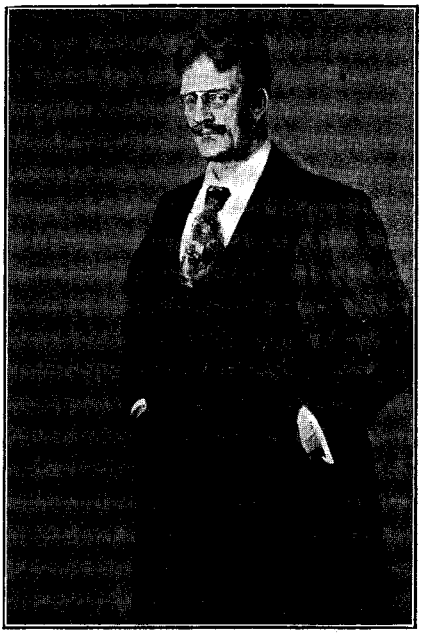
ANTONIN DUSERRE, AUTHOR OF "JEAN AND LOUISE"



KNUT HAMSUN, AUTHOR OF "SHALLOW SOIL"

ELLEN WILKINS TOMPKINS, AUTHOR OF "THE EGOTISTICAL I"

MRS. JOHN CLARENCE LEE, AUTHOR OF "ACROSS SIBERIA ALONE"

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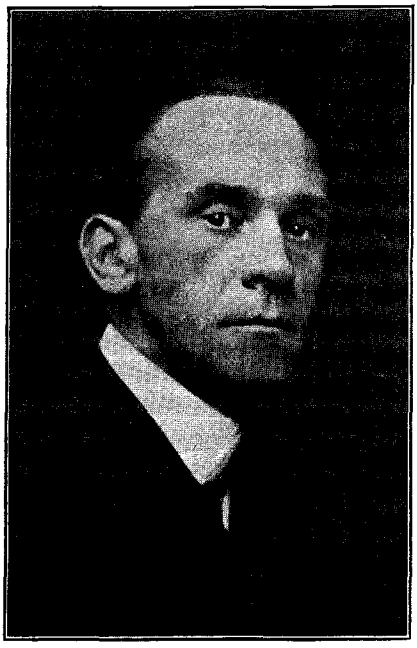

E. JOHN SOLANO, AUTHOR OF "PHYSICAL TRAINING"

ALVIN SAUNDERS JOHNSON, AUTHOR OF "THE PROFESSOR AND THE PETTICOAT"

Portrait by Arnold Genthe

SINCLAIR LEWIS, AUTHOR OF "OUR MR. WRENN"

CARL WERNER, AUTHOR OF "THE LAW OF LIFE"

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him to give up business, and since then he has lived in a remote part of Maine, devoting all his working time to writing, every year or so going to Europe to study and to gather material. Eight years ago he became a Socialist, and he is one of the best known of the Socialist leaders and workers. He has been a candidate for Congress and for the governorship of Maine, and the resulting defeats have served only to stimulate his ardour in the cause. We are introducing Mr. England as a first-book author because he is so presented to us by his publishers. Candidly, we question very much whether he "belongs" in these paragraphs.

• • •

Bertrand W. Sinclair, author of *North of '53,* published by Messrs. Little, Brown and Company of Boston, ascribes his invasion of the literary field to a certain resentment at the way Western types were consistently caricatured in the magazines a few years ago, and a conviction that he could write better yarns himself. So he began writing short stories, sold the first one immediately to the San Francisco *Argonaut,* and did not place another one for two years. Despite the fact that he knows the country from the Middle West to the Pacific, and from California to the regions about Great Slave Lake, Mr. Sinclair is not an American. He is Scotch by birth and descent and a native of Edinburgh. But his parents came to America when he was eight years old, and settled in the Canadian Northwest, which in those days was something of a frontier. As a boy he hobnobbed with cowpunchers, miners, trappers, Hudson's Bay men, and the like in a country where schools were not. At sixteen he was doing a man's work on the range, and from that time on he earned his living doing various things all the way from the Saskatchewan to the Platte, varying that pursuit with aimless trips to any part of the North American continent that took his fancy. "Whatever education I possess," he says, "I have absorbed through my pores, since I have never darkened the doors of any academic institution except as a transient stranger. But everything in print is grist that comes to my mill, and I cannot remember when I could not read. This sort of education may not be so adequate a preparation for a voyage on the literary high seas as a university degree, but I have come in contact with all sorts of men and women, and I have seen pretty raw slices of life, but it has all interested me vitally and sympathetically."

• • •

Arthur F. Wallis, the author of *Idonia, a Romance of Old London* (Little, Brown and Company of Boston), is a native of Birmingham, England, and graduated from the famous Birmingham High School. There were six boys in the Wallis family and their principal recreation was to turn one of the rooms of the home into a theatre and produce the plays which they themselves wrote, costumed, mounted, and presented. Mason College, the present University of Birmingham, gave Arthur F. Wallis later training in both engineering and English literature. Two years in an accountant's office curbed somewhat his poetical dreams, although he carried off a prize for his appreciation of Matthew Arnold. Seven years' work in business partnership with his father and an older brother followed. During this time his literary production was limited to a drama in verse. Then the business was sold, and he became a contributor to magazines and the daily press, and later manager for a firm of publishers. The story of *The Children of the Dead End,* the first book of Patrick McGill (E. P. Dutton and Company, New York) is substantially the story of its author. Like Dermod Flynn, the hero of the narrative, Mr. McGill, since he was twelve years of age has been doing a man's work of the hardest possible kind —potato digger, ditcher and drainer, and railway hand. He has come through it all, and in the course of it has won for himself a kind of education. He is still very young—not over twenty-four.

• • •

Though far from being a new author in the strict sense of the term, Knut

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Hamsun, the author of *Shallow Soil,* published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, is new to American readers because this is the first of his books to be presented in this country through the medium of a translation. Knut Hamsun was born in August, 1860, in one of the deep Norwegian valleys familiar to English readers through Björnson's earlier stories. His parents were miserably poor, and when he was four years old they sent him to an uncle on one of the Lofotan Islands. There he grew up, a taciturn, peculiar lad, inured to hardship and danger. At seventeen he was apprenticed to a cobbler, and while working at his trade he wrote and, at the cost of infinite sacrifices, saved enough money to have his first literary efforts printed and published. He left the cobbler's bench and for twelve years lived a roving life. Working his way toward Christiania, he was in turn a longshoreman on the docks, a road labourer, a lumber jack in the mountains, a private tutor and court messenger. Reaching the metropolis, he enrolled as a student in the University. Then he took passage in the steerage of an American bound emigrant steamer.

• • •

When he reached these shores he was penniless. He had intended to become a Unitarian minister. Instead he had to work as a farmhand on a prairie, street-car conductor in Chicago, dairyman in Dakota. He varied these pursuits by giving a series of lectures on French literature in Minneapolis. Feeling himself better equipped for the literary struggle, he returned to Christiania. Disappointment there sent him again to America with the avowed purpose of winning a reputation on the lecture platform. Another failure. The Norwegians of the Northwest would have none of him, and, utterly discouraged, he exiled himself for three years on a Newfoundland fishing smack. But these years proved to be the years of his maturing. With the rude crew of the vessel he had nothing in common. But the solitary watches gave him time for profound reflection, a reflection that developed the man and the artist. He returned to civilisation and produced *Hunger.* Since that book he has published more than thirty large works, novels, dramas, descriptions of travel, essays, and poems. But it is *Shallow Soil,* according to the preface of the translator, Carl Christian Hyllested, that is best suited as a medium for Hamsun's introduction to Anglo-Saxon readers.

• • •

The introductory tone of these paragraphs implies a certain previous obscurity on the part of the various men and women who are here presented. But now we come to two authors of first books whose names have long been known throughout the civilised world. They are Prince Bernhard von Bülow, the author of *Imperial Germany* (Dodd, Mead and Company, New York), and Dr. Wu Tingfang, the author of *America Through the Spectacles of an Oriental Diplomat* (Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York). Prince von Bülow was Imperial Chancellor of Germany from 1900 to 1909 and for three years before that he had been Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. So for twelve years his was the guiding hand in that extraordinary development that has brought modern Germany to the front in the councils of Europe as a great world power. Preceded by Bismarck, to von Bülow fell the task of carrying out and developing the policies of the Iron Chancellor. During his directorship, the great German fleet was built, three great crises passed (Algerciras, Bosnia, and Agadir); Germany obtained a place on the coast of China, added to her possession in the Pacific and in Africa, and saw the menacing rise of the socialist party.

• • •

Dr. Wu Tingfang's achievements extend from the promotion of the first railway in China to the conquest of the American bicycle. For two terms, from 1897 to 1902, he was the Chinese minister to the United States. Washington

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society has known few more interesting diplomats. "How old are you? How many times have you been married? How much does your husband earn?" were to him perfectly conventional questions to be put to his dinner partner or hostess. Dr. Wu was born in Singapore in 1848. His father, a well-to-do merchant, gave him a good English education at St. Paul's College, Hongkong. After graduation, he became interpreter in the Hongkong law courts. In that capacity he found that the Chinese merchants were at a great disadvantage in lawsuits against foreigners for lack of lawyers with an understanding of the English language and of law. So in 1874, against the violent opposition of his friends, he went to England to study law and in 1877 was admitted to the English bar—the first Chinese to gain the distinction. On his way home in the same year he visited the United States for the first time. His ability in the practice of law in Hongkong soon made him prominent. The Consul Generalship at San Francisco was offered to him but he declined it. In 1882 he accepted a position on the staff of Li Hung Chang. His services on the Board of War, the Japanese Commission, and as Superintendent of Imperial Railways brought him the appointment as Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, Spain, Mexico, and Peru. Since his return to China he has held various important posts. He took a leading part in the movement which made China a republic, holding for a time the Portfolio of Foreign Affairs in the Revolutionary Cabinet.

• • •

Carl Werner is the author of *The Law of Life,* published by Dodd, Mead and Company, New York. *The Law of Life* is his first novel, but last year he brought out a little volume entitled *Bringing Up the Boy*. Mr. Werner was born in Watertown, New York, thirty-nine years ago. In Watertown he lived until he was twenty-one. Then he went to New York City and since has been engaged in daily newspaper work, as the editor of a weekly paper, and as a contributor to magazines. He is also one of the editors of the New Standard Dictionary. He has a home in Brooklyn, and a bungalow, "Wernerwood," on the St. Lawrence River. He gives his favourite diversions, in the winter: making crayon portraits and going to prize-fights; in the summer: swimming and fishing. Also from the press of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company comes another first book, Mr. Alvin S. Johnson's *The Professor and the Petticoat.* The only tangible information that Mr. Johnson gives about himself is contained in a line to the effect that the material for his story was collected in the course of two years' service at the University of Texas, as professor of economics.

THE JUNE BOOKMAN

To the June BOOKMAN *Brander Matthews will contribute a paper entitled "A Best Seller of Two Centuries Ago." The article will tell the curious story of the "Princesse de Clèves," by Madame de Lafayette. Madame de Lafayette was an intimate friend of Madame de Sevigné and of La Rochefoucauld. Burton Egbert Stevenson in the June number will write descriptively of Rochester as "The City of Edwin Drood," and from the pen of Jack London we shall print a remarkable short story, entitled "Told in the Drooling Ward."*

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ROMAIN ROLLAND

BY ELLEN KEY

We close the last volume of Jean Christophe with an emotion of pain akin to that which we experience at the death of a friend. We shall no longer be able to live with this work, whose every successive volume added something to the riches of our souls! All the heroes were gradually graven upon our minds as living beings. Jean Christophe, especially, is the most living personality that could ever be met. We have shared his joys, his fits of anger, his sorrows. This book is one of the great educational novels of universal literature. It should be compared with *Wilhelm Meister,* the *Grüne Heinrich* of Gottfried Keller, though from the standpoint of the emotion which it aroused and the distinctness of its characters, the French work appears almost superior.

Like *Wilhelm Meister,* it presents digressions and episodes which disturb the unity. But Rolland, like Goethe, did not attempt to create a finished romance. Both were giving their views of art and the world—both were creating a sort of epic poem that offers contemporary problems which affect an epoch and the ideal of life that the author desires to suggest to us. This quality of a moral and social portrait of an epoch presented by Jean Christophe, deeply impressed Wells. According to the author of the *War of Worlds* this is the claim by which this work is "the arch type of what the romance must become. Every epoch to be fixed in the memory of future ages must aspire to such books." No doubt Jean Christophe possesses great importance from the standpoint of the explanation of contemporary ideas. During recent years Socialism, Nationalism, the dogmatic spirit, and the spirit of criticism, have been engaged in France in a burning conflict and Jean Christophe retraces these battles. But, in my opinion, this is not the portion of the book that will live longest.

Jean Christophe will endure through its psychological intuition and artistic creation; also by the original thoughts concerning life and men which irradiate the book. These characters, like those of Shakespeare defined by Goethe, resemble crystal clocks, whose machinery and wheels can be watched from the outside. Only Tolstoy in *War and Peace* has been able to put in motion such a number of figures, varying in age, sex and nationality. Never shall we forget the grandfather, Louisa, Uncle Gottfried. If any characters are less distinct they are Jean Christophe's sweethearts. Yet the first two are exquisite and Anna, the heroine of the Burning Bush, is the best female character Rolland has created. But I prefer to these love episodes the admirable scene of Christophe's visit to Schulz, the old German musician. We are reminded of the meeting of Simeon and the Child Jesus in the Temple. It has been said of a line in the *Inferno* that it alone would deserve a laurel crown; the episode of Schulz would suffice to win for Rolland the crown of all that is precious in Jean Christophe. This passage is one of those where Rolland reveals a marvellous comprehension of the soul of Old Germany, a faculty for which he has been reproached by some of his countrymen. Yet, whatever may be said, Romain Rolland is thoroughly a Frenchman and his mind, too, in its clearness and delicacy is infinitely French. But he had a magic key to penetrate the heart of Old Germany: German music.

So thorough a musician and so richly gifted in composition that in his early life he almost preferred it to literature Romain Rolland possesses a marvellous intuition of the intimate nature of musical genius. If Jean Christophe contains

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a wonderful evocation of the German soul, it is because he has been that soul wholly reflected in the soul of Beethoven. He of all musicians stands nearest to the heart of Rolland, who has written a touching study of him. But the real monument, the only one worthy of Beethoven which Art has ever erected, is the creation of Jean Christophe himself. The hero resembles Beethoven even physically; the novel reproduces the external facts of his life, reconstitutes its environment. Because he made Beethoven live again in another character, he could give free rein to all his intuitive certainty of the troubles, hatreds, furies and also floods of tenderness and happiness in that tempestuous soul—for Rolland had heard Beethoven confess them to him in his music.

The first volume, *Dawn,* is a marvel of psychological genius. In this part, whose scene is laid in Germany, the characters are necessary, they spring from the soil. With Christophe's arrival in Paris his material resemblance to Beethoven ceases, except where music is concerned. Here, too, the unity of the composition ends. Christophe meets Olivier; again we feel that these interviews between a talented German and a talented Frenchman reflect the author, not the two young men. Yet we perceive that this exchange of souls between symbolical representatives of the genius of France and of Germany is perhaps the most important page in the book. Olivier opens new worlds to Christophe by the breadth of his intellectual horizon, his refined culture, and the idealism of a race that has dreamed of universal happiness and has kindled revolutions in the name of Reason and of Liberty. Through Olivier, Christophe learns to understand France and becomes softened and elevated. While Olivier, through association with him, gains in vitality, he himself gains in harmony. Olivier dies, but his soul has passed into the soul of Christophe. The symbolical meaning of the moral exchange between Olivier and Jean Christophe has been recently emphasised by an Austrian critic, Stefan Zweig: "You, Romain Rolland, in your lofty spirit of goodness and of justice, have set Germany and France face to face in a sphere so high that no rivalry is possible, that there can be only parallel, not conflict. You have loved Germany because you have seen it with the eyes of Goethe and of Beethoven; we wish to see France through yours. In an age where each one is so eager to derive profit from his labour, you have written in solitude an immense work. While the learned critics in the Sorbonne were talking of the decadence of French fiction, which in their opinion would produce no more great novels, you, unnoticed by these critics, had constructed precisely such a work, which mirrors not only a country, but an entire age. Three volumes belong to Germany, one to Switzerland, one to Italy, and the bond between all the characters whose environment is so different, is (besides the visible hero, Jean Christophe) the invisible one: music.

II

If *Dawn* is the culminating point of the first part of Jean Christophe, the Burning Bush demonstrates the second. Here the author no longer thinks of Beethoven, of any nationality or of any age. He makes his hero pass through one of those crises of the soul whence issue life or death; one of those crises experienced by all human beings who are thoroughly captivated by life on the day when it appears to them in its incoherence and its brutal cruelty. The sorrow, the doubt, the anguish caused by the enigma of life find a heart-rending expression. At last life triumphs; the God whom Jean Christophe had always felt within reveals Himself and speaks. Stirred as by a spring tempest, the chords of his soul again sing. Beyond his crushed personal life, the hero glimpses the eternal life, the great current sweeping along all the human atoms.

The fiery religious atmosphere which fills this volume, the soul of Rolland's work, has sometimes perplexed his friends and his critics. Is he associated with any

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church? The dogmatics, confronting the absolute independence of his mind, not only do not adopt him but are hostile. The free-thinkers of France do not feel that he belongs to them. To what party then does Romain Rolland belong? I asked him and he sent the following answer: "I neither can nor wish to give a metaphysical *Credo*. I shall never deceive myself by saying I know or I do not know. I can imagine or hope, but I shall never confine myself within the bounds of a faith, for I hope to develop until my last day of life. I reserve absolute liberty of intellectual renovation. I have many gods in my Pantheon: my first goddess is liberty. At the present time, I do not separate the human soul from the divine spirit, but I scarcely believe that this divine spirit fills the universe. It strives to do so, but nothing says that it will succeed. Even in this respect I reserve space for liberty. Pure Monism does not satisfy me. I incline rather toward a dualism like that of the ancient Empedocles. I have a boundless admiration for the Pre-Socratian philosophers, the sages of Ionia and Greece. My first work, written at Rome, twenty years ago, was a drama entitled *Empedocles*. The struggle between two principles is to me evident in the course of history. The point in question is to know whether there is a third principle in which the two others are included or harmonised. A trinity, therefore; it is singular how this form impresses itself on the human mind. But this is a very different trinity from that of the Christians, since it admits of a father and two sons in conflict. A triad that approaches the ancient cosmogony of which we find a reflection in Hesiod in Chaos, Goia and Eros. If I live I shall try to deepen my knowledge of ancient thought. These old philosophers lived in a closer contact with nature than any of their successors and, besides, they have garnered the thousand years old wisdom of the entire East."

III

To mark his position from the standpoint of political parties, it must be remembered that he is the author of the *Theatre of the Revolution,* that he fought in the ranks of the progressive parties at the time of the Dreyfus affair; that he joined a group of young socialists for the creation of a popular theatre; that he looks favourably upon woman's entrance into public life. These ideas bring him into nearer association with the progressives. But what must unite all parties around him is the height of his conception of Art and of Life. To Rolland the moral ideal is vital energy, the strongest intensity of action. Art must itself be the richest life. The perception of beauty will be the greatest force of fraternity: those who love most will create most richly. So Rolland has written his beautiful monographs of Beethoven, Michael Angelo, Tolstoy. He loves and admires these great men, but he does not absolve them from their errors and utters these profound words: "That every lack of harmony between life and its laws proceeds, even in great minds, not from their greatness, but from their weaknesses."

Thus Rolland has exerted upon the serious-minded young men of France an influence analogous to that of Tolstoy upon himself. Almost alone among the literary men of the present day he has told these youths that devotion increases moral strength, that scepticism is poverty. Above all, at the time when there was a reaction from Science toward Christian faith, young people found in his work a new free and living religious spring. He has sought neither to explain nor to defend life. The *leit-motiv* of his great symphony is Beethoven's *Through sorrows joy*. There is a remarkable agreement between this ideal of Rolland and the famous theory of Bergson's *vital impulse*. No idea better expressed the nature of Jean Christophe than this one of the power of the soul opening the path to creative life. Perhaps Bergson strengthened in Rolland this moral ideal, but it previously existed. And the convincing power of this ideal is greater in the work of Art than in the philosophical system. That which also makes the moral

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ideal of Romain Rolland penetrate souls is the warmth of his religious feeling. Free from dogmas, it is imbued with a faith which under various names is the protoplasma eternally living in all the organisms created by the religious need of humanity. This is the faith in life as the sole form of divinity known to us; faith in the human soul as the highest expression of this divinity. To this living faith must be ascribed the gratitude and love which Romain Rolland has awakened in all souls worthy of understanding him. Every one who has followed Jean Christophe from birth to death feels that he has witnessed the humanisation, the spiritualisation of an immense force of nature by the cultivation of music, of love, of all the noble possibilities of the soul, by the discipline slowly conquered over brutal powers. Whoever, like Romain Rolland, shows a new source whence the desire for sanctification can draw fresh powers, brings what the purest minds of his age have most ardently desired.

IV

Fame is a strange thing. When in 1909, I read Rolland in Switzerland, I went afterward to Paris, where he was not named among famous authors. In Germany and Sweden he was unknown. Now when a Frenchman is asked if there is any new celebrity, he answers: Romain Rolland. Rolland has given to the age the book most filled with music. He has created a whole humanity in which all ages and all degrees of evolution in life are full of reality; a book overflowing with ideas, wisdom, goodness, help for life. The consciousness of having done this will doubtless be pleasant to him. But pride will be inspired only by uttering these words to which his French heart aspires:

The nation that has produced such a work is not passing, as its enemies assert, toward decadence. On the contrary, it is full of vital force. Rolland's great book is not solely a radiant revelation of the fact that the lofty ideas given by France to the world still live in her people. It proves something more—that to realise these ideas, the world still needs the French soul.

KIPLING'S INDIA

BY ARLEY MUNSON

In Three Parts. Part III. On the Road to Mandalay

From Peshawur on the northern boundary of India to Mandalay in Burma is a journey of nearly three thousand miles. All along the way, at frequent intervals, crops out the Kipling country. A few generations ago, when India lacked her present-day railway facilities, the traveller would have taken his way by mail-tonga or bullock-cart along the Grand Trunk Road which runs straight through from Peshawur to Calcutta. The Grand Trunk Road was the "broad road" spoken of by the Ressaldar when he guided Kim and the lama on their pilgrimage toward the south.

> And now we come to the broad road . . . —the great road which is the backbone of all Hind. For the most part it is shaded . . . with four lines of trees; the middle road—all hard—takes the quick traffic. In the days before rail-carriages the Sahibs travelled up and down here in hundreds. Now there are only country-carts and such like. Left and right is the rougher road for the heavy carts —grain and cotton and timber, bhoosa, lime and hides. A man goes in safety here—for at every few *kos* is a police-station. The police are thieves and extortioners . . . but at least they do not suffer any rivals. All castes and kinds of men move here. . . .

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Brahmins and chumris, bankers and tinkers, barbers and bunnias, pilgrims and potters—all the world going and coming.

Out to the Grand Trunk Road Miriam, the wife of Ephraim ("Jews in Shushan"), wandered in search of her dead little ones and when "the sun rose and beat upon her bare head, . . . she turned into the cool wet crops to lie down and never came back." In "Route Marchin'" the Regiment is marching along the Grand Trunk Road.

Oh, there's them Injian temples to admire when you see,
There's the peacock round the corner an' the monkey up the tree,
An' there's that rummy silver grass a-wavin' in the wind,
An' the old Grand Trunk a trailin' like a rifle-sling be'ind.
While it's best foot first
And the road a-sliding past,
An' every bloomin' campin'-ground exactly like the last;
While the Big Drum says,
With 'tis "rowdy-dowdy-dow!"—
"Kikokissywarsti don't you *hamsher argyjow?"*

There is nothing especially striking about the town of Meridki, a few miles north of Lahore, but there is met again Strickland of the Police, "who knows as much of the natives of India as is good for any man." It was at Meridki that Fleete insulted the god Hanuman and received "The Mark of the Beast" (*Life's Handicap*) from the Silver Man, "'a leper as white as snow,'" who "had no face, because he was a leper of some years' standing and his disease was heavy upon him;" and at Strickland's Meridki bungalow Strickland and the Correspondent tortured the Silver Man with the red-hot gun barrels and the tightening cord until he removed the spell and "the soul of Fleete" came "back into the eyes." Strickland and the Correspondent took part in another of India's mysteries when Strickland learned a further lesson in regard to the nature of the Oriental in his discovery behind the ceiling-cloth of the awful Thing which had been Imray ("The Return of Imray"), the "fluttering, whispering, bolt-fumbling, lurking, loitering Someone" who, invisible to all but the wonderful dog Tietjens, came "in the twilight to seek satisfaction."

II

Shah Dara, a jungle town four or five miles northwest of the Lahore cantonments, was a favourite place of meeting of the four friends, Mulvaney, Learoyd, Ortheris, and the Correspondent, when they were freed for a few hours from duty at "Fort Amara"—Fort Akbar of Lahore. At Shah Dara are the tombs of Jehangir and Nur Jehan, the Grand Moghul and his beloved and beautiful wife, who built the delightful gardens at Kashmir, and who figure in Thomas Moore's *Lalla Rookh*. It was in one of the pontoons of the Bridge of Boats at Shah Dara that Mulvaney, dabbling his bare toes in the water, after being "walked off" by his two chums Learoyd and Ortheris, fully repented of his wish to shoot Sergeant Mullins who had insulted him; and, drinking the Correspondent's beer, talked himself into good humour again with the story of "Black Jack" (*Soldiers Three*), which told of Sergeant O'Hara, who was threatened with murder by the Black Tyrone and saved by Mulvaney's neat little trick with the Martini Henri rifle. In the tall grass of the jungle at Shah Dara, Lieutenant Ouless ("His Private Honor"), the young subaltern who had thoughtlessly struck with his cane Private Ortheris,—"a good man, a proved man and an Englishman,"—retrieved his error by giving full satisfaction with the fists to the insulted private and won his warm commendation. "There ain't nothin' wrong with Ouless. 'E's a gentleman all over!" Near the same spot took place the violent struggle of Ortheris's soul ("The Madness of Private Ortheris") when, lying "on his stomach with his head between his fists, . . . he swore quietly into the blue sky;" went "mad with the homesickness;" "waded

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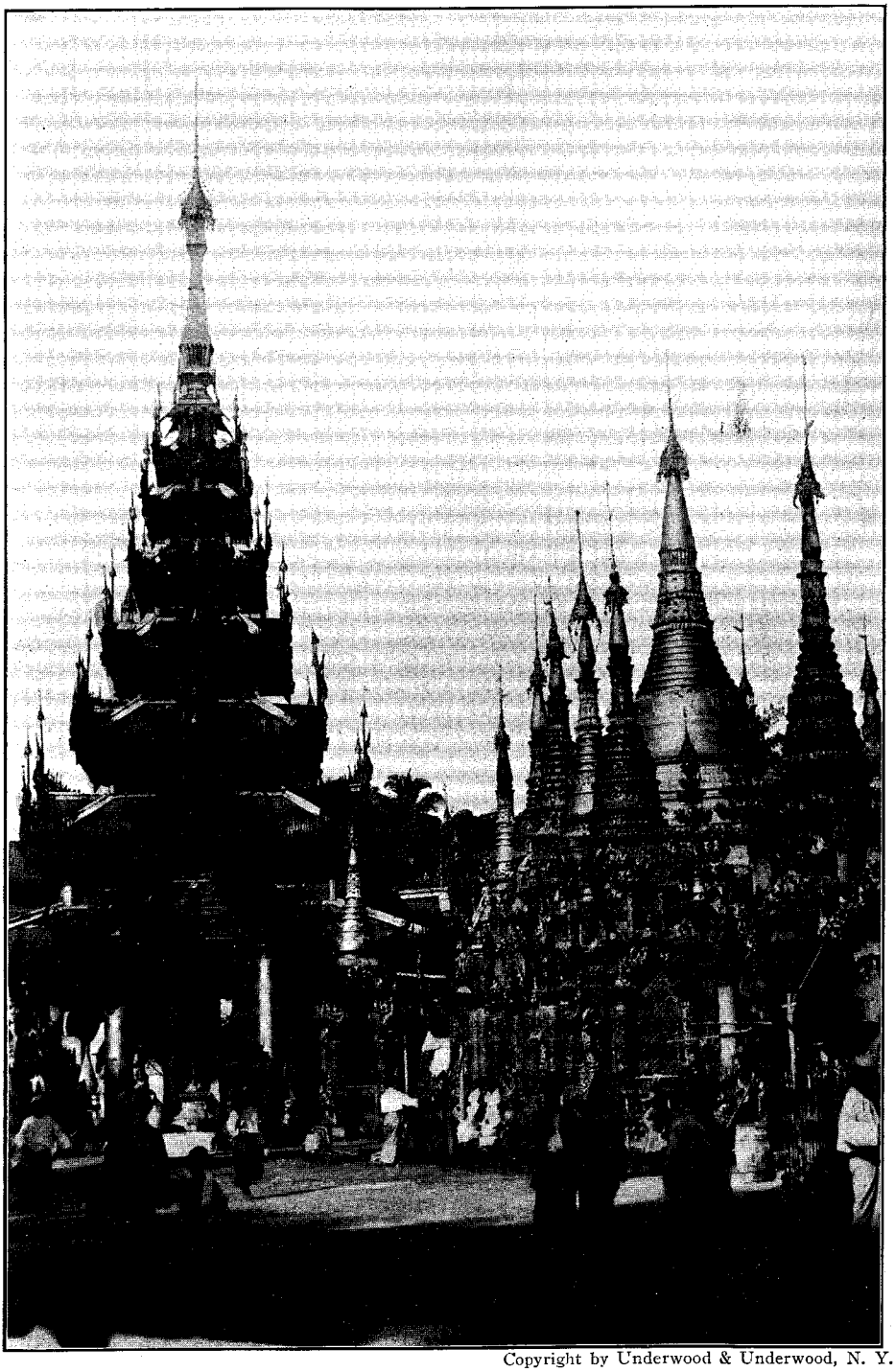

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RANGOON—THE SHWE DAGON PAGODA

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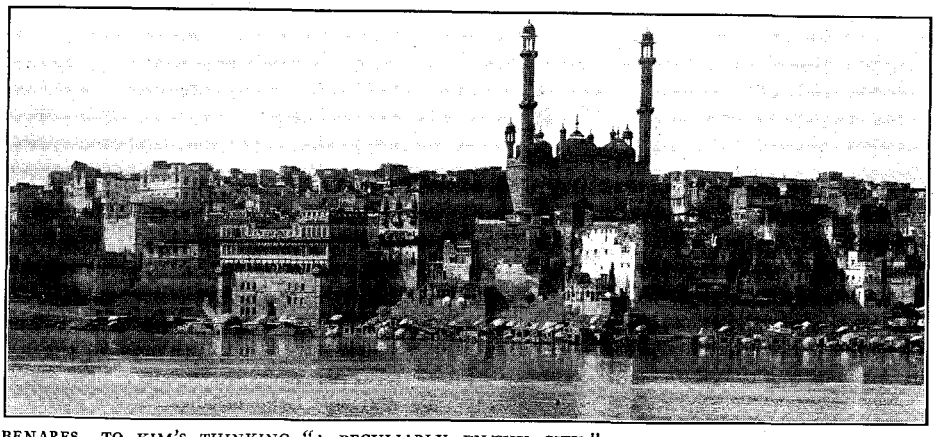
through the deep waters of affliction and behaved abominably." Farther on is Amritsar where, by his clever trickery, Kim won the ticket to Umballa from the Amritsar "Breaker of Hearts."

The walled city of Amritsar, one of the most important cities of the Punjaub, is remarkably beautiful with its magnificent palaces, graceful towers and green parks. Founded in the middle of the sixteenth century, it has always been the capital city of the Sikhs. Here Ranjit Singh, the great Sikh leader, who at one time owned the Koh-i-Noor diamond, built the Golden Temple which stands on a marble platform in the midst of a clear blue lake, "The Pool of Immortality." The lower parts of the walls are of white marble, but all the rest of the building is covered with gilded copper and the four doors are plated with silver. Inside on a white silk sheet sits, day and night, one of the priests of the Sikhs, in the midst of votive offerings of flowers and grain and money, reading the *Granth,* the holy book of the Sikhs; while his pupils gather about him, listening to his words. Hundreds of the fearless temple doves cooing and fluttering here and there, complete the impressive scene.

During the informal little tea-party on the train at Amritsar, Scott of the Irrigation Department, began to feel a very deep interest in "William the Conqueror" (*The Day's Work*), the "girl who never set foot on the ground if a horse were within hail; who rode to dances with a shawl thrown over her skirt; who wore her hair cropped and curling all over her head; who answered indifferently to the name of William or Bill; whose speech was heavy with the flowers of the vernacular; who could act in amateur theatricals, play on the banjo, rule eight servants and two horses, their accounts and their diseases, and look men slowly and deliberately between the eyes —even after they had proposed to her and been rejected." And thus began the little drama which had its climax when, in the midst of their splendid work among the famine-stricken people of the Madras Presidency, William the Conqueror saw Scott at the head of his procession of famine babies and milch goats and "beheld with new eyes a young man, beautiful as Paris, a god in a halo of golden dust, walking slowly at the head of his flocks, while at his knee ran small naked Cupids."

At Umballa, a military station, containing nothing of particular interest to the tourist, the traveller changes cars from the North Western to the East Indian Railway. At Umballa Kim and the lama spent a peaceful night at the home of the cultivator's relatives; and Kim de-



BENARES. TO KIM'S THINKING "A PECULIARLY FILTHY CITY." IN THE TEMPLE OF PRITHI-DEVI TERENCE MULVANEY MADE HIS STRANGE APPEARANCE AS THE GOD KRISHNA. ("THE INCARNATION OF KRISHNA MULVANEY")

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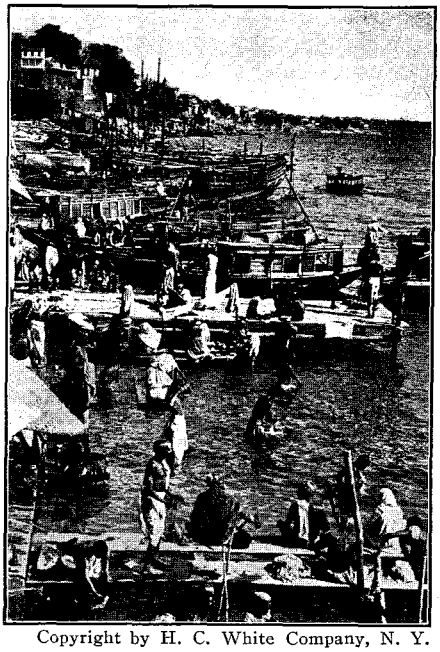
livered to Creighton Sahib "the white stallion's pedigree." Saharanpur is a small town, but is well worth visiting for the sake of its fine botanical gardens and its splendid view of the Himalaya Mountains. At Saharanpur was the "long white rambling house," where the old woman from Kulu—"a woman with a heart of gold but a talker—something of a talker——" entertained with such cordiality Kim and the lama and Hurree Babu; cared for the lama during Kim's sickness; and, with all a mother's tenderness, nursed Kim back to health. It was near this home at Saharanpur that the lama found at last his River of the Arrow, and freed Kim from the "Wheel of Things."

. . . the River of the Arrow is here . . . I have found it. Son of my soul, I have wrenched my soul back from the Threshold of Freedom to free thee from all sin—as I am free, and sinless. Just is the Wheel! Certain is our deliverance. Come!

He crossed his hands on his lap and smiled, as a man may who has won Salvation for himself and his beloved.



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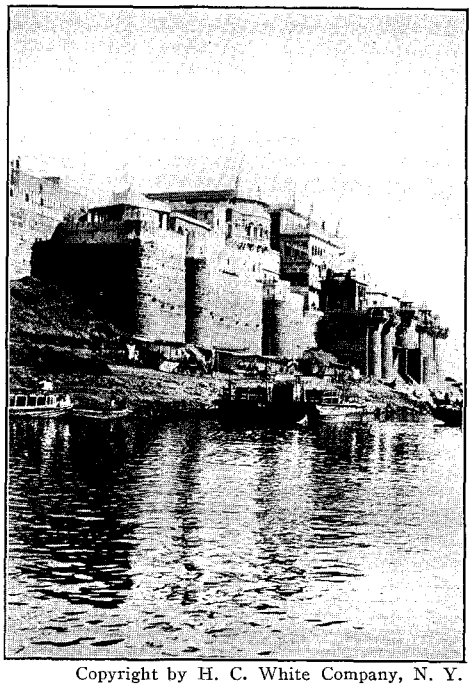
THE SACRED GANGES RIVER AT BENARES. THE "MOTHER GUNGA" OF THE HINDUS. FOR THREE YEARS FINDLAYSON ("THE BRIDGE BUILDERS") ENDURED HEAT AND COLD, DISAPPOINTMENT, DISCOMFORT, DANGER, AND DISEASE, IN ORDER TO BUILD THE GREAT KASHI BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER.



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THE PALACE OF THE RAJAH AT BENARES

Although Cawnpore is one of the chief manufacturing cities of India and has perhaps the finest military cantonment. the traveller turns at once to the memorials of the city's tragic part in the Great Mutiny of 1857. Chief of these memorials is Marochetti's marble statue of the Angel of the Resurrection surrounded by a Gothic screen in the midst of a delightful park. Over the gate of the screen are inscribed the words, "These are they which came out of great tribulation;" and on the pedestal of the statue,

Sacred to the perpetual Memory of the great company of Christian people, chiefly Women and Children, who near this spot were cruelly massacred by the followers of the rebel Nana Doondoo Panth of Bithoor, and cast, the dying with the dead, into the

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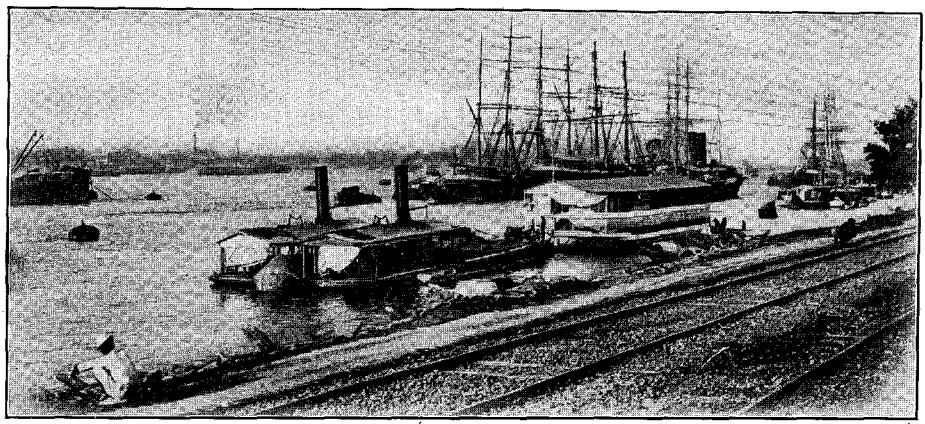

THE HOOGHLY RIVER AT CALCUTTA. SOMEWHERE HERE WAS FULTAH FISHER'S BOARDING-HOUSE, "WHERE SAILOR MEN RESIDE," WHERE HANS, THE BLUE-EYED DANE, WAS SLAIN BY SALEM HARDIEKER, AND WHERE ANNE OF AUSTRIA LOOTED THE MAID ULTRUDA'S CHARM, "THE LITTLE SILVER CRUCIFIX THAT KEEPS A MAN FROM HARM"

well below, on the xvth day of July, MDCCCLVII.

Through the streets of Cawnpore Mulvaney clung to the back of a maddened elephant ("My Lord, the Elephant") and, by punishment and kindness wisely mingled, conquered the great beast and won his friendship; so that years afterward on the Frontier the elephant refused to go forward with his guns—thus blocking the Pass and delaying the advance of two thousand soldiers—until he had seen his old friend Mulvaney.

"Down, Malachi," I sez, "an' put me up . . ." He was on his knees in a minut an' he slung me up as gentle as a girl. "Go on now, my son," I sez. "You're blockin' the road." He fetched wan more joyous toot, an' swung grand out av the head av the Tangi, his gun-gear clankin' on his back; an' at the back av him there wint the most amazin' shout I iver heard.

Now is sighted the Ganges River, which flows from the Himalaya Mountains fifteen hundred miles to the Bay of Bengal. This is the holy river of the Hindus who swear "by the waters of the Ganges," as Christians take their oath on the Bible. "Mother Gunga," as the Hindus call her, is believed to spring from the feet of Vishnu and to cleanse from all sin. For three years Findlayson ("The Bridge-Builders") "had endured heat and cold, disappointment, discomfort, danger, and disease, with responsibility almost too heavy for one pair of shoulders," in order to build the great Kashi Bridge over the Ganges, when the terrible flood descended which almost wrecked his honour and happiness, for "there were no excuses in his service. Government might listen, perhaps, but his own kind would judge him by his bridge, as that stood or fell." Then came the grumbling of Mother Gunga because the bridge-builders had her in irons; and the council of the gods from which Mother Gunga retired baffled and beaten and Findlayson emerged triumphant, for his beloved bridge held firm.

Benares, where the lama made his home when Kim was not with him, was founded three thousand years ago and is the holiest of holy cities, for it is sacred to Buddhists as well as Hindus (at the beginning of his teachings, Buddha came to Benares) some seven hundred million people in all. The Hindu believes that while the rest of the world rests on the back of a tortoise, Benares is upheld on the trident of Vishnu, the god of preservation, who further blessed the city with a well thirty feet deep, filled with his own perspiration, by bathing in which a

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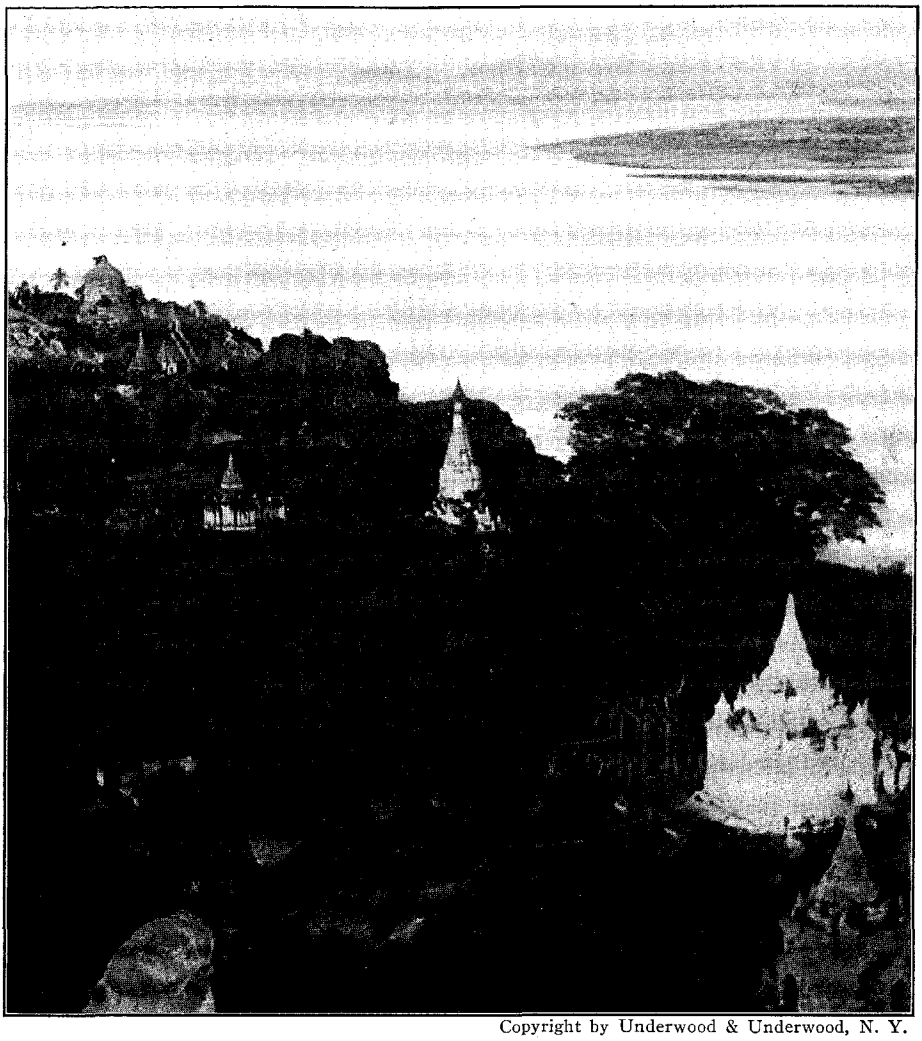

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THE IRRAWADDY RIVER. SWUM BY MULVANEY AND LIEUTENANT BRAZENOSE. ("THE TAKING OF LUNGTUNGPEN")

man receives an absolute surety of heaven. This well is a revolting mixture of stagnant water and decayed flowers and foodstuffs which have been thrown in as religious offerings by the thousands of Hindus who go down the steps of the well to drink and bathe in the water. Among the hundreds of temples and mosques at Benares, the only one of real beauty is the Mosque of Aurungzebe with its two slender, graceful minarets towering high above the city. The brasswork and silks of the bazaars will detain the traveller for a time, but he will soon leave the arcaded, tortuous streets, narrow and filthy, where the sacred cows and monkeys are allowed full liberty, for the riverside, the chief attraction of Benares. The best way to see this is to sit in a comfortable chair on the deck of a river-boat which the coolies row slowly up and down. For three miles the high bank swarms with palaces, temples, mosques, and long flights of steps going up from the river at every point. Here, among the sacred

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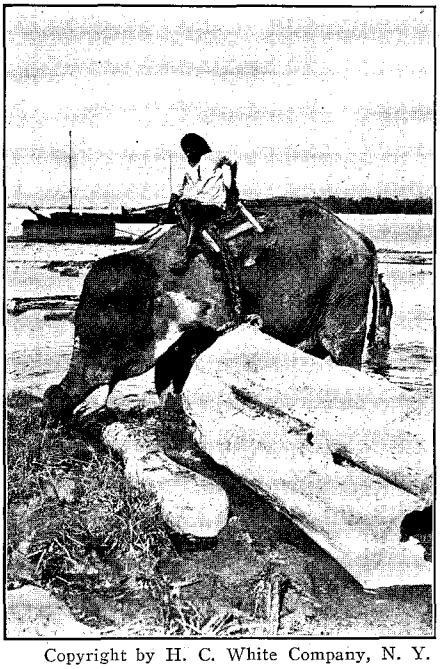
cattle and the pariah dogs, congregate the Hindus engaged in the ceremonies of their religion, priests under their huge umbrellas, wild-eyed, self-torturing fakirs, naked and loathesome in grease and paint and ashes; and countless devotees bathing in the river which receives the sewage of the city, or burning their dead on its banks. No wonder Kim thought Benares "a peculiarly filthy city."



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"ELEPHANTS A-PILING TEAK
IN THE SLUDGY, SQUDGY CREEK"

To the Temple of Prithi-Devi in Benares ("The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney"), the coolies carried Mulvaney in the gorgeous palanquin which "the three musketeers" had won in fair fight from Dearsley, foreman of the construction works; and from the shelter of the palanquin Mulvaney saw, at the big Queens' Praying in the temple, the wives and daughters of most of the kings of India,

more glorious than thransformations at a pantomime, for they was in pink an' blue an' silver an' red an' grass green, wid di'monds an im'ralds an' great red rubies all over thim. But that was the least part av the glory . . . they were more lovely than the like av any loveliness in hivin; ay, their little bare feet were better than the white hands av a lord's lady, an' their mouths were like puckered roses, an' their eyes were bigger and dharker than the eyes av any livin' women I've seen.

There, wrapping the pink lining of his palanquin around him for a mantle, and using a beer-bottle for a flute, Mulvaney impersonated the god Krishna, before the worshipful, credulous gaze of the women, and thus escaped from the temple.

III

Now the train speeds through Bengal towards Calcutta, and the climate and the scenery change completely. The air is heavy, and moist, and fragrant with the flowers and spicy weeds of the tropical woodland. All nature riots in luxuriance of growth and loveliness of colour and the forests on both sides of the track are wide and deep with a vast amount of tangled undergrowth. Far to the east are the beautiful wooded mountains of Assam where among the Garo Hills Kala Nag (*The Jungle Book*) carried little Toomai to the elephant dance. Off in the west are the Seonee Hills, the home of Mowgli (*The Jungle Book*) and his wolf-brothers, who conquered Tabaqui, the cowardly jackal, and Shere Khan, the wicked, man-eating tiger; and close by are the Satpura Hills, the "scrubby, tigerish country," where John Chinn, the Second ("The Tomb of His Ancestors"), the young Subaltern whom the Bhils believed to be the reincarnation of his own grandfather, brought his "hereditary influence" to bear in vaccinating the frightened community; and by shooting his beautiful "tiger-horse," put a stop to the ghostly night-rides which had so terrorised the little black people of the hills.

Calcutta, lying on the "sullen, un-English stream, the Hooghly," was, until the recent change to Delhi, the capi-

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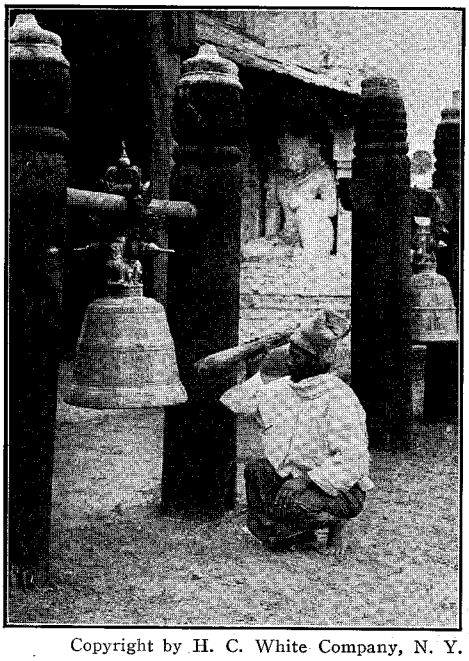
tal of British India. To enter Calcutta from Benares, the traveller goes into Howrah and crosses the Hooghly River with its wonderful pontoon bridge and its immense and varied shipping. The city of Calcutta is thoroughly cosmopolitan, all nations of the East and West mingling in her streets. The traveller will find the general sights of interest of every large city, fine public buildings, statues, monuments, and parks; while the white, spacious mansions of the Europeans in their beautiful gardens of tropical plants facing the broad boulevards, completely overshadow in the general view the narrow, dirty streets of native Bengal, and give the city an air of luxuriant wealth hard to equal anywhere else in the world. This impression of luxury is especially striking at sunset when the richly appointed turnouts roll down the Chowringhee Road and along the wide Esplanade by the river where the military band plays its gayest music and everybody is dressed in the most fashionable attire. Three or four miles from the city are the magnificent botanical gardens—the finest in the world—where, among rare and wonderfully beautiful plants, is the famous Great Banyan under which a thousand people might easily find shelter. The story of Calcutta is briefly told in "The Song of the Cities:"



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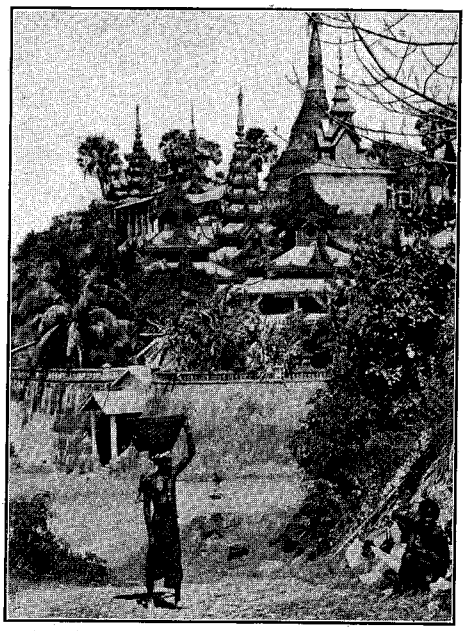
"THE TINKLY TEMPLE BELLS"



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THE OLD MOULMEIN PAGODA

Me, the Sea-captain loved, the river built;
Wealth sought and Kings adventured life to hold.
Hail, England! I am Asia—Power on silt,
Death in my hands, but gold!

"The God-forgotten City of Calcutta" is what Duncan Parrenness, Writer to the Most Honourable the East India Company ("The Dream of Duncan Parrenness"), calls the old capital when he writes from Calcutta in the days of Warren Hastings:

. . . and I saw how the one year that I had lived in this land had so burned and seared my mind with the flames of a thousand bad passions and desires that I had aged ten months for each one in the Devil's school;

and goes on to tell of his distressing vision when his "trust in man," his

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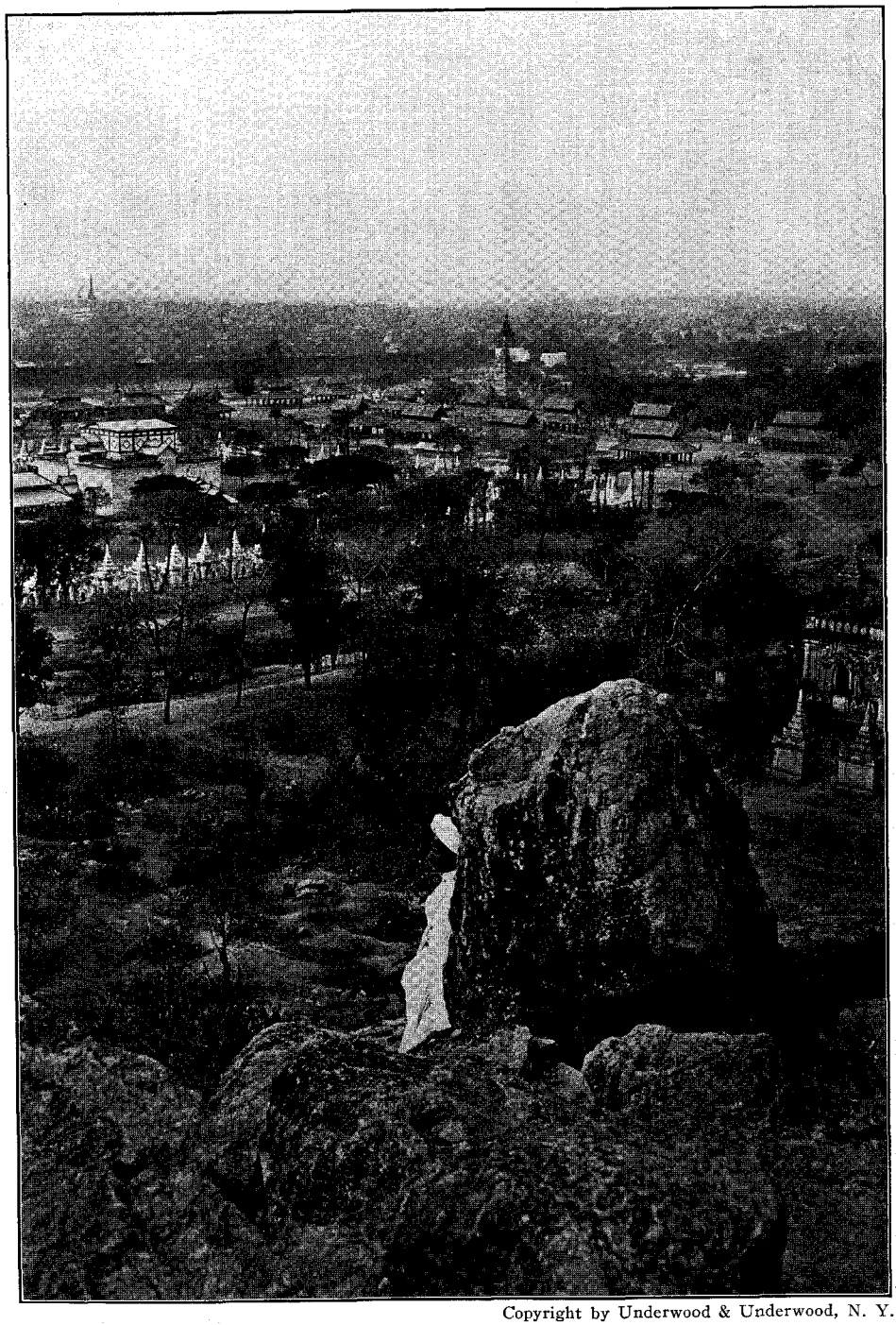

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MANDALAY

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"faith in women," and his "boy's soul and conscience" were lost to him forever. At Fultah Fisher's boarding-house in Calcutta ("The Ballad of Fisher's Boarding-House"), Salem Hardieker, the "lean Bostonian," because of the lies told him by his Light-o'-Love, Anne of Austria, murdered "Hans, the Blue-eyed Dane,"

> Bull-throated, bare of arm,
> Who carried on his hairy chest
> The maid Ultruda's charm—
> The little silver crucifix
> That keeps a man from harm.

It was at Calcutta cantonments that the Eurasian lady ("Private Learoyd's Story") coveted the fox-terrier belonging to the Colonel's wife and was tricked by Mulvaney, Learoyd, and Ortheris, who won the money reward and at the same time saved to the Colonel's lady her precious "Rip."

It is of Burma and his Burma sweetheart that the British soldier sings in "Mandalay,"

> I've a neater, sweeter maiden
> In a cleaner, greener land.

The vast mountain-ranges and dense forests of northwestern Burma forbid an overland entry from India; but well-appointed steamships of the British India lines run three times weekly from Calcutta to Rangoon, a distance of seven hundred and fifty-eight miles. One of these steamships takes the traveller speedily and comfortably across the Bay of Bengal and thirty miles up the Rangoon River to Rangoon. In "The Song of the Cities," Rangoon greets England with the words,

> Hail, Mother. Do they call me rich in trade?
> Little care I, but hear the shorn priest drone,
> And watch my silk-clad lovers, man by maid,
> Laugh 'neath my Shwe Dagon.

The object of chief interest in Rangoon is the famous Shwe Dagon Pagoda. This temple or reliquary is built over the eight hairs of Buddha and relics of the former Buddhas, and is a solid mass of pyramidal masonry covered with gold leaf from base to apex and rising three hundred and seventy feet in the air from the summit of Thehngoottara Hill. Crowning the pagoda is a golden umbrella ringed and fringed with golden bells and set with diamonds, emeralds and rubies. The clappers of the bells are flattened and elongated so that they catch the wind and keep up a continuous musical tinkling, which the Nats, the guardian angels of the Burmese, are supposed to hear and note that an act of devotion has been performed. At the base of the pagoda on every side are chapels containing massive carved figures of Buddha; and scattered here and there over the huge platform on which the pagoda stands are small pagodas of richly carved wood, or glass mosaic or masonry covered with gold leaf like the Shwe Dagon itself; stone altars for the offerings of devotees; stalls for the sale of religious offerings; bells of all sizes; and everywhere, figures of creatures half lion and half man. These lions are symbolical of a Burmese legend which tells of a Burmese prince lost in the jungle and mothered by a lioness who, when her foster son escaped from her by swimming across a river, died of a broken heart. So the lions are a memorial of the loving devotion of the lion-mother.

To the traveller it is a surprise to find in the streets of Rangoon, thronged with Americans, Europeans, Indians, Chinese, and Japanese, so few Burmese. In their big bazaars and at Shwe Dagon Pagoda they are seen in their true element. The women of Burma are free and respected and take an equal part with the men in all matters of life; marriage is an affair of the heart; children are adored; and the soil is lavish in its fruitfulness. It is said that for these reasons the Burmese are the happiest people on earth. It is not hard to believe this when one hears the merry talk and laughter and sees the bright faces and care-free, indolent air of these little brown people who are decked with fra-

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grant flowers and clad in silk of the gayest colours, pink, scarlet, green, yellow and magenta. Their flattened features show their relation to the Mongolian; and always in the mouth, whether of man, woman or child, you see the big greenish-white cheroot, for the Burmese baby learns to smoke when it learns to walk.

Almost as interesting as the Shwe Dagon Pagoda—but in quite a different way—are the timber-yards where the elephants act as coolies:

> Elephints a-pilin' teak
> In the sludgy, squdgy creek.

The clear-eyed intelligence of the great beasts in lifting and stacking in regular order the logs of teak, which often weigh more than a ton, is wonderful. Watching the "foreman elephant" pushing the log into its exact place, one almost believes the story which someone near by is sure to tell, that he frequently squints one eye to see that the log lies true.

IV

For the best view of the charming Irrawaddy River, the traveller should go from Rangoon to Mandalay by one of the boats of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company. The steamers have three decks and the bow of the second deck is reserved for Europeans. Here the traveller may have his dining-table set and from a steamer-chair watch in perfect comfort the surrounding scenes. The odd river-craft first attract the attention. Among steam-tugs, rafts, barges, houseboats, and fishing-boats, is seen the peculiarly curved Burmese boat guided by an oarsman who sits in an elaborately carved chair high above the stern; and speeding before the wind are the little *peingaws* carrying sails one hundred and thirty feet long. The low-lying country of the Irrawaddy Estuary is soon left behind, and now the hills and woods give to the scene a constant variety of interest and delight. All along the way on every rise of ground stand the monasteries of the yellow-robed Buddhist monks or dozens of white pagodas with gilded peaks and tinkling bells. It is considered an act of great merit to build a pagoda of whatever size or material; hence the enormous number throughout Burma. Here and there is a town of considerable size or a little village of quaint bamboo houses on stilts where the rice-fields almost dazzle with their vivid green, and where giant palm-trees reach upward toward the sun. Then the forest-trees crowd close to the edge of the stream; bright-plumaged birds flutter among the branches; green monkeys gambol on the river-banks; and farther back in the quiet depths the wild elephant, the rhinoceros and the tiger have their haunts. A feature of peculiar charm in the scenery of the Irrawaddy is the frequent occurrence of flowering trees whose boughs, laden with blossoms or leaves of crimson or scarlet or gold, shine through the rich green of the woodland with splendid effect.

In "The Taking of Lungtungpen" (*Plain Tales from the Hills*), Mulvaney with Lieutenant Brazenose and his men, stripped and swam the Irrawaddy River that dark night when, not having time to dress again, they captured the town of Lungtungpen just as they were —"nakid as Vanus"—and so easily that the Burmese Headman asked the Interpreter, "Av the English fight like that wid their clo'es off, what in the wurruld do they do wid their clo'es on?" Farther up the river at Bhamo was the cozy little home of "Georgie Porgie" (*Life's Handicap*) and "Georgina," his Burmese girl who was "in every way as sweet and merry and honest and winning a little woman as the most exacting of bachelors could have desired." It was from Bhamo that Georgina followed Georgie Porgie in the long and faithful search which ended so bitterly for her.

> The Bride and the Bridegroom came out into the veranda after dinner, in order that the smoke of Georgie Porgie's cheroot might not hang in the new drawing-room curtains.
>
> "What is that noise down there?" said the Bride. Both listened.

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"Oh," said Georgie Porgie, "I suppose some brute of a hillman has been beating his wife."

* * * * *

But it was Georgina crying, all by herself, down the hillside, among the stones of the water-course where the washermen wash the clothes.

Somewhere here in the wilds of Upper Burma lies the rebel village of "Pabengmay" ("The Grave of the Hundred Head") where Subadar Prag Tewarri, of the First Shikaris, so terribly avenged the murder of his beloved leader and piled on the grave of the young Subaltern the heads of a hundred of his enemies, to teach the Burmans "the price of a white man slain."

They made a pile of their trophies
  High as a tall man's chin,
Head upon head distorted,
  Clinched in a sightless grin,
Anger and pain and terror
  Writ on the smoke-scorched skin.
* * * * *
Then a silence came to the river,
  A hush fell over the shore,
And Bohs that were brave departed,
  And Sniders squibbed no more;
  For the Burman said
  That a *kullah's* head
Must be paid for with heads five score.

There's a widow in sleepy Chester
  Who weeps for her only son;
There's a grave on the Pabeng River,
  A grave that the Burmans shun,
And there's Subadar Prag Tewarri
  Who tells how the work was done.

Off to the west lies the Chindwin River, where took place the scrimmages between the Burman Boh Da Thone, "Erst a Pretender to Thebaw's Throne" ("The Ballad of Boh Da Thone"), and the dauntless Captain O'Neil, with his "Black Tyrone" regiment, "the choicest collection of unmitigated blackguards, dog-stealers, robbers of hen-roosts, assaulters of innocent citizens, and recklessly daring heroes in the Army List." And there is the cart-road of the Government Bullock Train where, beneath the weighty bulk of Babu Harendra Mukerji, the Boh ended his life in undignified fashion and forfeited his head which later so gruesomely interrupted Captain O'Neil's honeymoon.

Open-eyed, open-mouthed, on the napery's snow,
With a crash and a thud, rolled—the Head of the Boh!
And gummed to the scalp was a letter which ran:

In Fielding Force Service.
Encampment,
10th Jan.

Dear Sir,—I have honour to send, *as you said,*
For final approval (see under) Boh's Head;

Was took by myself in most bloody affair.
By High Education brought pressure to bear.

Now violate Liberty, time being bad,
To mail V.P.P. (rupees hundred) Please add

Whatever Your Honour can pass. Price of Blood
Much cheap at one hundred, and children want food.

So trusting Your Honour will somewhat retain
True love and affection for Govt. Bullock Train,

And show awful kindness to satisfy me,
I am,
Graceful Master,
Your
H. MUKERJI.

It was way over there in the East near the Shan States that Hicksey of the Police ("A Conference of the Powers") captured Boh Naghee, the Burmese robber chief, by taking a flying leap on his head while he lay in bed under a mosquito net; and the Dacoit chased by the Infant fell over the palisades on top of Dennis, the frightened and bewildered Civil Officer; and the whole affair ended with a little picnic of sandwiches.

The first glance at the city of Man-

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dalay, laid out like the squares of a checker-board, with good roads, good drainage, street-lamps, and efficient police protection, makes one feel that he has reached a town of the American Western country, but the little bamboo houses and the ever-present pagodas soon dispel the illusion. In the very centre of the city stands the walled town which was once the capital of the weak King Thebaw and his cruel queen, Supaiyah Lat, who, to insure prosperity to the city in its building, and afterward to protect it from the British, caused scores of her subjects to be buried alive beneath the walls. Many years ago the Burmese monarch was deposed and sent into exile in India, and his city serves now as a fort of the British Army. But the gilded palaces of the King and his four Queens still stand and the magnificent audience chambers are but little changed. Surrounding the royal city is a moat one hundred feet wide filled with water where hundreds of pink and white lotus lilies give a captivating picturesqueness to the scene. One of the "sights" of Mandalay is the series of pagodas called the "Four Hundred and Fifty Pagodas," for under each pagoda rests a marble slab engraved with one of the four hundred and fifty commandments of the Buddhist law. High above Mandalay, and almost surrounding it, rise the ruby mine mountains, and within the city itself is Mandalay Hill covered with countless pagodas. From this hill you can obtain a splendid view of the town and the surrounding country.

The journey is ended. The mist is on the rice-fields and the sun is dropping slow. Here on Mandalay Hill under the palm-trees sit the British Soldier and his little Burma girl, gazing dreamily out over the river, and listening to the "tinkly temple bells."

If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't never 'eed naught else.

No! you won't 'eed nothin' else
But them spicy garlic smells,
An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the tinkly temple-bells;
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay;
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay,
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

AMERICAN AUTHORS AND THEIR PUBLISHERS

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

Part II—When the Pen Began to Pay

"The class of professed men of letters," wrote Prescott in 1834, "if we exclude the conductors of periodical journals, is certainly not large, even at the present." Yet it seemed to J. W. Francis, whose memory travelled back to the first publishers' festival in 1802, that at the Brother Harper's great entertainment to the craft in 1832 a very large assemblage was present. Others of the time thought so, too. Many were wondering—as people had wondered from the very beginning of the book-trade—where all the readers came from and how publishers found it profitable to put out so many books, especially in light literature, the day of which was so brief. "The literary world is running very much into novels," wrote Bryant in 1836. "Here are three in one week." Twenty years

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later he was again to marvel at the output of books and, judged from publishers' enterprises, the appetite of readers.

But if there were more authors there were more publishers, which is a more reliable gauge of the growth of the business, and more were coming. Carey, Lea and Blanchard had established their firm title in 1833 in Philadelphia, where Carey and Hart had been doing business since 1829. There J. B. Lippincott opened his doors in 1836, making prayer-books and Bibles his specialty, but very soon becoming worldly enough for Bulwer and fleshly enough for Ouida. In New York Wiley and Putnam, A. S. Barnes, Dodd, Mead and Company, all began between '35 and '40; and in '46 was started the last of the older publishing houses, Baker and Scribner. But the principal publishers were still Harpers and Appletons.

"When Wiley and Putnam entered the business," says Mr. G. H. Putnam, "a very important proportion of the stock of the booksellers at that time was made up of works imported from England." And shortly, what with the English reprints and the general depression of the business world, nothing was salable except cheap publications. Carey, Lea and Blanchard found they had to remove the cloth covers from their stock of Cooper's novels and do them up in paper to find a market. The briskness of the competition in English reprints is illustrated by a story of Carey and Hart (a story which illustrates also that Philadelphia was still exceeding the New York speed limit). In 1836 they received a copy of *Rienzi* from the English publishers, and another arrived in the same packet for Harpers. The question was which firm would put the first American edition on the market. Carey distributed the sheets to the compositors on the day he received the book; at nine o'clock the next morning printed sheets for the first thousand copies were delivered to the binder; and in the afternoon of the same day five hundred copies were forwarded to New York by the mail-coach, the only vehicle that would reach the city by daylight the next morning. To insure rapid transportation Hart hired all the inside room of the coach and piled in *Rienzi* as a passenger.

The anecdote does not continue, but anybody can supply the details of what happened when Harper's *Rienzi* caught up with Hart's *Rienzi,* after its start of a day or two. Let Hudson's *History of Journalism* tell how hot the warfare raged.

> About the time steamships came in, several large weeklies were established. They were literary sheets and made news of literature. Parke Benjamin and Rufus Griswold were among their publishers. They made war by their enterprise on the Harpers and other large book publishers, and brought literature into the market at reduced prices. What the Harpers were reprinting at $1, they sold for 12½ and even 6¼ cents. They made the same arrangements to get early copies of the last English novel by the coming steamers as the *Herald* or *Tribune* made to obtain the latest London *Times;* and would publish an entire novel on the day of its reception. [It had taken New York five years to acquire the pace of the City of Brotherly Love, but when she did she added some peculiarly metropolitan touches!] These novels were sold as extras by the newsboys. There were wild scenes of excitement on the arrival of a steamship with a fresh novel. So great and sharp was the competition that in March, 1843, the *Herald* said: "The terrible contest now going on among the publishers of cheap literature will produce two or three results. First, the ruin of all the publishers; second, the fortunes of all the vendors in the large cities; third, the spread of literary taste among the people." These predictions were fully verified.

"The young firm of Wiley and Putnam," says Mr. Putnam in his history of his father, "declined from the outset to take advantage of the lack of protection afforded by the law, and Putnam made his first journey to England to bring about a closer relation between the two booktrades and purchase English publications to sell at home." Of the condition of things he narrates the follow-

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ing story, and gives its application. Frederika Bremer visited the Putnams to arrange for the American edition of her books. Some unauthorised editions were at once announced, and the most important competition was that threatened by Harpers, who announced in their magazine that they had cheaper editions in preparation. Putnam took Miss Bremer to call upon the Harpers, who received her very courteously; and privately asked Mr. Harper to withdraw his competing edition, as the author needed the money, and the edition which she authorised not selling for as low a price, would be pushed out of sale. But the competing edition came upon the market. Mr. Putnam goes on:

It would be impossible to give any sketch having to do with the publishing operations between '48 and '60 without making an occasional reference of this kind to the theories under which the Harpers of the first generation carried on their own publishing undertakings, theories which were certainly serviceable in helping to build up a largely remunerative business. The oldtime methods of publishing by "appropriation," methods practised by other concerns than Harpers, but in which, through their business capacity, their literary insight, and their large resources, they were easily the leaders, have during the past half-century changed very much for the better. The Harpers of that day were prepared to make payments to transatlantic authors who would place their American interests exclusively under Harper control. They were not disposed to concede to the foreign author liberty of action in the selection of his American publisher. Such a contention naturally brought them from time to time into issue with publishers who were willing to take up American editions of transatlantic books only under arrangement with the author.

"Authors were not infrequently suspicious in that day," says the *House of Harper,* speaking of this period, "and there are still members of their profession in the present day who are inclined occasionally to belabour their publishers unwisely and unjustly."

It was from this catch-as-catch-can era that the English tradition of publishers' exploitation of authors became dyed in the American grain. What hostility had previously existed seems to have been, in general, only a survival of the ancient feud aggravated by the fact that authorship in America had not yet come to afford a livelihood. The desire for wages—as one saw with the Salmagundi papers—has habitually been the root of all evil; especially when the employer himself was living from hand to mouth. The annual profits of the *Evening Post* were, let us say, about twenty-five thousand a year when Halleck and Drake were increasing its circulation and prestige with their amazingly successful Croaker papers—for nothing. As they asked nothing, there was about the transaction no taint of commercialism whatever. Long afterward, the *Post,* commenting on the new literary activity, recorded that the old, though in many respects not to be regretted, carried away with it some of the fine atmosphere of gentlemanly dignity and reserve which marked the earlier literature. The recipe for gentlemanly dignity and reserve is seen to be startlingly simple.

The distinction which we here suggest between the old and the new literary activity of our country is far more real than at first appears, and in some respects it has important significance. It is true that some of the writers of that time had no other business than that of authorship, but this was not common. Some of them, like Mr. Duyckinck, were possessed of property. Others, like Halleck, were constantly engaged in commercial affairs; Drake was a physician and sold medicines, and was poor. He and Halleck contributed the brilliant series of poems by Croaker and Co. to the *Evening Post,* gaining fame chiefly as their reward. In our time (1878) they would have sold them to the magazines for fifteen dollars apiece, and as fame came would demand a higher price for wares whose market value had increased. Irving, the centre and chief of the New York group, had some property and

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some employment from Government, and, moreover, he was a bachelor and lived inexpensively. In our time he would live at a club and receive enormous prices for his work. Hawthorne was a customs-officer and a counsel. And so with nearly all the rest of them—each had some other resource than his pen. Poe was without it and starved.

One may, of course (unlike Poe), starve with gentlemanly dignity and reserve, but one can hardly retain these qualities and insistently demand his wages or better wages. That authors had begun to do both by the middle of the century is the testimony of Goodrich in 1857.

Happily at the present day the relations between authors and publishers are on better footing than in former times. The late Festival in New York given by the publishers to the authors was a happy testimonial to the prevailing feeling that both are parties in the fellowship of literature. Indeed, a great change has taken place in the relative position of the two classes. Nothing is now more marketable than good writing. Starving, neglected, abused genius is a myth of bygone times. If an author is poorly paid, it is because he writes poorly. I do not think, indeed, that authors are adequately paid, for authorship does not stand on a level with other professions as to pecuniary recompense; but it is certain that a clever, industrious, and judicious writer may make his talent the means of his living.

It would seem to be likewise certain that clever and industrious writers had existed before that period and had not made their living. Whence the change? Had the publishers' generosity increased automatically as the support of the reading public increased? Or was it because of a gradually diminishing gentlemanly dignity—"in the demand of a higher price for wares whose value had increased"? One of the most dignified and fair-minded of our older publishers, writing in the *Atlantic* in 1905, calls contemporary authors a grasping lot, demanding abnormal advertising and abnormal advances and abnormal royalties; and remarks that authorship has now become a business to get rich in. "The priest who entered the temple with bowed head and under the vow of poverty has been replaced by the man with the yacht and the motor car. Certainly, the author's reverence for his art has gone." Substitute publisher for author in this passage, and it will be just as true and just as false. But when in literary history was the vow of poverty taken by entrant acolyte, author or publisher? Men have been poor and worms have eaten them, but not to demonstrate their reverence for their art.

PRESCOTT AND HIS PUBLISHERS

There is a good deal said these days by publishers about the commercialisation of literature by authors, and of its peculiar modernness. "I confess since I am old-fashioned," says *A Publisher's Confession*, "that it shocks me when a successful author asks me on what terms I can bring out his book. If he does not openly hawk his book and his reputation, he at least tempts one publisher to bid against another, and thus invites the publisher to regard it as a mere commodity." It would be illuminating to set in order all the facts and figures of the vague era which designates him as old-fashioned. He would perhaps find too few isolated cases to substantiate the mellow opinion. In the decade when Irving—fairly well-to-do and a rural bachelor—was presenting his plates to Putnam and refusing better offers, he would find that Prescott—never in the least dependent on his writings and certainly a dignified and admirable literary figure—was, if not running after the highest bidder, at least encouraging the highest bidder to run after him. A layman might ask why not. All the rest of life is conducted on that principle, why should trading in books alone be excepted? A lawyer's goods are without reproach treated as a commodity, and, except with sentimentalists, a minister's —then why not a writer's? That "old-fashioned" era of the engaging author of *A Publisher's Confession* inherited an

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externally pretty but quite baseless tradition that writers were and of a right ought to be regardless of their wages. He is less sentimental about the other side of the matter. "That fine indifference to commercial results which was once supposed to be characteristic of the great publishers does not exist to-day. Perhaps it never existed except in memoirs and literary journals. But there was a less obvious effort to make money in the days of the first successful American publishing houses than now." At any rate, the history of Prescott and his publishers quite punctures both wings of the inflated fabric of that elder day "when labour sweat for service not for hire."

Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella* was published by the American Stationers Company, of Boston, at author's risk. In London Murray and Longman had declined it, but an arrangement was finally made with Bentley on a scheme of division of profits. In Boston three-fifths of the edition of five hundred copies were sold before a copy could be sent to New York, and in five weeks the edition was exhausted. "Before leaving Boston," Prescott entered in his diary, "I concluded a bargain with Little and Brown. I agreed to sell them seventeen hundred copies at $1.75 a copy. They are to have five and a half years to dispose of them; there being about four hundred copies remaining on hand of those bought of the Stationers Company. By this bargain I receive $3,000 in addition to the $1,000 before received [on sales by the Stationers Company] within six years of publication." In 1845 comes this entry. "I have made an agreement with the Harpers. . . . My portrait is to be prefixed thereto—which they consider, I suppose, putting a good face on the matter." The success of *The Conquest of Mexico* proved even greater than that of his former history. For *The Conquest of Peru* in 1847 Harpers paid $7,500 on the day of publication—at the rate of $1 a copy—"terms more liberal," Ticknor remarked, "than had ever been offered for a work of grave history on this side the Atlantic." The English rights were bought by Bentley for $4,000. "The Harpers give me good accounts of my works," wrote Prescott, "and consider my copyrights worth no less than $25,000 apiece." It was in 1854 that he records leaving the Harpers not because of dissatisfaction, but because of a more liberal offer. Derby says that he had left Little, Brown for the same reason—Harper having offered a larger copyright. Phillips, of Phillips, Sampson and Company, of Boston, hearing that his contracts were expiring, called on Prescott. The historian said he should be glad to receive a proposition for his new book and a contract for the old ones from any other house. The Harpers were paying fifty cents on each book they sold wholesale at $1.50. Phillips proposed a guarantee for *Philip II* and to keep on paying fifty cents for the old books. Prescott wrote to Harpers to ask if they would meet this offer. They said they would continue the old terms, but could not guarantee any number. Prescott thereupon signed with Phillips; but for some reason had the generosity after the contract was signed to scratch out the guarantee. It was a generosity he might have exercised before. Here is what he wrote to Harpers. "And now allow me to say that this is one of the most unpleasant letters I ever wrote in my life, since it is to break off a long and pleasant intercourse with friends with whom I have never interchanged any words but those of kindness and regard. Every year of our connection has confirmed me in the opinion which I had early formed of the high and honourable character of your house, for every member of which I have to express sentiments of the most sincere regard."

Cooper is said to have dashed off his first book, *Precaution,* to show his wife he could write a better novel than the English one he had just been reading; but perhaps no one could take light literature more lightly than Simms in the following story which Professor Trent tells. Packages from the South had a

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way of failing to arrive at their destination, and Simms carried to his publishers in New York as much of the manuscript of *The Partisan,* his fifth novel, as he had completed. The printers set to work at once and soon caught up with him. Then the young man informed the Harpers that he was going out of town for a week. "But," said Mr. James Harper, "we are out of copy and will have to suspend work until you return." "That will never do," replied the author. "Give me pen, ink, and paper, and I'll go upstairs and find a place to write." In less than half an hour he came down again with more manuscript than would be required during his absence. This sounds marvellous, says Professor Trent, or else New York printers in 1835 were not rapid workers; but such was the story which James Harper told in after years to an admirer of Simms.

Each deduction from this story is probably true, though possibly the period of time has shrunk a little in the wash of years. Certainly Simms had marvellous facility, and certainly New York printers were marvellously slow—when publishers were not racing each other with English reprints (for which they possibly husbanded the vitality of their workmen). There was certainly, also, no reason with the generality of publications why printing should have gone slowly on account of its excellence. The hasty English reprinting had greatly lowered the standard of work in America, and metropolitan houses were content with the poor print and coarse paper which had earlier characterised the country printing-offices. People took it for granted that any piece of creditable printing of the English language must have been done in England. Yet American work could still be excellent upon occasion. Irving, considerate as he was of his publisher, was always demanding better editions. The *Sketch Book* was considered the most beautiful book yet published in America. A London firm ordered a thousand copies, on which their name appeared according to agreement. A London publisher said to Putnam, "You Americans can do fair work, but it takes an English house to issue anything like this—such beautiful printing and wood-drawing I have never seen."

The father of E. A. Duyckinck (upon whose death in 1878 the New York *Evening Post* wrote the editorial above quoted) was Evert Duyckinck the elder. At the time of his retirement from business he was the oldest publisher in New York, and he died in 1833. Diedrich Knickerbocker expressed in a letter his regret that his work had not been published by his esteemed friend, Mr. Evert Duyckinck, "a lineal descendant from one of the ancient heroes of the Manhattoes, whose grandfather and my grandfather were just like brothers." Thus Irving had inherited that disposition to regard a publisher in a brotherly way, which he was afterward to illustrate so unusually. Could he have told the company at the Authors Festival at which he so graciously presided (and probably quietly fell asleep, according to his custom) the story of his own dealings with publishers, it would have added an extra grace to the occasion.

IRVING AND PUTNAM

Irving had begun his literary life as the most modest of men, but his English success gave him confidence. When asked by Murray, the London publisher, to fix a price for *Bracebridge Hall,* he named the strapping sum of fifteen hundred guineas. "If you had said a thousand——" began Murray tentatively. "You shall have it," broke in Irving; and the contract was signed. His English reputation was not great enough, however, to float him for long in America. He had settled on the Philadelphia house of Carey, Lea and Blanchard as his publishers. During the years '39-'43 there was extreme depression in the publishing business; and as the sale of his works had become very languid, his publishers said nothing about renewing his contract when it expired in '43. For five years no American publisher had

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enough confidence in him to propose definitely for a new edition. Irving had become completely despondent over his literary prospects when Putnam made him a proposition. The young firm of Wiley and Putnam had been then about ten years in existence. Wiley was the son of Charles, the first publisher of Cooper, and both partners had a wide acquaintance with authors and publishers; but their beginning had been simple enough—Derby records that Putnam contributed as his share only $150. Putnam had been for a year or two conducting the London end of the firm, and consequently had more faith in Irving than the other American publishers. Considering the state of the market and of Irving's works in particular, his offer was a most generous one, and it was accepted with eagerness. "There is no necessity of my bothering further with the law," cried Irving gaily to his nephew and kicking the desk in front of him, which he had taken in his brother's law-office. "Here is a fool of a publisher going to give me a thousand a year for doing nothing!"

The relationship thus begun forms one of the prettiest pages in the literary history of New York. It continued until death, though Irving received numerous proposals for the transfer of his writings. (In spite of the lofty notions of our old publishers, which some of the moderns seek industriously to circulate —"It was once a matter of honour," says *A Publishers Confession,* "that one publisher should respect the relation established between another publisher and a writer.") Irving, however, told Putnam that as long as he remained a publisher the contract should endure. From Sunnyside in '52 he wrote Putnam: "But as you talk of obligations to me, I am conscious of none that have not been fully counterbalanced on your part, and I take pleasure in expressing the great satisfaction I have derived from all our intercourse, from your amiable, obliging, and honourable conduct. Indeed, I never had dealings with any man, whether in the way of business or friendship, more perfectly free from any alloy. That these dealings have been profitable is merely owing to your sagacity and enterprise. You had confidence in the continued vitality of my writings when my former publishers had almost persuaded me they were defunct. Wishing you that continued prosperity in business which your upright, enterprising, truthful and liberal method of conducting it merits and is calculated to ensure, I again invoke on you and yours a happy New Year."

Putnam wrote for the *Atlantic Monthly,* in 1880, the story of his relations with Irving.

Being in '48 again settled in New York and apparently able to render suitable business attention to the enterprise, I ambitiously proposed an arrangement to publish Irving's Works. My suggestion was promptly accepted without the change of a single figure or stipulation. The number of volumes since printed of these and the later works amounts to about eight hundred thousand. The relations of friendship—I cannot say of intimacy —to which this arrangement admitted me were such as any man might have enjoyed with proud satisfaction. Sunnyside was too inviting to those who were privileged to visit there to allow any proper opportunity for a visit to pass unimproved.

It was almost a proverb that he was a nearly solitary instance of a long literary career untouched by even a breath of ill-will or jealousy on the part of a brother-author. Cooper evidently brooded a little over the relative amount of attention extended to his brother-author. At any rate he persistently kept aloof from Irving for many years. Mr. Irving more than once spoke to me in terms of warm admiration of the works and genius of Cooper, and regretted that the great novelist seemed to cherish some ill-feeling toward him. One day, some time after I had commenced a library-edition of Cooper's best works and while Irving's were in course of publication in companionship, Mr. Irving was sitting at my desk with his back to the door when Mr. Cooper came in (a little bustlingly as usual) and stood at the office entrance talking. Mr. Irving did not turn and Cooper

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did not see him. I had acquired caution as to introductions without mutual consent, but with a brief thought of how matters stood [they had not met for several years], I stoutly obeyed the impulse of the moment and simply said—"Mr. Cooper, here is Mr. Irving." The latter turned. Cooper held out his hand cordially, dashed at once into an animated conversation, took a chair; and to my surprise and delight the two authors sat for an hour chatting in their best manner about almost every topic of the day and some of the former days. They parted with cordial good wishes, and Mr. Irving frequently alluded to the incident as being a very great gratification to him.

His little library at Sunnyside had become somewhat overcrowded, and a suggestion for a general renovation and pruning seemed to be gladly accepted, so I went up and passed the night there for that purpose. As he sat by, I rapidly reported the candidates for exclusion and he nodded assent or—as here and there he would interpose with "No, no, not *that*"—an anecdote or reminiscence would come in as a reason against the dismissal of the book. . . . When *Wolfert's Roost* was published (I had to entice the papers of that volume from his drawer, for I doubt whether he would have collected them himself) I saw him affected actually to tears on reading some of the hearty and well-written personal tributes it called forth.

Mr. George Haven Putnam, writing of the house of Putnams, continues the story.

When G. P. Putnam closed their business operations in difficulties, the stereotype plates of Irving—which constituted in connection with the publishing rights the most valuable item in the assets—were purchased from the assignee by Irving himself. He had by this time received many propositions from other publishers, some more advantageous than he had had with Putnam. The author could now demand in addition to the royalty for copyright a further royalty for the use of the plates. He declined all suggestions from the other firms and said, "Now, Putnam, I want you to be the owner of these plates for me. I will sell you them and receive payments by instalments, as you may find convenient. You, being the owner of the plates, will then pay me royalties on the sales at the same rate as before." Irving was perfectly aware that he was making a direct business sacrifice. It proved, however, to be the case that in giving an almost undivided attention during the succeeding two-years to these books, Putnam secured much larger annual results than had ever before been realised. He tried to persuade Irving to accept a higher royalty, but on this point the old gentleman had made up his mind. . . . If it had not been for this friendly consideration on the part of his principal author, my father would have found the difficulty of beginning business again after the disaster very considerable indeed.

The death of George Palmer Putnam brought forth many published eulogies. "His association with Irving was so intimate," wrote his daughter, "that to many it is the principal fact suggested by mention of his name. The devotion of one life to the interpretation of another implies what Carlyle has well called the genius of appreciation. To this latter class of appreciative friendships belongs that which for so many years existed between Mr. Putnam and Washington Irving. He devoted himself to the task of hewing out a road for his future reputation with a zeal and generous confidence that was certainly most generously recognised, and has been amply recompensed."

COOPER AND "COOPER-AGE"

It was not until his third novel that Cooper placed his name upon a title-page. The first, which the publisher allowed to be known had been written "by a gentleman of New York," obtained some modest appreciation; the second, *The Spy,* justified a new edition in nine months. Wiley published this; and it is worth recording—in view of the author's subsequent history—that Cooper remained on good terms with him. He proposed him for his new Bread and Cheese Club and saw to it (pardon the necessary slang!) that the publisher did not get the cheese. When Wiley afterward failed, a number of his

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authors wrote stories and gave them to him to help out. Cooper wrote two, says his recent *Life,* by Mary Phillips, and they were bound together under the title *Tales for Fifteen, or Imagination and Heart.*

He must have looked back rather wistfully to that friendly time during his later squabbles. The effect of his conflict with the press so cut the sale of his books that in 1843 he wrote, "I know many of the New York booksellers are afraid to touch my works on account of the press of that righteous and enlightened city." Throughout his life indeed, Cooper demonstrated that he might break but never bend. He brought out his first novel, *Precaution,* himself. It is not on record that he quarrelled with his first publisher, but he did with his subsequent ones and with almost everybody else. The days of The Den in Charles Wiley's bookstore and of the Bread and Cheese Club, when he drew around him a pleasant circle, were deceptive. With his publishers after Wiley's death, Carey, Lea and Blanchard, he was much dissatisfied and seemed to feel that the chaotic condition of the business which was precipitated by the English reprint trade was discriminating personally against him. Like most of the publishers, they found it impossible in the period of lowest native depression to sell a work of fiction except in paper. Cooper was unwilling to perceive that there was any reason why his royalties should decrease. But authors and reviewers as well as publishers came in for his disapproval. "It was not always pleasant," wrote Putnam, "to listen to Cooper's harsh comments on all of his contemporaries." Greenough, the sculptor, wrote to him from Rome, "I think you lose your hold on the American public by rubbing down their skins with brickbats as you do." Rather early in the game Bryant had written to Dana, "I saw Cooper yesterday. You tell me that I must review him next time myself. Ah, sir, he is too sensitive a creature for me to touch. He seems to think his works his own property, instead of being the property of the public to whom he has given them; and it is almost as difficult to praise or blame them in the right place as it was to praise or blame Goldsmith properly in the presence of Johnson." Cooper was always impatient of criticism, and though he never challenged a reviewer (as in 1836, N. P. Willis did Captain Marryatt in England—and conducted the duel to a successful and bloodless conclusion like any contemporary French author in Paris!) he brought seven suits against Thurlow Weed for libel in reviewing his books. At one of the trials while the judge was making his charge to the jury, Weed was reading Cooper's *Two Admirals,* which he had begun in the cars on his way to the court room, and became so deeply interested that he was unaware the trial was over until the jury brought in their verdict of guilty. "There was something," says Parton, "in the warfare waged by the author of the Leatherstocking Tales against the press and particularly in his suit against the *Tribune,* which appealed so strongly to Greeley that he never alluded to it without a paroxysm of mirth." He called it "the Cooperage of the *Tribune,*" and his humorous account of the first trial set the town to laughing and provoked the novelist to a new suit. "The jury were hungry, too," ran the printed account, "and did not stay out very long. There were seven of them for a verdict of $100, two for $200, three for $500; they added these sums and divided the total $2,600 by twelve and called it $200 damages at 6 cents costs. Nothing remains but to pay piper or Cooper. Yes, Fenimore shall have his $200. To be sure, we don't exactly see how we came to owe him that sum; but he has won it and shall be paid. We should like to meet him and have a social chat over the whole business. Now it is over, we don't bear him a bit of ill-will. Since the jury has cut down his little bill from $3,000 to $200, we won't higgle a bit about the balance. In fact we rather like the idea of being so munifi-

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cent a patron (for our means) of American literature; and are glad to do anything for one of the most creditable (of old) of our authors, who are now generally reduced to any shift for a living by that grand national rascality and greater folly, the denial of International Copyright." Cooper's second complaint was based upon these sentences, "Knowing what we did, his fun did seem to us rather inhu——. Hallo there! we had like to have put our foot right into it again, after all our tuition;" and "It seemed to us, considering the present relations of the parties most ungen——. There we go again! This talking with a gag in the mouth is rather awkward at first, but we'll get the hang of it in time. We mean to say that the whole of this part of Mr. Cooper's speech grated upon our feelings rather harshly. We believe *that* isn't a libel." The author alleged that the meaning of the dashes was all too plain; the first was certainly "inhuman," and if the second wasn't "ungenerous" it was "ungentlemanly." Greeley in reply addressed him so pointed and laughing an editorial, asking him to remember the dignity of his profession and offering him a column for ten days to print word for word whatever he liked, that Cooper dropped the case.

Before we plunge into the cloud of animosities of which Poe seems the natural centre, a little glimpse of amity may not be amiss. The old City Hotel, the Mermaid Tavern of an earlier Manhattan, had given way to Bixby's, less famous, but more urbane. Derby leaves this account of Bixby's:

> The proprietor of Bixby's Hotel was also a publisher. It was a famous literary resort at the corner of Broadway and Park Place. In its large parlours could be found all the publishers, booksellers, and authors of the day. Rufus Griswold, and Alice and Phœbe Cary resided there during its first year. Cooper's son-in-law called one day to see Mr. Bixby concerning accommodations for the novelist, saying he was a very difficult person to suit when away from home. Bixby said he would give his own room to Cooper, so that he could always depend on having the same apartments; and the novelist accepted his offer and always made his headquarters there. Hawthorne stopped there, always chaperoned by Ticknor or Fields. Fitz-Greene Halleck was a constant guest. When Bixby joined the flight of those trooping up town and moved to Broadway and Eleventh, he wrote, "Still for my own sake I cannot but regret it, for I fear you will be too far "up" for my purpose when I am a visitor in your city, and I am certain to be the loser of a good home, which your old and favourite house has so often and so agreeably proved itself to be for me during the seven or eight years past. The experience of our late friend, Mr. Cooper, which preceded mine, enabled him to recommend it highly to me, and he, as you know, had a very high standard of domestic comfort."

Leland lived at Dan Bixby's. "Hawthorne used to stay there. He was a moody man who sat by the stove and spoke to no one. Bixby had been a publisher and was proud that he had first issued Hayward's *Faust* in America. He was also proud that his hotel was much frequented by literary men and naval officers. Once when I complained to the clerk that the price of my room was too high, he replied: 'Mr. Leland, the prices of all the rooms in the house excepting yours were raised long ago, and Mr. Bixby charged me strictly not to let you know it.' Uncle Daniel was a gentleman and belonged to my club—the Century. When he grew older he lived on an annuity, and was a great and privileged favourite among actresses and singers."

It will be noted that Uncle Daniel's earlier experiences with authors had not embittered him against the tribe as such, but on the other hand, a cynical scribbler might point out that Leland was a fellow-member of his club. Furthermore, out of the many authors living there, it is undeniable that only one was Bixby's Best. Still, here is—looked at from one side or the other—a flower blooming in an unexpected place; and it

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fortifies the soul to know that the practice of literature has ever lowered the room-rent. Who can tell what might happen if another ex-publisher opened a hotel? So relaxed have the bonds of brotherhood become in these degenerate days (due to the commercialisation of literature?) that one doubts if the New York literati would any longer flock to a hotel run by an ex-publisher. And a landlord, even of such high antecedents, may have undergone commercialisation also.

POE AND THE LITERARY WORLD

Lea and Blanchard engaged in '39 to print an edition of *Tales of the Folio Club* on condition that Poe should have the copyright and twenty copies and they the profits. This was Poe's own proposal. When the volume was nearly ready, he endeavoured to obtain better terms; but they said they had undertaken the publication only to oblige him and expected to lose their money—which, as a matter of fact, they did. In '41 they wrote to him: "You are kind enough to offer us a new collection of prose Tales. As yet we have not got through the edition of the other work, and up to this time it has not returned to us the expense of its publication. We assure you we regret this on your account as well as our own—as it would give us great pleasure to promote your views in relation to publication." In *The House of Harper* there is this account of their relation with Poe:

> We published Poe's "Arthur Gordon Pym of Nantucket" in 1838. After that, for some reason which I have been unable to discover, the House ceased to publish for Poe. Whether Poe was dissatisfied or the firm lacked initiative in securing his works, I am at a loss to say; but I do know that they greatly admired his productions. "I know that you have unbounded influence with the Harpers," Poe wrote to Professor Anthon, "and I know that if you would exert it in my behalf you could procure me the publication I desire." Anthon wrote back to him that he had called upon the Harpers but failed to accomplish anything of importance. "They have complaints against you, grounded on certain movements of yours when they acted as your publishers some years ago, and appear very little inclined to enter upon the matter. However, they have promised that should they see fit to come to terms with you, they will address a note to you forthwith. My own advice to you is to call in person at their office and talk the matter over with them. I am very sure that such a step on your part will remove many of the difficulties which at present obstruct your way. The Harpers entertain, as I have heard from their own lips, the highest opinion of your talents, but——"

What the early trouble was between Harpers and Poe seems wrapped in obscurity, but Derby tells a story (though, to be sure, he attributes it to Putnam) which even if it throws no light upon the subject is too good to pass by. The London public was excited at the time over the Polar expedition of Franklin, he says, when Poe brought in a letter of introduction and the manuscript of the narrative of a Nantucket seaman, purporting to be a veracious account. The publisher glanced at the pages long enough to be impressed with its realism and put it into print at once in order to take advantage of the excitement. He never read the concluding page until an article appeared in the *Saturday Review* inquiring "What is the Yankee publisher giving us?" and then discovered for the first time that the narrative ended with the drowning of all hands.

Poe went the rounds of the publishers. Under the impetus of the popularity of *The Raven,* Wiley and Putnam brought out a selection from his Tales, and in 1845 an edition of his poems. "The first time I ever saw Poe," ran one of the leaves of Putnam's *Publisher's Letter Book,* "he came to my desk and in a tremor of excitement proposed that I should publish a book on the theory of the universe. (Mr. G. H. Putnam in his book has it that Poe came into the office in a half-intoxicated condition and demanded a desk

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and pen, ink, and paper; and then for three days he wrote furiously, each night put out by the porter.) He said it would attract such universal attention that it would be well for me to give up all other enterprises and make this one book the business of a lifetime. I decided to venture on an edition not of fifty thousand, which he deemed might be sufficient to begin with, but on five hundred. After this small edition of *Eureka* was in type, the poet proposed to punish us by giving a duplicate of the manuscript to another publisher, because a third advance was deemed inexpedient."

Poe's attitude toward the entire trade of letters was that of a freebooter. The literary world was his oyster. He and Thomas Dunn English both tell a story of Dr. Griswold which illustrates this. Poe wrote, "He's a pretty fellow to set himself up for an honest judge or even a capable one. About two months since, we were talking of the book [Griswold's *Anthology of American Poetry*] and I said I thought of reviewing it in full for the *Democratic Review,* but found my design anticipated, and that I knew of no other work in which a notice would be readily admissible. Griswold replied that he would attend to the publication if it was written. 'I will get it into some reputable work and look to it for the usual pay,' said he, 'in the meantime handing you whatever your charge would be.' You see, an ingenious insinuation of a bribe to puff his book. I accepted, handed it to him, and received from him the compensation—he never daring to look at the MS. in my presence and taking it for granted it was all right. But *that review has not yet appeared.*" English says that Poe told him he had a good joke on Griswold. He had said he would write a favourable review on his capital book. "I knew he wouldn't read it till he got home," chuckled Poe, "but I should like to have seen his face when he did. I abused the book, ridiculed him, and gave him the most severe using up he ever had or will have, I fancy." "You did not keep the money?" I asked. "No, indeed," returned Poe. "I spent it at once."

THE BITTERNESS OF THE TRADE

With his anthology, indeed, Griswold pulled down almost the entire Parnassus about his ears. "It was the fashion to abuse Griswold while he was living," says R. H. Stoddard in his reminiscences. "A fashion set by would-be poets whom he omitted from his anthologies, and still preserved by their descendants. I knew him as well as a younger man could have known his elder or a poet his critic; and always found him kindly, courteous, and generous. His critical sins were not those of omission but commission; he was too lenient. Though he was greatly maligned, he was Poe's life-long friend." Charles Godfrey Leland, who was his assistant for many years, also has a good word to say of him. "Dr. Griswold was always a little queer and I used to scold and reprove him for it. Though very kind, he simply had a mania for finding out things about people. As regards Poe, he is, in my opinion, not so much to blame as a score of writers have made out."

There have been few rasher ventures undertaken than to publish an anthology of living poets in that strident and acrimonious period; and when he had the greater temerity to assemble together in unison the Female Poets of America, the shrill clamour echoed from shore to shore. "Because I did not print her own estimate of her genius," wrote Griswold to Fields (who thought highly of him), "Mrs. Ellet has tried her hand in cutting me up in sundry quarters. She is inditing a paper on the book for the *North American,* not a bit abashed by the consideration that she is herself a subject treated of, nor that she has quarrelled with and been cut by Fanny Osgood, E. Oakes Smith, and half a dozen others who are." The following sentences are culled from the lengthy and cryptic protest of Mrs. Jane E. Locke. "My own name was not there.

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I secretly felt, I confess, that it should have been. All who knew me felt the same, as was variously assured. I did not blame him, for I presumed it was an inadvertence. I did not foresee the influence that such an omission would have and has had on my reputation; no —not on my *reputation* as a poet, but on my claim to consideration as such. Still pride and delicacy forbade me to complain until many of the very persons whose names Mr. G. *had* included in his book expressed to me their surprise and dissatisfaction both verbally and by letter at *what they deemed an injustice from him to me.*"

Poe and Simms both attacked Griswold for "the New England assumption of all the decency and all the talent, which has been so disgustingly manifested by him in *Poets and Poetry.*" Sectional bitterness was everywhere beginning to run high, and the literary tribe was sour with it. John R. Thompson wrote to Griswold: "The Scarlet Letter hailing from Charleston would have lined portmanteaus. Depend upon it, if another De Foe should emerge from the pine-barrens of Carolina with a Robinson Crusoe under his arm, he would find an Edmund Carll in every back shop of Northern publication houses. Why did Ik Marvel's *Reverie's,* first and second, excite no remark when first published in the *Messenger?* Because the *Messenger* is Southern and for no other reason in the world. God help us!"

It was taken for granted that all critical comment, praise or blame, proceeded from personal reasons. "Puff my ballads and I will praise your epics," said the *Democratic Review* of March, 1849, "are the terms of the tacit treaties entered into by authors." One of the disgruntled poets of the period wrote to Griswold: "I was surprised in looking over your last edition of the *Poets and Poetry of America* to find my name, which had been included in a former edition, entirely excluded from this. Will you be kind enough to inform me why I have been treated with apparent neglect, as I am not conscious of having ever wronged you in thought, word, or deed." One of the Cary girls wrote: "I am out of humour and indignant this morning—a eulogy of three columns length in the *Era* of Grace Greenwood. Dr. Bailey takes every occasion to praise her, and me he never notices and pays me so little that I am ashamed to mention the sum."

Rather an undignified and scrambling lot were our New York writers in the twenty years before the war. The more amusing side of it is illustrated by this extract from Stoddard. "The American Parnassus was a Bedlam in the autumn of 1850, and Bayard Taylor was the innocent cause of its madness. The Prince of Showmen had imported Jenny Lind and offered a prize of two hundred dollars for an original song. All the versifiers in the land set to work and as many as six hundred confidently expected to win it. Bayard Taylor confided to me the fact that he was to be declared the winner, and he foresaw a row. 'They will say it is given to me because Putnam, who is my publisher, is one of the committee, and because Ripley, who is my associate on the *Tribune,* is another.' The indignation of the disappointed, indeed, knew no bounds. They all rushed to the editors whom they knew; and these sharp-witted gentlemen published their grievances in prose and verse."

But they not only washed their linen in public, they asked their readers to assist them in dirtying it. Leland wrote to Griswold: "George Graham and birds of his feather will throw mud at anybody or anything. I suppose this is one of the thousand filthy squibs fired off every week in the stupid weeklies of our city at somebody or on any pretence." They seemed to feel—as Cambridge, Massachusetts, does about its sidewalks—that mud is a proof of aristocracy. "The truth is," wrote E. P. Whipple to Griswold in 1848, "I have no patience with the New York literati. They are all the time quarrelling with each other. You have a precious lot of

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feuds on your own hands. A plague on both your houses, say I."

There seemed to be something catching about it in the very air of New York (perhaps it came from the effort society was making at that moment to be considered literary—an effort which always made the metropolis rather edgy). Thackeray, says David Bates, glared at Griswold during a party at Putnam's house and said, "Doctor Griswold! I am told you say I am a snob. Tell me, do I look like a snob?" Griswold looked his querist full in the face and replied quietly. "Mr. Thackeray, I have not as yet printed my opinion of you." R. B. Kimball, who also heard the incident, says it left a disagreeable impression of Thackeray's self-assumption and conceit.

* * *

The next article in Mr. Tassin's series will deal with the period just before the war. This had two main characteristics. While on the one hand a literary life became even less secure than it had been, on the other the prizes became greater than the giddiest author had ever dared to imagine. With the depression of business and restriction of credit, publishers failed right and left; and thus literary careers were interrupted and doubtless sometimes nipped off in the budding. But when Bonner took over the "Ledger" in 1855, he put successful authorship on its modern financial basis, and taught authors how to capitalise their heyday. The article will deal with Thoreau, Whitman, the Cary girls, Fanny Fern and her brother Willis, Marion Harland, and Augusta Evans.

O. HENRY AND NEW ORLEANS

BY CAROLINE FRANCIS RICHARDSON

A SETTING that appealed strongly both to O. Henry's story-instinct and to his sympathy, was downtown-New Orleans. Like many other writers he found inspiration in the narrow, dingy, shadowy Quarter whose buildings and street names and traditions tell of many things that to-day are lost: riches and lives and causes. But O. Henry used his "copy" differently from other story tellers who have found suggestion in New Orleans. In the O. Henry tales, no plot hinges on a mixture of blood; no hero or heroine is engulfed by flood or devoured by plague; no person speaks an unintelligible dialect. There is no use of Mardi Gras, All Saints' Day, or *quartorze juillet*. And this handling of material is quite characteristic of the author. In all of his stories, wherever placed, he makes use of every background detail that will add reality to a character or an occurrence. But he does not introduce localities and localisms merely for their intrinsic interest.

As a setting New Orleans can claim but a scant share in the lives of some of O. Henry's knights of high adventure. This is the case with a certain grafter and his partner, Caligula, who of their stay could remember only some drinks "invented by the creoles during the period of Louey Cans, in which they are still served at the side doors;" and an attempt "to make the French Quarter pay up the back trading stamps due on the Louisiana Purchase." It is in that story, "Hostages to Momus," that the Grafter explains the component parts of a perfect breakfast: "There'll never be a perfect breakfast eaten until some man grows arms long enough to stretch down to New Orleans for his coffee and over to Norfolk for his rolls, and reaches up to Vermont and digs a slice of butter out of a spring-house, and then turns over

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CHARLEROI: THE OLD PLANTATION HOUSE WHERE GRANDEMONT CHARLES FOUND AN UNEXPECTED RENAISSANCE. "THE RENAISSANCE OF CHARLEROI"

a beehive close to a clover patch out in Indiana for the rest. Then he'd come pretty close to making a meal that the gods eat on Mount Olympus."

Many of these birds of passage merely arrive and depart by way of fruit steamers coming from or going to an explosion in Central America. In that case, the city sees them only while they pick their way over a banana-strewn wharf, dodging the long line of men who pass the green bunches in a swaying chain from the hold of the ship to the freight cars near by. It was by pretending to be a part of such a line that the too sympathetic, too easily won Clancy and the escaping revolutionist, General de Vega, landed undetected from the ship in which they had travelled as stowaways ("The Shamrock and the Palm"). In Lafayette Square, Clancy consummated his dark scheme. With the connivance of a policeman, a fellow Irishman, the General was arrested as a vagrant and sentenced to sixty days' hard labour. The General, be it remembered, had lured Clancy to Guatemala as a revolutionist, but had forced him to assist for sixty days in building a railroad. And now—"Havin' no money, they set him [the General] to work his fine out with a gang from the parish prison clearing Ursulines Street. Around the corner was a saloon decorated genially with electric fans and cool merchandise. I made that me headquarters, and every fifteen minutes I'd walk around and take a look at the little man fillibustering with a rake and shovel. . . . Carrambos! Erin go bragh!"

In "Phœbe," a less triumphant Irishman is shown us: "Bad-luck Kearney." His untoward adventures reach us through Captain Patricio Maloné, "a Hiberno-Iberian creole," who tells the story while sitting over cognac in a "little red-tiled café near Congo Square." From his first sight of Kearney falling into a cellar on Tchoupitoulas Street, the Captain should have taken warning. But though Kearney conscientiously declares his handicap, even leading his new friend out into the middle of the great width of Canal Street in order to point out the sinister Saturn and the evil satellite, Phœbe, under which he, Kearney, was born, Captain Maloné refuses to yield to superstition. Later, however, circumstances oblige him to admit the power of the stars, and for the good of the cause, they part. The captain's conversion is confirmed by his meeting with Kearney a year afterward. On this final

"HERE WAS A POEM: AN EPIC—NAY, A TRAGEDY—WITH WORK, THE CURSE OF THE WORLD FOR ITS THEME." "WHISTLING DICK'S CHRISTMAS STOCKING"

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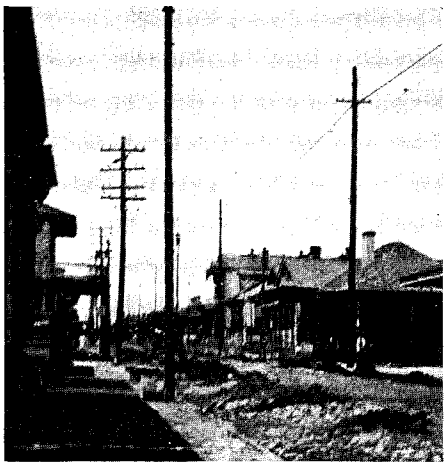
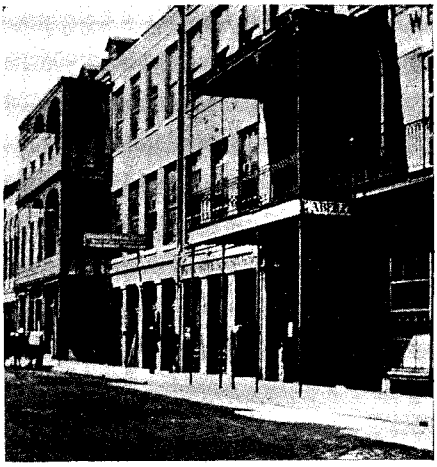


URSULINES STREET WHERE GENERAL DE VEGA FILIBUSTERED WITH A RAKE AND SHOVEL. "THE SHAMROCK AND THE PALM"

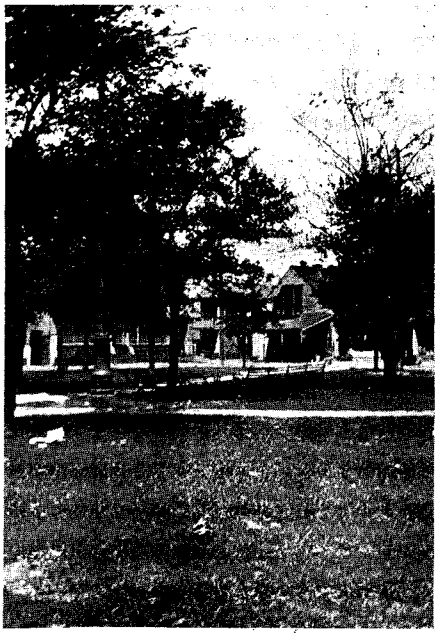


THE OFFICE OF L'ABEILLE, "THE OLD FRENCH NEWSPAPER THAT HAS BUZZED FOR NEARLY A CENTURY." "CHERCHEZ LA FEMME"

occasion, Captain Maloné, walking near Poydras Market, is brushed aside by "an immensely stout, pink-faced lady in black satin." . . . "Behind her trailed a little man laden to the gunwale with bundles and bags of goods and vegetables." And the little man calls conciliatingly, "I'm coming, Phœbe!"

Very rarely do historic buildings slip into these stories, so it is only as a meas-

LAFAYETTE SQUARE, WHERE CLANCY BRINGS ABOUT THE ARREST OF GENERAL DE VEGA. "THE SHAMROCK AND THE PALM"



IT WAS NEAR CONGO SQUARE THAT CAPTAIN PATRICIO MALONE, SITTING OVER HIS COGNAC, TELLS THE STORY OF PHOEBE. "PHOEBE"

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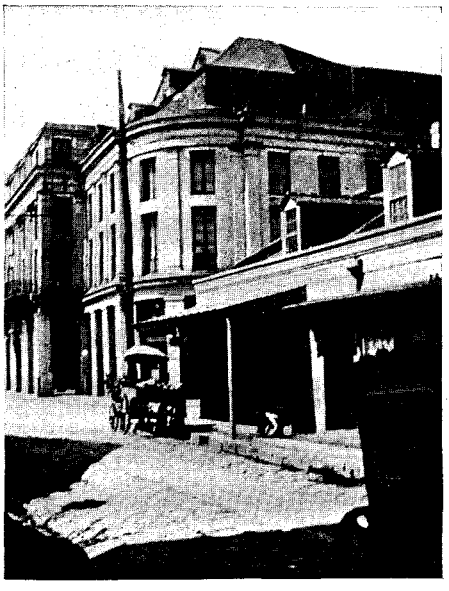
AN ANTIQUE-SHOP IN CHARTRES STREET WHICH FURNISHED SOME OF THE MATERIAL FOR GRANDEMONT CHARLES'S DINNER PARTY. "THE RENAISSANCE OF CHARLEROI"

ure of distance that the old Bourbon Street opera house is used. In "A Matter of Mean Elevation," the reader learns that "The Carabobo Indians are easily the most enthusiastic lovers of music between the equator and the French Opera House in New Orleans." In "Blind Man's Holiday," too, there are buildings we might see on a post card: "the Rue Chartres perishes in the old Place d'Armes. The ancient Cabildo, where Spanish justice fell like hail, faces it, and the Cathedral, another provincial ghost, overlooks it. Its centre is a little iron-railed park. . . . Pedestalled high above it, the general sits his cavorting steed."

In the same story, O. Henry makes another departure and yields to the sentiment of French Town: "The Rue Chartres, in New Orleans, is a street of ghosts. It lies in the quarter where the Frenchman in his prime set up his translated pride and glory; where, also, the arrogant don had swaggered, and dreamed of gold grants and ladies' gloves. Every flagstone has its grooves worn by footsteps going royally to the wooing and the fighting. Every house has a princely heartbreak; each doorway its untold tale of gallant promise and slow decay. By night the Rue Chartres is now but a murky fissure, from which the groping wayfarer sees, flung up against the sky, the tangled filigree of Moorish balconies. The old houses of monsieur stand yet, indomitable against the century, but their essence is gone. The street is one of ghost to whosoever can see them." And in this story is O. Henry's one use of a New Orleans festival: it is on Carnival costumes that Norah Greenway works every and all night,—Norah Greenway, the girl who fabricates a past so that her lover, a self-confessed sinner, may have the courage to ask her to marry him.

O. Henry's philosophers of Fortune usually shun hotels. An emphasised instance is that of William Trotter ("Helping the Other Fellow") who comes to New Orleans after a long stay in Aguas Frescas. His brother has offered him a position at a salary of five



THE FRENCH OPERA HOUSE WHICH IS USED MERELY AS A LIMIT TO MARK THE DEGREE OF MUSICAL ENTHUSIASM FELT BY THE CAROBOBO INDIANS. "A MATTER OF MEAN ELEVATION"

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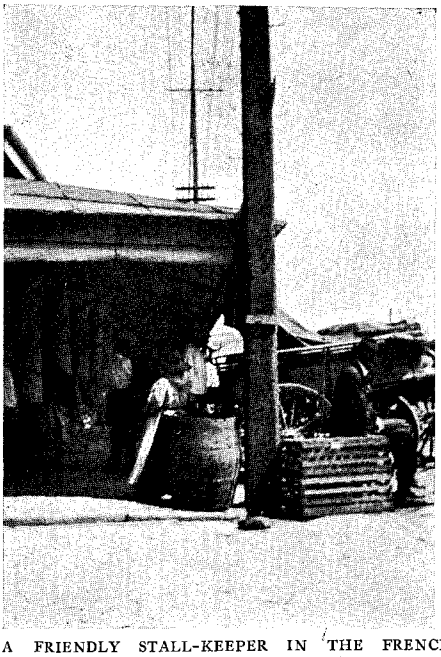
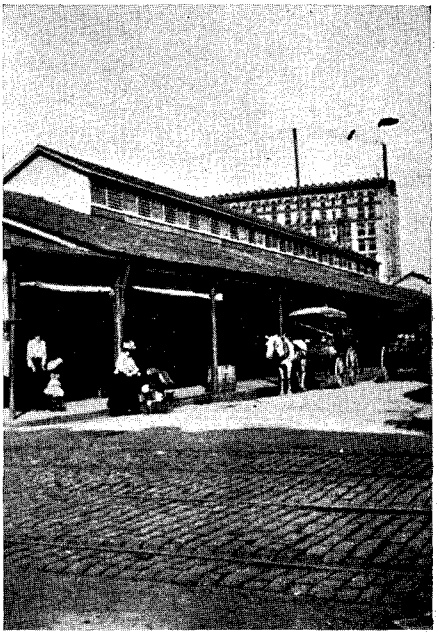
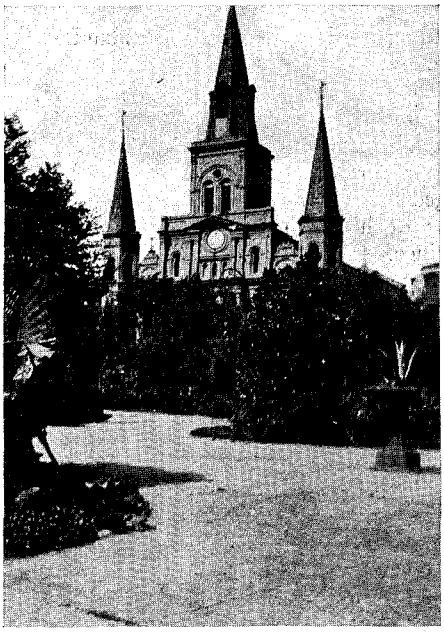


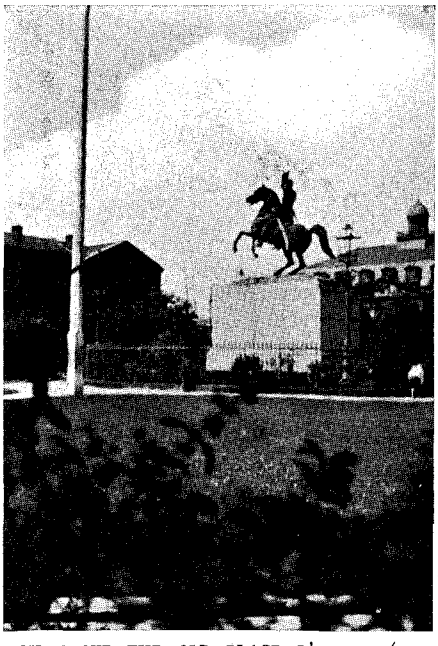
A FRIENDLY STALL-KEEPER IN THE FRENCH MARKET GAVE WHISTLING DICK HIS BREAKFAST. "WHISTLING DICK'S CHRISTMAS STOCKING"



POYDRAS MARKET, THE SCENE OF BADLUCK KEARNEY'S TOTAL ECLIPSE BY THE SATELLITE, PHOEBE. "PHOEBE"



RUE CHARTRES PERISHES IN THE OLD PLACE D'ARMES . . . AND THE CATHEDRAL OVERLOOKS IT." "BLIND MAN'S HOLIDAY"



HIGH ABOVE THE OLD PLACE D'ARMES (NOW JACKSON SQUARE), THE GENERAL SITS HIS CAVORTING STEED. "BLIND MAN'S HOLIDAY"

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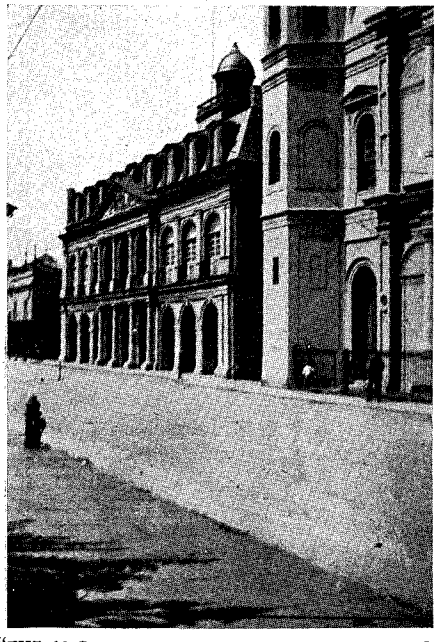
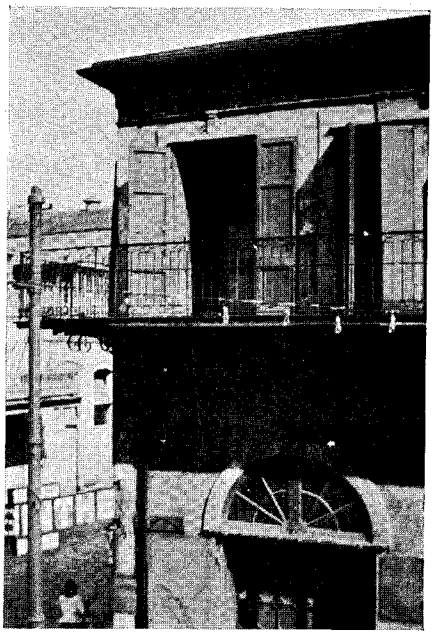
thousand a year, and expects to meet him at the St. Charles Hotel where they will discuss details. "When I arrived at the Crescent City, I hurried away—far away from the St. Charles to a dim *chambre garnie* in Bienville Street. And there, looking down from my attic window from time to time at the old absinthe house across the street, I wrote this story to buy my bread and butter."

And it was in "one of those rare old hostelries in Royal Street," that Monsieur Morin lodged—the Monsieur Morin who is so important though unseen a figure in "Cherchez la Femme." The search for the lady is the self-assumed responsibility of two reporters: Robbins, of *The Picayune*, and Dumars, of *L'Abeille*, "the old French newspaper that has buzzed for nearly a century." In a café in Dumaine Street they argue and conjecture as to M. Morin's disposition of Madame Thibault's twenty thousand dollars, of which he had had the care. The money is finally found in the shape of government bonds carefully pasted by Madame Thibault herself over the unsightly cracks in the wall of one of her rear rooms.



"THE ANCIENT CABILDO, WHERE SPANISH JUSTICE FELL LIKE HAIL—." "BLIND MAN'S HOLIDAY"



WILLIAM TROTTER LODGED OPPOSITE THE ABSINTHE HOUSE WHEN HE TURNED HIS BACK ON THE ST. CHARLES HOTEL, AND A SALARY OF $5,000 A YEAR. "HELPING THE OTHER FELLOW"

Another native protagonist, in "The Renaissance of Charleroi," is Grandemont Charles, "a little creole gentleman, aged thirty-four, with a bald spot on the top of his head and the manners of a prince. By day he was a clerk in a cotton broker's office in one of those cold, rancid mountains of oozy brick, down near the levee. By night, in the old French Quarter, he was again the last male descendant of the Charles family." And in this last character he determines to spend his painfully saved hoard of six hundred dollars in a renaissance of past glories. He secures the use of the old plantation house, Charleroi; he fills it with appropriate furniture, rented from the antique shops in Royal and Chartres Streets; he orders wines and food from famous places,—and for an evening, Charleroi lives again. That no one of his invited guests appears, that an unin-

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vited guest does appear, whose presence means more to Grandemont than even the glorious past,—all this makes it an O. Henry story.

A plantation below the city is the setting for a climax in "Whistling Dick's Christmas Stocking." By means of a freight-car, Dick arrives in the "big, almsgiving, long-suffering city of the South, the cold weather paradise of tramps." After a cautious survey that includes the levee "pimpled with dark bulks of merchandise," the long line of Algiers across the river, the tugs, the ferries and the Italian luggers, Dick climbs warily down and starts, whistling, toward Lafayette Square to meet a pal. But a friendly policeman warns Dick of a new and inhospitable city ordinance, and he departs hastily for the open road. A stall keeper in the French Market gives him breakfast, and he is almost happy until Chalmette with its "vast and bewildering industry" frightens him and drives him along a country road hemmed in on one side by the high green levee and on the other by a mysterious, frog-haunted, mosquito infested marsh. The incident of a tramp saving a family from burglary and fire, because of a kindly word from a young girl, is not new; and the plantation house and household are typical and trite. But Whistling Dick is real. It is entirely logical that after his glorious evening as honoured guest, and his comfortable night on the floor of his well-furnished room, he should, on looking out of the window at the dawn of Christmas Day, feel a distinct shock. He sees and hears the evidences of the labour that a monster sugar crop has forced upon a part even of the world holiday. "Here was a poem; an epic—nay, a tragedy—with work, the curse of the world, for its theme." A few moments later, Whistling Dick, carefree and happy, strolls along the top of the levee, away from his grateful hosts, away into the new day and the untrammelled life.

THE LITERARY ANNALS OF JEANNE D'ARC

BY RUTH KEDZIE WOOD

FROM her day to ours the most widely celebrated heroine in all the world of letters has been the *grande amie* of France. Since the Middle Ages, pious men and parodists, poets and dramatists, historians and romanticists have discoursed upon her deeds. Merlin the Enchanter foretold her coming—the Virgin of Lorraine, who should save France from the peril to which another woman had exposed her.

Jeanne, when she was but a child, first heard the voices in the Domrémy Wood of Chesnu. At sixteen, she left the gabled cottage of doubting Jaqueton and his wife Catherine, and ran away to Vaucouleurs, there to take service in an inn until she set out for Chinon to bear her celestial message to the Dauphin, who for seven years had been dawdling in the lap of courtesans, afraid to call himself king.

Punctilious chroniclers have made note of all that she said and did in these earliest years of her story. We know the names of her playmates, we know at what age she first saw and hated the English invaders, how she vowed to avenge, how she withstood derision, what she said to Baudricourt. The registrar at the Dauphin's castle has left for us the record of her appearance upon her arrival, March 6, 1428: "She wore a black doublet, with hose attached, a short dress of grey and black, black hair, cropped round, a black hat on her head." A German tapestry executed half a century later shows her *en preux chevalier* at her first meeting with Charles; "by fancy or ignorance" the

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ARRIVAL OF JEANNE D'ARC AT CHINON. GERMAN TAPESTRY OF THE YEAR 1478. NOW IN THE ORLÉANS MUSEUM

designer also made her standard blue, when every one knows it should have been white. The banner proclaims in old German, "Here Comes the Maid Sent by God to the Dauphin."

A young gallant, who saw her after she had been equipped by Charles and was on her way toward Orléans, wrote thus to his mother: "I went to see her . . . and said to myself she would be the toast of Paris. . . . She seemed something quite divine. . . . To see her mount a horse caparisoned in white, lance in hand . . . and then turn toward the church . . . and say in her feminine voice: 'You priests and people, make processions and prayers to God'; and then turn again to her route, saying: 'Draw on, draw on,' her standard flying. . . ." She loved her standard more than her sword, "forty times more." She herself wrote a letter toward the end of April, 1429, a famous one, addressed to the "English archers, companions of war, nobles and others who are before Orléans." She abjured them, "Go away to your own country by the grace of God. . . . If you do not wish to believe the words of God and of Jehanne, wherever we find we will strike you, and there will be such a revolution as has not taken place in France in a thousand years."

Orléans was delivered. Bedford denounced the deliverer in a report to his king as a diabolical woman, "a disciple of the Feende, called the Pucelle, that used fals Enchauntments and Sorcerie." Two days after the relief of Orléans, a clerk of the Council of Parliament at Paris, Clément de Fauquemberque, inscribed the news upon his daily register, and added, by way of marginal illustration, a sketch after his own caprice. Chronicle and caricature are preserved to us in the National Archives of France.

A manuscript in the Royal Library

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at Stuttgart describes the departure of *"diu Iungfraw an dem XXV tage for dem Mayen fur Orlyentz"* (on the 25th day of May from Orléans), and relates that the Iungfraw, pursuing the *Engelschen* on the way to Paris, "holding always her banner, whether she rested or moved forward," captured *"dry gross capitanien, Talebothe, Schales and Wastolff"* (Talbot, Scales and Fastol). Thereafter follows the date, *M°CCCC°XXIX, tagl. mens. Iunij.*

When Emperor Sigismund visited the German city of Ratisbon in 1429, the councillors showed him a painting, "How the Maid Fought in Orléans," which was probably the earliest conception of the battle.

A History of Italy, by Antonio Morosini, embraces in its second volume events between 1429 and 1433, and contains letters from an Italian noble at Bruges, who recorded episodes touching the French and English as they reached the ears of Flanders. "Her ration," he indited of Jeanne, "is reputed to consist of two ounces of bread a day; she drinks water, but if she takes wine, adds three parts water." "I note," he continued on July 9, 1429, "that the said Maid was wounded by an arrow in her throat, as she had predicted to her captains." We know from the statement of a French traveller that her exploits were bruited in Turkey, for he relates that the merchant with whom he lodged in Constantinople asked if it were true "that she had been seized by the Duke of Burgundy."

It was a woman who first praised Jeanne in rhyme, a writer of fame, Christine de Pisan. Her *Poëme de la Pucelle* was written a few days after the Shepherdess of Domrémy had led Charles VII to be consecrated at Reims. The poetess was then aged sixty-seven, and had for many years been cloistered.

I, Christine, who have wept
Eleven years shut in an abbey. . . .

Her verses pleased "by their accent of truth and ardour," not much by their art. It was her chief pride that a woman had wrought all this.

Héé! quel honneur au feminin sexe!

* * * * *

Elle est principale chevetaine,
Tel force n'at Hector, ne Achilles,
Mais tout ce fait Dieu qui la menne. . . .

Two lines constitute, according to Darmesteter, the only printed reference to Jeanne d'Arc in England during the fifty years which followed her sacrifice at Rouen. William de Worcester, a taciturn chronologist, wrote opposite the date 1430: "The 23 May of this year was taken by the English near Compiègne a woman called *Pucelle de Dieu*"—Maid of God. By this term, only English historians were accustomed to refer to her.

At Ratisbon, a German piece was played in 1434 in which the French Amazon had a rôle. A year later she appeared again as a figure portrayed by drama, this time in the *Mistère du Siège d'Orléans,* a prim recital presented May 7, 1435, and on later occasions, to dignify the annual thanksgiving fête which Orléans has not neglected to celebrate for four hundred and eighty-five years. The Mystery Play comprised twenty thousand five hundred and twenty-nine lines and bore the imprint of historical truth and personal recollection. The "poor little one," as the Orléanais still love to call her, makes her entrance after the seven thousandth verse. The Angel Michael announces her mission, as she sits sewing her linen among the sheep. She responds:

Bon Seigneur, what say you?
You o'erwhelm me,

* * * * *

A poor maiden. Quite beyond me
Are the things you propose.

* * * * *

They are of an order too exalted for me.
I do not know how to answer,
I, a simple sheep-herder,
To you who summon me thus.

He reassures, in parting:

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THE HISTORY OF JEANNE D'ARC AS RECOUNTED BY THE VIGILES DE CHARLES VII.

Adieu, true maid,
Who art of God beloved.
Have always the thought
To be his humble little shepherdess.

And then the Pucelle:

In his name I will be the one
Who shall serve him, if he wish it.

No question here of the author's belief in the source of the inspiration. . . . Throughout the dialogue Jeanne is called, "Princess, noble Dame," and given deference which later periods in French literature denied her. The piece, a composition "mediocre but enthusiastic," ends with the return to Orléans after the victory at Patay.

A Burgundian poet, provost of Lausanne Cathedral, dedicated to the Duke of Burgundy in 1440 a book called *Champion des Dames,* "an agreeable volume, copious and abundant in sentences, containing the defence of woman against Evil-mouth and his consorts." Among those most warmly defended was the one who nine years before had been consumed on the pyre beneath the peering roofs of the Place Vieux-Marché.

Make not thy arguments
Against the innocent Virgin,

pleads Franc-Vouloir of his adversary.

It is right that each one consent
To give her honour and glory
For her excellent virtue,
For her fortitude, for her victory.

Herein, says Wallon, are forecasted the sentiments expressed in her rehabilitation sixteen years later. Some Latin verses which sustained this sympathy for her appeared anonymously at the epoch of her re-establishment by the Church under Calixtus. But there followed an historical travesty by Valeranius, a member of the theological faculty of Paris, in which authentic details were obscured by humourous setting and expression. Others, too, treated of the Warrior-Virgin in irreverent spirit, in epigrams and witticisms, which were hugely enjoyed by cynical Paris. A Greek his-

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torian of the same period revolted against the jibes of Jeanne's countrymen, and called her "The Inspired of God."

Caxton the typographer was born the same year as Jehanne. One of the first things he printed on his new press was his *History of England* (1480), which contained one page about the Frenchwoman who, credited with being a witch, had confounded the English. Caxton, second bookman in Britain to make mention of her, did homage to the Maid, said she rode like a man, was a valiant captain among her troops, but was thrown into prison and burned. Darmesteter thinks it likely that Caxton's recital was tempered by compassionate memories of his youth regarding the martyrdom of the girl who was of his own age. Subsequent English chroniclers became increasingly vengeful against her.

Martial d'Auvergne, a Gallic lawyer and notary, completed in 1484, a sort of rhymed chronicle "in nine psalms and nine lessons of six or seven thousand lines in various rhythms" about the war against the English. It was entitled *Vigiles de Charles VII,* and, in the opinion of a French critic, was one of the few versifications of Jeanne d'Arc's story which did not leave a desire for prose. This poem in mediæval French might well be taken as a model by modern writers of quatrains.

> En ceste saison de douleur
> Vint au roi une bergerelle
> Du villaige de Vaucoulleur
> Qu'on nommoit Jehanne la Pucelle.
>
> C'estoit une povre bergière
> Qui gardoit les brebis ès champs
> D'une doulce et humble manière,
> De l'aage de dix-huit ans. . . .

The manuscript was illustrated by coloured prints, which depicted "How They Led Her Before the King," "How the English Mocked Her," "How the French Lifted the Siege Valiantly," "How the Pucelle Fought Before Paris," "How She Broke Her Sword Over the Backs of Two Ribald Women," "How She Was Taken at Compiègne," "How

A MANUSCRIPT OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY PRESERVED IN THE BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE, PARIS

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the English Consigned Her to the Stake." The naïve production was presented to King Charles VIII, son of the sovereign who forsook Jeanne in her need, though he had once boasted that he would divide his kingdom with her for gratitude.

François Villon did not forget to give "Jehanne, the good Lorraine," a word of pity when he recounted the fair women vanished with the snows of yesteryear. Jacobus de Bergoma, an Italian author, extolled her in his work on Famous Women, published in 1521, as *Joanna Gallica Pulcella, Optima Juvencula.* He represented her as a marvel of beauty and virtue, relating that one who had seen her reported her to be "somewhat short of stature, her face of a rustic cast, her hair black, and her whole form full of vigour. . . . Her common sense was no less remarkable than her rectitude of mind, her prudence in council was consummate and vigilant in regarding every question in all its bearings."

An English bishop of about the same period, writing also in Latin, thought it a dishonour to France that their success came through one who had first led pigs, then the French, *"porcorum primo,*

JOHANNA VAN ARCK. A DUTCH ENGRAVING OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

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posteá Gallorum ductricem." Another contemptuous Briton said this same Joan "went a great space a chamberlain in a common hostrey, and was a rampe of such boldness that she would course horses and ride them to water, and do things that other young maydens both abhorred and were ashamed to do: yet, as some say, whether it were because of her foul face that no man would desire it, or because she had made a vow to live chaste, she kept so." He believed her "an enchantress, an organe of the devill sent from Sathan." Holinshed, the historian from whom Shakespeare drew material for his dramas, stood forth against England's fanatical hatred of Jehanne. "She was counted likesome," he said; "of person stronglie made and manlie, of courage great; . . . great semblance of chastitie both of bodie and behaviour, the name of Jesus in her

JEANNE D'ARC. AN ENGLISH ENGRAVING AFTER THE HOTEL DE VILLE PORTRAIT, NOW IN THE MUSEUM AT ORLÉANS. THIS PICTURE, THE EARLIEST ONE KNOWN TO HAVE BEEN PAINTED OF HER ON CANVAS, WAS ORDERED BY THE GRATEFUL CITIZENS OF ORLÉANS IN 1581. THE FULL PORTRAIT SHOWS HER SWORD RAISED IN THE RIGHT HAND. A BETTER ENGRAVING WAS MADE BY THE FRENCH ARTIST, LE MIRE

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mouth about all her businesses, humble, obedient, and fasting divers days in the week."

About this time, in 1562, there was published at Burgos a Spanish treatise entitled *La Hystoria de la Ponzella de Francia.* Lope de Vega, Cervantes' rival, wrote a dramatic poem, *Juana de Francia,* of which little is known except the title. One of his disciples, Antonio de Zamora, wrote a three-day comedy, *La Doncella de Orléans,* which extolled the heroine, but was embellished with scenic extravagances.

The second French play relating to Jeanne de Lys was composed a century and a half after the *Mystery of the Siege of Orléans.* In the month of May, 1580, it was announced that King Henry III and his wife would pass through the city of Pont-à-Mousson on their way to take the waters at Plombières. Among the distractions in their honour, it was decided to give an original drama at the Jesuit College. The twenty-four-year-old professor of rhetoric was commanded to prepare the play, and dutifully Fronton du Duc proceeded to fulfil the task laid upon him. Unconscious that he was writing himself into history as the creator of the first tragedy about the Domrémy Maid, he chose her career as his subject, explaining in his prologue:

Now we have not elected to use a foreign argument,
Knowing that it is folly for him
Who hath his granary full of harvest
To borrow from his neighbour and let his own store perish.

In a short time he completed the five acts which narrated *The Tragic Story of the Maid of Orléans.* But, after all, the king never saw it, because the plague broke out, and the royal journey was abandoned. Nevertheless, in the following September, the Duke of Lorraine, accompanied by his nobles, did witness the play, and was so gratified that he presented a hundred golden écus to the young professor, who had the further honour of having his creation appear in print—a tribute not paid to every literary production in that time, little more than a century after Gutenberg.

Shakespeare's *Henry the Sixth,* first acted in 1592, was not published in folio until thirty years later. This was the first English drama to include *Joan la Pucelle* in its caste. The bard is supposed to have revamped the play from a commonplace effort by an earlier dramatist, not an unusual practice then. In a spirit of justice to the hated and calumnied sorceress of the piece it is reputed that he himself gave her to speak the lines which alone relieve the tedium of three dull parts, three acts and many scenes. Joan's dialogue with the Duke of Burgundy rises above the mediocre, and at her final appearance in the camp of the Duke of York, at Anjou, she declaims with true Shakespearian vigour:

I never had to do with wicked spirits,
But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
* * * * *
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Because you lack the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.

In the fifth act Charles VII is made to prophesy:

No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.

During the French Renaissance the story of "Jeanne d'Arques" was given a mythological savour. A Norman lord of Gravier represented her as receiving her commission from Jupiter. She dons "the trappings of Vulcan" and sallies forth to the killing of Mars.

Another playwright, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, put on a comedy called *The Lovers;* in its power to entertain he had so little confidence that he interpolated between the acts dramatised episodes drawn from history. Charlemagne, Clovis, Jeanne d'Arc and Saint Louis were among the heroes entrusted to keep up the interest of the audience. The Abbot of Aubignac, François Hedelin, gave to the world, in 1641, a tragedy, *La Pucelle d'Orléans,* "composed in prose with regard to his-

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THE MAID OF ORLÉANS. PAINTED IN THE COURT DRESS OF THE LADIES OF RAMBOUILLET FOR CARDINAL DE RICHELIEU, BY SIMON VOUËT, FIRST PAINTER TO LOUIS XIII

torical truth *and the requirements of the theatre.*" His *Avertissement* at the beginning gives warning: "In order to make a plot which can be acted, I have supposed that the Count of Warwick is enamoured of Jeanne, and his wife jealous; for though history says nothing at all like this, it relates nothing to the contrary. French writers may not have known about it, and the English would not wish to mention it."

The first newspaper contribution about Jeanne d'Arc was published, November, 1683, in *Mercure Galant* at Paris. A few years later the *Mercure de France* contained a long series of articles about her. She had then been dead two hundred years. The most important historical work relating to the national heroine which had appeared up to the middle of the seventeenth century was compiled by Abbé Langlet du Fresnoy, who "began to write as a sceptic and ended as a convert." But these occasional champions had no influence upon the horde of revilers, du Haillan, Lipse, Machiavel, Naudé, who assailed Joan's chastity, who maintained that she had plotted with Baudricourt to deceive downcast France by pretending to be inspired, and that she was "secretly instructed what to say and do." Voltaire began in 1730 to write *La Pucelle,* a poem in twenty-one cantos. A princess of Germany, having been loaned a portion of the early manuscript, was so en-

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thralled that she sat up a day and a night to copy it. But, despite the enthusiasm of his friends, Voltaire did not complete the poem until thirty-two years had passed. In the meantime all France had been set agog by the appearance of a false edition purporting to be his, which he vehemently disavowed. It did, indeed, include some of his verses, but mingled with spurious ones. He made this sort of piracy the subject of an indignant letter to the Academy. A monk, refuged in Holland, was suspected of the theft. Several editions were put out in London, as well as in Paris. When his own version at last came to light—was the

AN EARLY FLEMISH IMPRESSION OF AN FRANSE, THE FRENCH WOMAN. IDENTIFIED BY THE FLEUR DE LYS, HER INSIGNIA

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press agent abroad in those days?—a great clamour arose to buy it. Crowds gathered about his house, calling, *"Vive la Henriade, vive Mahomet, vive la Pucelle!"*

His story began with the loves of Charles VII and Agnes Sorel. (It is in the house of Agnes Sorel that the Jeanne d'Arc Museum at Orléans is installed to-day.) This aside he addresses to Jeanne's natal village:

O Domrémi! Thy poor environs
Have neither muscats, nor peaches, nor lemons,
Nor mine of gold, nor good wine, . . .
But it is to you that France owes Jeane.
Jeane was born here of a certain curé,
* * * * *
A monk of Jeane was the father.

Even his publisher refutes such an outright falsehood. "This is poetic fiction," declares a note in the edition of 1784. "Her mother had been a servant in a cabaret. Her father was Jean d'Arc." The same publisher concedes, "The author has perhaps wounded good taste sometimes, never morals." Prudes, we fear, would not agree. Voltaire painted an image of all the excesses of the time, and with sabre-pen he ridiculed the Saint of Rouen.

The Germans arose to rebut his vilification. Eberhard Windecke, of Mainz, wrote a romance proclaiming her inspired of heaven. "She stupefied not only France, but all the kingdoms of Christianity." A Tyrolean folk-play represented her as a martyr, and was suppressed therefore by the town council of Innsbruck after several repetitions, as it was considered an unwholesome exhibition for the young. In England, John Wesley cried shame upon her jeering compatriots. A few years later, Southey, the youth of twenty, dared public sentiment by making Joan of Lorraine his symbol of Republicanism, "a free-thinking, socialistic, romantic character," having no relation to the Joan of history. Rash as he was, the author had not the courage to lead the Maid to Rouen. He closed his verses at Reims.

The epic poem in twelve books was finished after six weeks' labour. Because of the unsettled political state of England, it created a furore of discussion entailing questions of Southey's patriotism to have elected as his heroine the woman England most despised. In maturer years he wrote: "A work of the same class, with as much power and fewer faults, if it were published now, would attract little or no attention."

Schiller, more than all dramatists and early writers, made Jeanne beloved. He believed he performed a mission in avenging the outrages of Voltaire and other French calumniators. On February 11, 1801, he read to Goethe the first three acts of *Die Jungfrau von Orleans*. When it was completed and Schiller would have produced it at Weimar, the reigning duke put him off, fearing the ridicule of those who had imbibed their impressions from Voltaire. He feared, moreover, that the actress who was at that time his favourite would elicit the derision of her hearers were she to avow, as did Schiller's *Jungfrau* at the end of the second act, that she had never been touched by Cupid's shafts. . . . Leipzig saw the first performance of the play. Its success was overwhelming. It became the most popular drama of that generation, and Johanna of Orleans was the best-loved character on the German stage. Schiller's climax depicted the death of Jeanne from an arrow-wound. Standard in hand, she falls into the arms of her king, as the Duke of Burgundy, Agnes Sorel and soldiers surround her, and conceal with banners her recumbent form. A more grateful picture, surely, than the finale the English enacted!

Fourteen dramas and operas on the subject of Jeanne d'Arc had been composed between Schiller's first triumph and the year 1873, when Barbier's text was set to music by Gounod, and attained immediate success. Von Weber, Balfe, Verdi, Max Bruch had all composed operas, some of them to wretched librettos. Tschaikowsky made use of extracts from Schiller's poem.

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In 1839, John Sterling, he of *Sartor Resartus,* wrote in excellent verse of the one whom he named "the personage perhaps the most marvellous, the most exquisite and complete in all the world," and no one has since risen in England to contradict this eulogy. Quicherat's great work established the historical position of Jeanne the Saviour. Lamartine extolled her in his *Lives of Great Men* as "the prophet, the hero and the Saint of French patriotism." In 1860, Wallon compiled the volume which won him the Gobert prize from the French Academy. Henri Martin compared her to Vercingetorix. Steggall, the Englishman, wholly glorified her, likewise Paul Déroulède in his ode to Fremiet's statue on the Place des Pyramides.

In our generation, many littérateurs have honoured themselves in honouring the *povre bergière.* Pope Leo XIII venerabilised, Pius IX beatified her; all France is contributing to a fund for her canonisation. In 1912, five hundred years after her birth, a statue of Jeanne the Blessed was shrined behind the high altar in the cathedral where, as a girl, she prayed first for help and then gave thanks for victory. The people, with their rosaries in their hands, the Church, the judiciary, the army, and makers of books and journals exalted her on that memorable May 7th at Orléans. Parliament decreed her anniversary a national fête. A national monument has been placed before the house where, on January 6, 1412, the Maid of the Lilies was born. And in the Wood of Chesnu, in a *theatre populaire,* the "people of the market" play each year a reverent drama, whose heroine is Jehanne the Immortal.

"MARK TWAIN'S" MISSING CHAPTER

BY CAROLINE TICKNOR

"Mark Twain's" *Life on the Mississippi* was many years in the making, and its production was accompanied by various trials and vicissitudes. Its opening chapters, which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly,* were penned with genuine pleasure and enthusiasm, and the contemplation of this theme, dear to his heart, awakened in the writer a keen desire to go over the old ground and to obtain fresh material. In turn, he urged Howells, John Hay and James R. Osgood to accompany him upon this journey, but at the time none could arrange to take the trip, and so it was indefinitely postponed, and with it the completion of the book.

Seven years later, the long-deferred journey was taken in company with Osgood, who had repeatedly urged Clemens to finish the book, and the friends set out upon their memorable expedition, taking with them young Roswell Phelps, who was engaged as stenographer to take notes. They embarked on the steamer *Gold Dust,* down the river, and "Twain's" plan was to travel under an assumed name; he was, however, promptly recognised by certain former associates, a circumstance which he set forth in the book with graphic effect.

At New Orleans the friends met George W. Cable and Joel Chandler Harris, with whom they spent some entertaining hours. They next arranged to take the trip up the river to Baton Rouge, and Clemens spent much of his time in the pilot-house, constantly making notes in his memorandum-book between times. At St. Louis the travellers changed boats and continued up river to St. Paul. At Hannibal, Clemens remained for several days examining old localities and talking with the elderly men and women, whom he had taken leave of as girls and boys. On the whole, it was a varied and interesting journey, offering much that was new and sugges-

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tive of modern conditions, and also a good deal that was depressing, in view of the vanishing of the good old times held warmly in the affections of the past-pilot.

When at last the trip was ended Clemens set about carrying out his promise to complete the book at once. But it did not "finish" with the ease its author had anticipated. There was much of the earlier enthusiasm lacking, and the last chapters dragged on painfully, their completion being blocked by all kinds of interruptions. Osgood protested that the "time limit" had expired, and Clemens responded that he had never had such a struggle with any previous book, and that everybody concerned must be content to wait, for he would not hurry it, nor would he promise to finish it at any scheduled date. Osgood exhausted his entreaties, and then contented himself with spending many days in Hartford planning out the campaign to be followed when at last the book should be issued. It was to be sold by subscription, and its author, who was intent upon becoming his own publisher, contracted to supply the necessary funds and to pay his Boston publishers a certain royalty.

An interesting reminder of the process of production, which was pursued by Mr. Clemens, remains now in the library of his late publisher, Mr. Ticknor. It is a curious volume by Mrs. Trollope, published in 1832, from which Clemens saw fit to select numerous passages for insertion in his book. Mrs. Trollope's work is entitled *Domestic Manners of the Americans,* and at the time of its appearance it was considered highly instructive by the British public, and provoked a storm of resentment upon this side of the water. Indeed, the preface to the American edition is devoted to reviling the author of this treatise, who has seen fit to pen such truly unflattering pictures of her American cousins.

In 1827 Mrs. Trollope sailed up the Mississippi, which trip she has described in great detail, introducing picturesque bits of native conversation, and interspersing throughout the book her own reflections upon our crude and truly defective social life and customs. When "Mark Twain" embarked upon the second portion of the *Life on the Mississippi,* he selected for a literary travelling companion this quaint production of the Englishwoman, following her curious account throughout with characteristic marginal annotations. He picked out various passages which he thought worthy of comment and quotation, and when he had finished his book, he sent the Trollope volume bearing his comments and annotations on to his publisher, with instructions to use certain marked passages for copy. But these selected quotations were quite apart from his own humorous marginal remarks which ran along throughout the book expressive of his own amusement at the conclusions and descriptions of the Englishwoman. These were pencilled solely for his own edification, but one only regrets that Mrs. Trollope could not have had the pleasure of perusing them.

A few examples of Mr. Clemens's marginalia may prove of general interest:

In the course of her visit to New Orleans, Mrs. Trollope tells of being introduced to a certain milliner, who proves to be socially prominent; the writer says, however, that despite this fact she feels hardly justified in saying that "Milliners took the lead in the best society," in this part of the world. Clemens writes in the margin: "She is very fair and thoughtful."

Her picture of the interior of a Mississippi steamboat, on which she travelled, is very realistic; she cites the terrible condition of the carpet in the cabin, and adds: "I would infinitely prefer sharing the apartment of a party of well-conditioned pigs to being confined to its cabin." Clemens remarks:

"This is the boat I saw."

His pencil follows the lady's journey, as does his subsequent account of the places visited by him as he progressed up the river.

When she quotes the retort of Captain Hall, to the assertion that the greatest difference between England and America

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THE CANCELLED CUT, ORIGINALLY APPEARING ON PAGE 441. THIS CUT, WHICH SHOWED A HEAD IN PROFILE (VERY SUGGESTIVE OF THAT OF THE AUTHOR) BEING CONSUMED IN FLAMES, WAS TAKEN FROM THE BOOK AS A RESULT OF THE PROTESTS OF MRS. CLEMENS

is "the want of loyalty," and adds, "were the same question put to me I should answer "the want of refinement." "Twain" comments, "She hit it." And he exclaims: "a fair shot!" when she writes: "The greatest difficulty in organising a family establishment in Ohio is getting servants, or, as it is there called, 'getting help,' for it is more than petty treason to the republic to call a free citizen a servant."

"Twain's" approbation is withdrawn, however, when the lady enlarges unduly upon the impudent style of conversation indulged in by the typical maidservant, and then announces that such reported conversations "were written down with all the verbal fidelity" her memory permitted. He decorates the margin with the words: "But your memory was wofully defective as to details."

Mrs. Trollope's description of Western manners during neighbourly visits reads: "If it was a female (caller) she took off her hat; if a male, he kept it on, and then taking possession of the first chair in their way, they would retain it for an hour together without uttering a word." "Twain" remarks here, expressively but briefly: "Changed now."

But to her statement: "The well-disposed, those whose own feelings would prevent their annoying others, will never complain of the restraint of the law. All the freedom enjoyed in America beyond that enjoyed in England is enjoyed solely by the disorderly at the expense of the orderly." He responds: "True yet."

At the end of this book "Twain's" pencil notes with approval that which is perhaps the most truthful and vital of the Englishwoman's reflections, where she says: "In all my travels both among heathens and among Christians, I have never encountered any people by whom I found it nearly so difficult to make myself understood as by the Americans." One is disposed to fancy that perhaps, after all, "Mark Twain" knew Mrs. Trollope better than she knew any of his compatriots, though she would doubtless have refuted the suggestion, not realising that being "misunderstood" is oftentimes synonymous with being "too well understood."

When at last the much delayed *Life*

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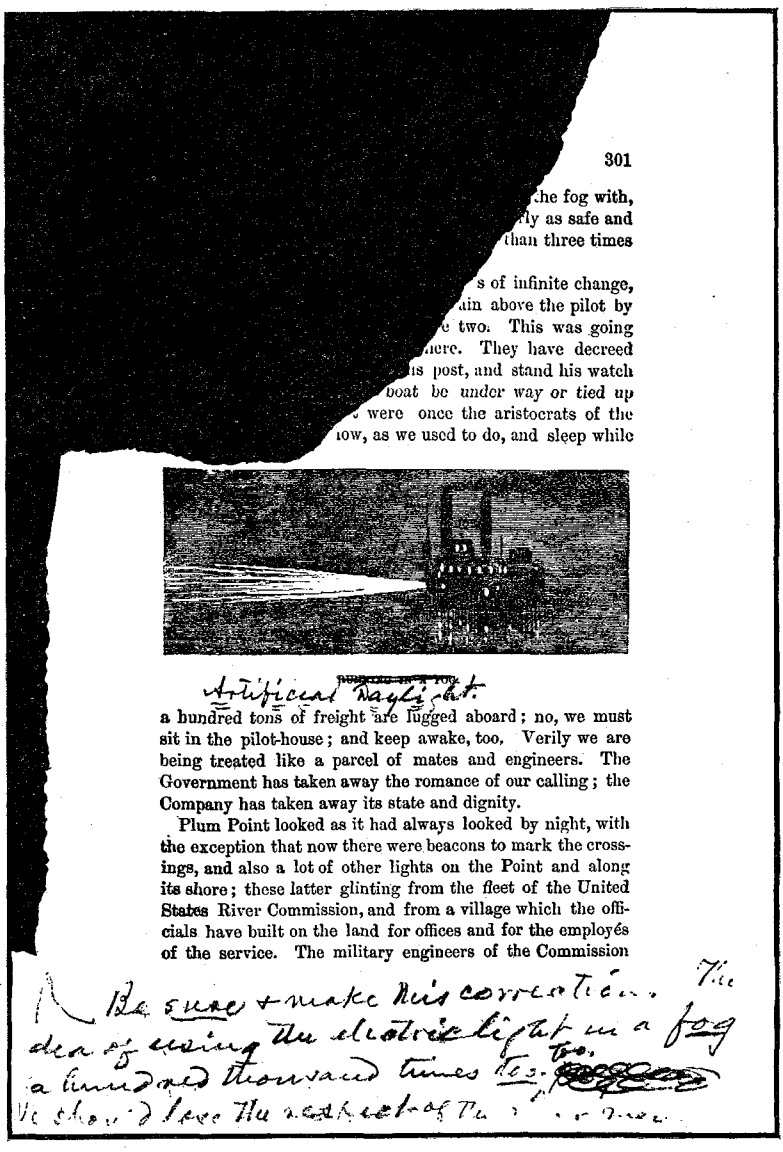
on the Mississippi was finished, a breath of relief was drawn by all concerned. The book was completed in May, 1883, and was immediately issued by Messrs. James R. Osgood and Company.

Last and not least among the tribulations attendant upon its production was the experience with the "cancelled cut." This picture, which originally appeared on page 441, showed a head in profile (very suggestive of that of the author) being consumed in flames; a presage of



301

...he fog with, ...ly as safe and ...than three times

...s of infinite change, ...ain above the pilot by ...e two. This was going ...here. They have decreed ...is post, and stand his watch ...boat be under way or tied up ... were once the aristocrats of the ...low, as we used to do, and sleep while

Artificial Daylight.

a hundred tons of freight are lugged aboard; no, we must sit in the pilot-house; and keep awake, too. Verily we are being treated like a parcel of mates and engineers. The Government has taken away the romance of our calling; the Company has taken away its state and dignity.

Plum Point looked as it had always looked by night, with the exception that now there were beacons to mark the crossings, and also a lot of other lights on the Point and along its shore; these latter glinting from the fleet of the United States River Commission, and from a village which the officials have built on the land for offices and for the employés of the service. The military engineers of the Commission

Be sure + make this correction. The idea of using the electric light in a fog a hundred thousand times too. We should have the reflection of the ...

MARK TWAIN HAD BEEN A PILOT, AND THIS IS A PILOT'S PROTEST AGAINST THE ABSURDITY OF A PICTURE SHOWING THE USE OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IN RUNNING IN A FOG. HE WANTED TO RETAIN THE RESPECT OF THE RIVER MEN.

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possible future punishment which Mrs. Clemens did not relish, and which she insisted should be omitted.

It was useless for the publishers to protest that almost the entire edition (probably not far from a hundred thousand) had been printed, Mrs. Clemens remained firm in her decision that her husband's profile should not be thus burned in effigy for the edification of his thousands of readers, and Mr. Clemens accordingly insisted that the "cut must be cut out." This edict was a bonanza in the collector's world (though it proved quite the contrary in that of the publisher), for though the tabooed cut "came out," it was too late to eliminate it from every volume of *The Life on the Mississippi*. Already, a number of books had been bound up and had escaped into the open, where they were henceforth to assume their places in the "smart (book) set," eagerly sought by all collectors; it is not known how many volumes containing the "cancelled cut" were issued ere the note of recall was sounded, but it was doubtless small enough to justify the interest of the collector in all books containing the "cremation" picture.

While this especial illustration was the only one taken out of the book at the author's request, it was not the only one which fell under the ban of his displeasure; there were three or four others which provoked his derision and which he desired altered or excluded at the last moment. To comply with these demands in full, would, however, have been rather too large a proposition, even for a most obliging publisher, and so the other pictures remained unaltered. The author's comments upon them as they were sent him in proof, are nevertheless well worth preserving as truly characteristic of him.

The first one, on page 301, presents the writer's opinion, from the pilot's point of view, when he protests against the pictorial use of the electric light when "running in a fog." He writes: "Be sure to make this correction. The idea of using the electric light in a fog is a hundred thousand times too too. We should lose the respect of the river men."

The next protest arises at the foot of page 356, and a glance at the cut immediately puts the reader in sympathy with Mrs. Clemens, who once more has lifted her voice in protest, and this time vainly. Under the picture, Clemens has written: "Dear Osgood—knock this picture out. The madam's orders are peremptory. She says the chapter is plenty dreadful enough without it. Yours, Mark."

Another comment accompanies the cut on page 363, where the writer is deploring the almost entire obliteration of the town of Napoleon, of which he says it is "a town no more—swallowed up, vanished, gone to feed the fishes; nothing left but a fragment of a shanty and a crumbling brick chimney!"

The accompanying cut does not in the least suggest the prevailing state of demolition described in the text, and the author writes on the margin: "This house is too sound—can't it be turned into a ruin somehow?" But it was too late to destroy even one of the offending chimneys, and so this last of the shanties of Napoleon must ever remain in the eyes of the reader a trim and prosperous structure, suggestive of a happy home in Switzerland.

That Mr. Clemens was doubtful of his publishers' willingness to make the final emendations and corrections at the last moment is evinced by another marginal note, which reads: "Ticknor makes these various changes if convenient—not otherwise. It ain't any matter about the 50,000 already printed—no importance. Mark."

Some time previous to this communication Clemens instructs his publishers not to tamper with his punctuation; this he declares is the one thing in which he considers himself an expert.

"If the printers will only follow copy, strictly, in the matters of capitals and punctuation, my part of the proof-reading will be mere pastime. I never saw such beautiful proofs before. You will observe that in this first chapter I have not made a mark. In the other chapters I had no marks to make except in re-

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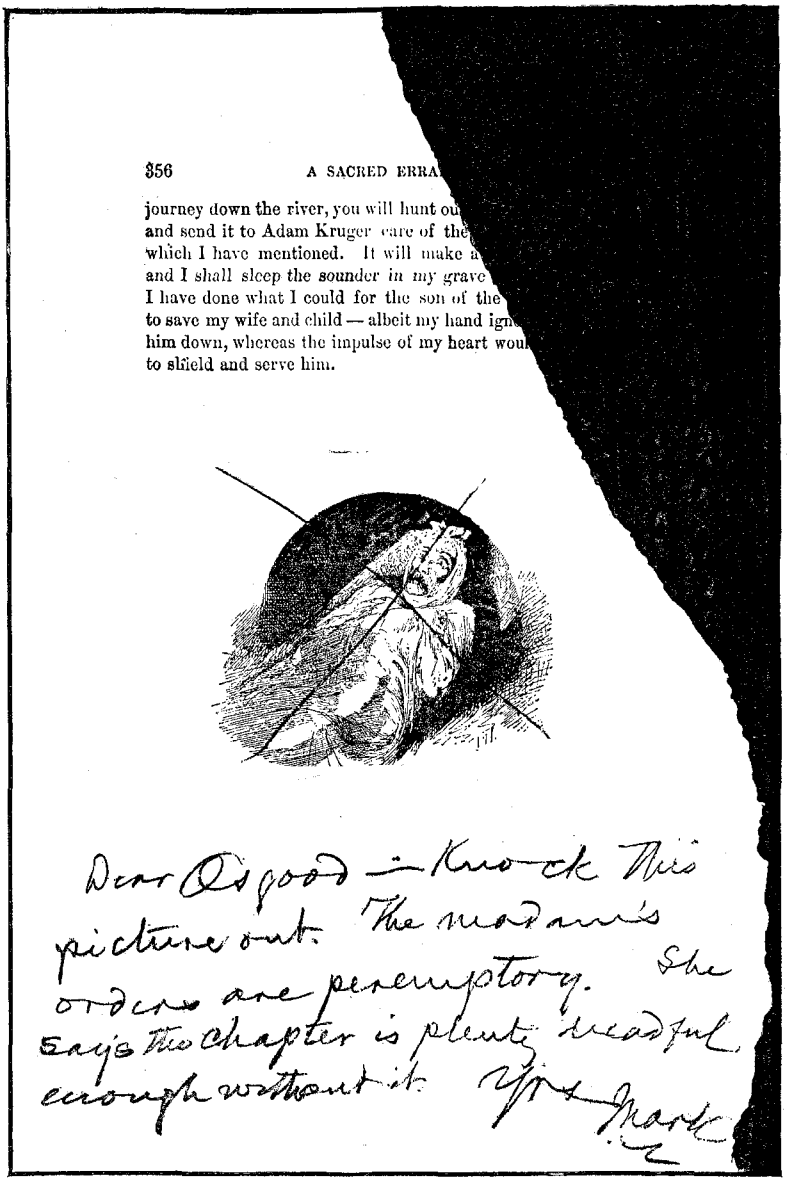
storing my original punctuation and turning some ' 'tis's' into 'it is'—there being a dern sight too many of the former. What I want to read proof for, is for literary lapses and infelicities (those I'll mark every time)—so, in these chapters where I have had to turn my whole attention to restoring my punctuation, I do not consider that I have legitimately read the proof at all. I didn't know what those chapters were about, when I got through with them.

"Let the printers follow my punctuation—it is the one thing I am inflexibly



THIS IS ANOTHER PICTURE WHICH MRS. CLEMENS REGARDED WITH A DECIDEDLY UNSYMPATHETIC EYE

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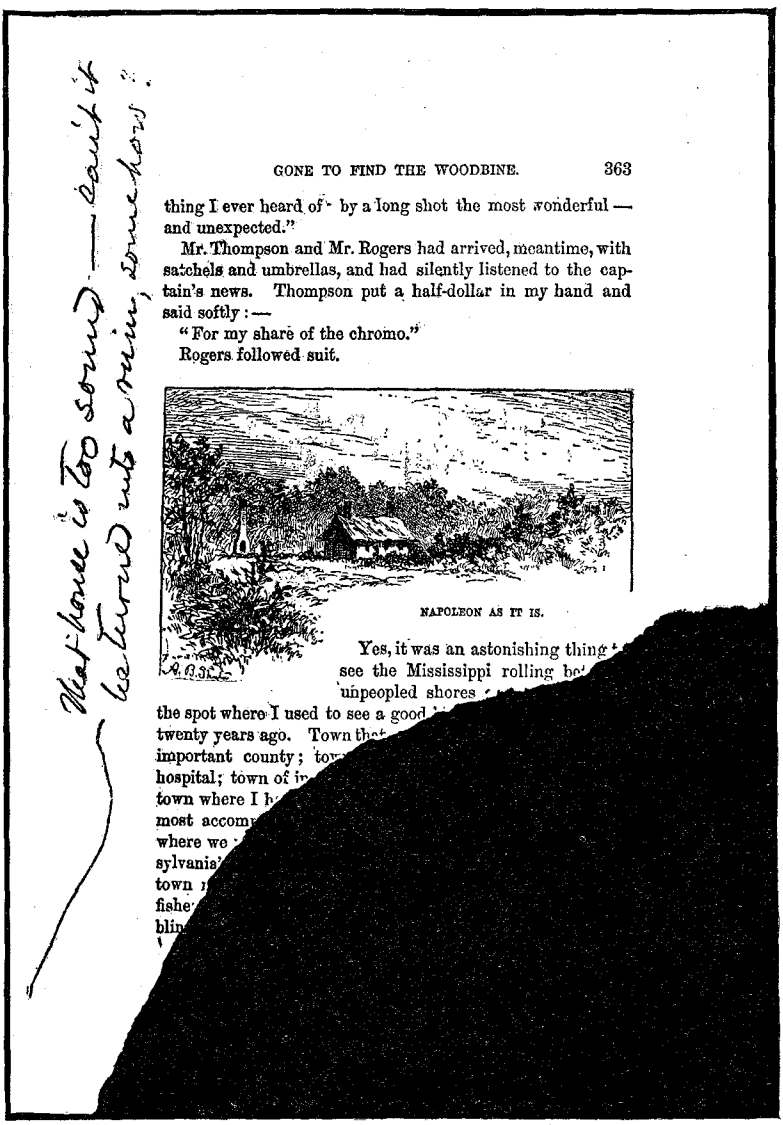
particular about. For corrections turning my 'sprang' into 'sprung,' I am thankful; also for corrections of my grammar, for grammar is a science that was always too many for yours truly; but I like to have my punctuation respected. I learned it in a hundred printing offices when I was a jour. printer; so it's got more real variety about it than any other accomplishment I possess, and I reverence it accordingly.

"I haven't seen any Chapter 2, nor



MARK TWAIN'S OBJECTION TO THIS PICTURE WAS BASED ON THE CONTENTION THAT THE HOUSE WAS NOT DILAPIDATED ENOUGH TO INDICATE THE REAL APPEARANCE OF THE TOWN OF NAPOLEON

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Chapter 4—nor the prefatory paragraph. But no matter; if my punctuation has been followed in them, I will go bail that nobody else can find an error in them. Only, you want to be sure that they've been set up, and not omitted."

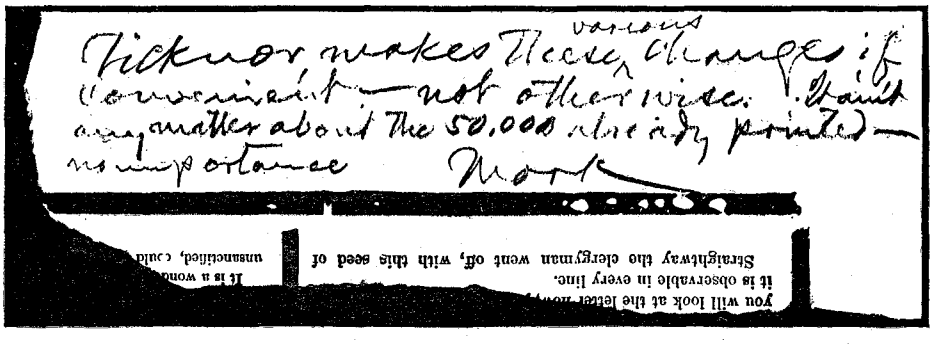
While *The Life on the Mississippi* was going through the press, it was decided to omit Chapter 48, in which the author had drawn some rather lively comparisons between the North and South, not essential to the interest of the book, and which it was thought might have a detrimental effect upon the Southern buyer. This chapter was set up and then cancelled in the proofs, and its existence was from that time forgotten until after the writer's death, when the original manuscript copy of this omitted portion was found in the possession of its publisher.

This chapter, with a certain number of pages preceding it, had been set apart by the publisher, owing to the fact that it was sent in the author's own handwriting, instead of the type-written copy which he had been previously furnishing in order that his own clean manuscript might go to a friend and collector, who had made known to him a keen desire to possess it. It happened, however, that during the process of copying the book Mr. Clemens's secretary was taken ill, and in this interim the author forwarded to the printers his own handwritten copy; these pages remained with the publisher, and the collector, who held the remainder of the manuscript of the *Life on the Mississippi,* looked in vain for the pages needed to make his book complete.

After the death of Mr. Clemens the intervening pages were discovered, and when they went eventually to rejoin their fellows in order to complete the manuscript volume, it was discovered that there was among them a complete chapter not included in the printed work.

While this brief cancelled chapter presents little that can be regarded as a special contribution to the *Mississippi* material, it is of interest as a literary curiosity. From the collector's viewpoint it has taken its place among the "Mark Twain" memorabilia, and has already a price upon its head.

During the chapter's journey to its last resting-place in a famous collection, a copy of it was made without a "by your leave" to those that owned the manuscript, and this petty piracy resulted in the production of a little printed leaflet, which is at present fluttering through the book-collecting world commanding a fictitious price. This stolen reprint of the cancelled chapter makes its appeal to all collectors possessing copies of the *Life on the Mississippi* containing the "cremation" cut; these are quite sure to avail themselves of the chance to insert the "suppressed chapter," as an additional curiosity, between the covers of their books; a privilege which may now be enjoyed by any reader of this article who may care to preserve it.



UPSIDE DOWN SARCASM FROM MR. CLEMENS

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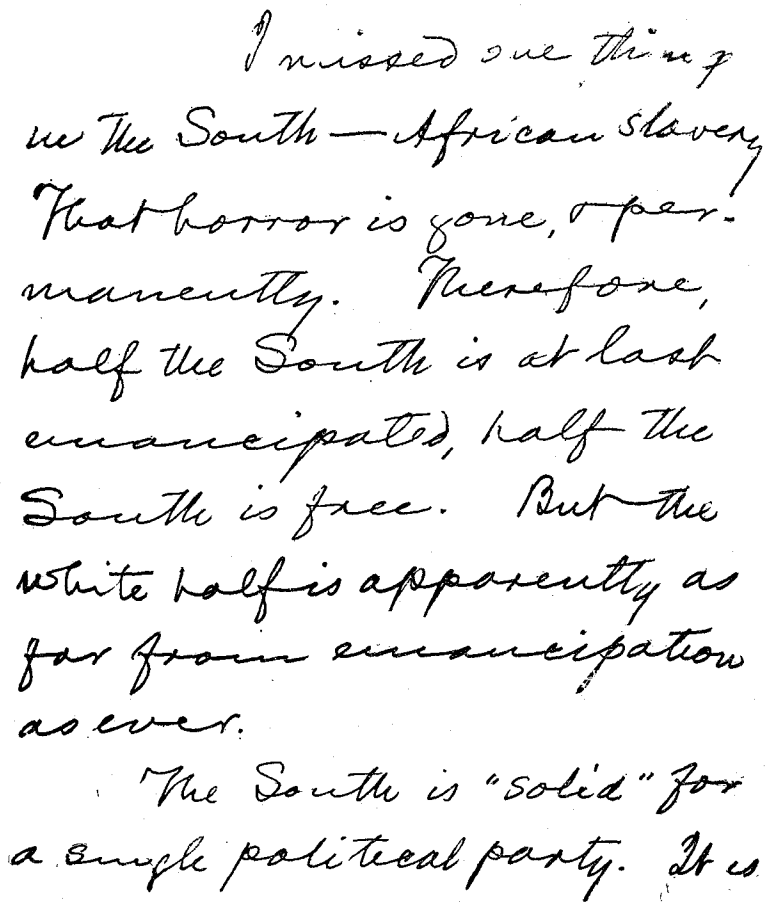
The Suppressed Chapter

I missed one thing in the South—African slavery. That horror is gone, & permanently. Therefore, half the South is at last emancipated, half the South is free. But the white half is apparently as far from emancipation as ever.

The South is "solid" for a single political party. It is difficult to account for this; that is, in a region which purports to be free. Human beings are so constituted, that, given an intelligent, thinking, hundred of them, or thousand, or million, & convince them that they are free from personal danger or social excommunication for opinion's sake, it is absolutely impossible that they shall tie themselves in a body to any one sect, religious or political. Every thinking person in the South and elsewhere knows this; it is a truism.

Given a "solid" country, anywhere, & the ready conclusion is that it is a community of savages. But here are the facts—not conjectures, but facts—& I think they spoil that conclusion. The great mass of Southerners, both in town and country, are neighborly, friendly, hospitable, peaceable, & have an



THE OPENING LINES OF THE SUPPRESSED CHAPTER IN MARK TWAIN'S HANDWRITING

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aversion for disagreements & embroilments; they belong to the church, & they frequent it; they are Sabbath-observers; they are promise-keepers; they are honorable & upright in their dealings; where their prejudices are not at the front, they are just, & they like to see justice done; they are able to reason, & they reason.

These characteristics do not describe a community of savages, they describe the reverse, an excellent community. How such a community should all vote one way, is a perplexing problem. That such a people should be all democrats or all republicans seems against nature.

It may be that a minor fact or two may help toward a solution. It is imagined in the North that the South is one vast and gory murder-field, & that every man goes armed, & has at one time or another taken a neighbor's life. On the contrary, the great mass of Southerners carry no arms, & do not quarrel. In the city of New York, where killing seems so frightfully common, the mighty majority, the overwhelming majority of the citizens, have never seen a weapon drawn in their lives. This is the case in the South. The general people are unfamiliar with murder; they have never seen a murder done. Thousands of murders have been committed in the South; murders are much commoner there than in the North; but these killings are scattered over a vast domain; in small places, long intervals of time intervene between events of this kind; & in both small & large places it is the chance half dozen who witness the killing—the vast majority of that community are not present, & may live long lives & die without ever having seen an occurrence of the sort.

As I have said, the great mass of Southerners are not personally familiar with murder. And being peaceably disposed, & also accustomed to living in peace, they have a horror of murder & violence.

There is a superstition, current everywhere, that the Southern temper is peculiarly hot; whereas, in truth the temper of the average Southerner is not hotter than that of the average Northerner. The temper of the Northerner, through training, heredity, & fear of the law, is kept under the better command, that is all. In a wild country where born instincts may venture to the surface, this fact shows up. In California, Nevada, & Montana, the most of the desperadoes & the deadliest of them, were not from the South, but from the North.

Now, in every community, North & South, there is one hot-head, or a dozen, or a hundred, according to distribution of population; the rest of the community are quiet folk. What do these hot-heads amount to, in the North? Nothing. Who fears them? Nobody. Their heads never get so hot but that they retain cold sense enough to remind them that they are among a people who will not allow themselves to be walked over by their sort; a people who, although they will not insanely hang them upon suspicion & without trial, nor try them, convict them, & then let them go, but who will give them a fair & honest chance in the courts, & if conviction follow will punish them with imprisonment or the halter.

In the South the case is very different. The one hot-head defies the hamlet; the half dozen or dozen defy the village & the town. In the South the expression is common, that such-&-such a ruffian is the "terror of the town." Could he come North & be the terror of a town? Such a thing is impossible. Northern resolution, backing Northern law, was too much for even the "Mollie Maguires," powerful, numerous, & desperate as was that devilish secret organization. But it could have lived a long life in the South; for there it is not the rule for courts to hang murderers.

Why?—seeing that the bulk of the community are murder-hating people. It is hard to tell. Are they torpid, merely?—indifferent?—wanting in public spirit?

Their juries fail to convict, even in the clearest cases. That this is not agreeable to the public, is shown by the fact that very frequently such a miscarriage of justice so rouses the people that they rise, in a passion, & break into the jail, drag out their man & lynch him. This is quite sufficient proof that they do not approve of murder & murderers. But this hundred or two hundred men usually do this act of public justice with masks on. They go to their grim work with clear consciences, but with their

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faces disguised. They know that the law will not meddle with them—otherwise, at least, than by empty form—& they know that the community will applaud their act. Still, they disguise themselves.

The other day, in Kentucky, a witness testified against a young man in court, & got him fined for a violation of a law. The young man went home & got his shot gun & made short work of that witness. He did not invent that method of correcting witnesses; it had been used before, in the South. Perhaps this detail accounts for the reluctance of witnesses, there, to testify; & also the reluctance of juries to convict; & perhaps, also, for the disposition of lynchers to go to their grewsome labors disguised.

Personal courage is a rare quality. Everywhere in the Christian world,—except, possibly, down South—the average citizen is not brave, he is timid. Perhaps he is timid down South, too. According to the *Times-Democrat,* "the favorite diversion of New Orleans hoodlums is crowding upon the late street cars, hustling the men passengers & insulting the ladies." They smoke, they use gross language, they successfully defy the conductor when he tries to collect their fare. All this happens, & they do not get hurt. Apparently the average Southern citizen is like the average Northern citizen—does not like to embroil himself with a ruffian.

The other day, in Kentucky, a single highwayman, revolver in hand, stopped a stage-coach & robbed the passengers, some of whom were armed—& he got away unharmed. The unaverage Kentuckian, being plucky, is not afraid to attack half a dozen average Kentuckians; & his bold enterprise succeeds—probably because the average Kentuckian is like the average of the human race, not plucky, but timid.

In one thing the average Northerner seems to be a step in advance of the average Southerner, in that he bands himself with his timid fellows to support the law, (at least in the matter of murder,) protect judges, juries, & witnesses, & also to secure all citizens from personal danger & from obloquy or social ostracism on account of opinion, political or religious; whereas the average Southerners do not band themselves together in these high interests, but leave them to look out for themselves unsupported; the results being unpunished murder, against the popular approval, & the decay & destruction of independent thought & action in politics.

I take the following paragraph from a recent article in the *Evening Post,* published at Louisville, Ky. The italics are mine:

> There is no use in mincing matters. The social condition of the State is worse than we have ever known it. Murders are more frequent, punishment is lighter, pardons more numerous, and abuses more flagrant than at any period within our recollection, running back fifteen years. Matters are getting worse day by day. The most alarming feature of all is the *indifference of the public.* No one seems to see the carnival of crime and social chaos to which we are rapidly drifting. No one seems to take to himself the lesson of current events. No one seems to realize the actual danger which hangs over the lives of all. *Appeals to the order-loving and law-abiding elements appear vain and idle. It is difficult to stir them.* Shocking tragedies at their very doors do not startle them to a realization of the evils that are cursing Kentucky, imperilling the lives of her own citizens, barring us against the current of immigration and commerce, and presenting us to the eyes of the world as a reckless, God-defying, reeking band of law-breakers and murderers.

That editor does not feel indifferent. He feels the opposite of indifferent. Does he thing he is alone? He cannot be. I think that without question he is expressing the general feeling of the State. But it is not *organized,* therefore it is ineffective. Once organized, it would be abundantly strong for the occasion; the condition of things complained of by the editor would cease. But it is not going to organize itself; somebody has got to take upon himself the disagreeable office of making the first move. In the Knoxville region of Tennessee that office has been assumed, & a movement is now on foot there to organize & band together the best people for the protection of Courts, juries & witnesses. There is no reason why the experiment should not succeed; & if it succeeds, there is no reason why the reform should not spread.

As to white political liberty in New Orleans. I take four pages, at random, from the city directory for the present year—1882.

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It "samples" the book, & affords one a sort of bird's-eye view of the nationalities of New Orleans:

(Insert the 4 pages, 772 A B & C—reduce them in facsimile & crowd them onto a single page of my book, to be read by a magnifier.)

"Many men, many minds," says the proverb. What a lovely thing it is to see all these variegated nationalities exhibiting a miracle which makes all other miracles cheap in comparison—that is, voting & feeling all one way, in spite of an eternal law of nature which pronounces such a thing impossible. And how pretty it is to see all these Germans & Frenchmen, who bitterly differ in all things else, meet sweetly together on the platform of a single party in the free & unembarrassed political atmosphere of New Orleans. How odd it is to see the mixed nationalities of New York voting all sorts of tickets, & the very same mixed nationalities of New Orleans voting all one way—& letting on that that is just the thing they wish to do, & are entirely unhampered in the matter, & wouldn't vote otherwise, oh, not for anything. As the German phrases it, "it is not thick enough."

THE AUTHORS' LEAGUE OF AMERICA, AS A PERMANENT HOME, HAS TAKEN WHAT HAS LONG BEEN KNOWN AS THE WASHINGTON IRVING HOUSE, AT THE CORNER OF IRVING PLACE AND SEVENTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BUT JUST HOW CLOSELY THIS STRUCTURE IS ASSOCIATED WITH THE CREATOR OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER IS A MOOTED QUESTION. THE HOUSE NEVER BELONGED TO WASHINGTON IRVING, BUT FIRST BELONGED TO AN UNCLE, AND LATER PASSED INTO THE POSSESSION OF A NEPHEW. HOWEVER, IRVING VISITED THE HOUSE FREQUENTLY, AND THERE WROTE PART OF HIS "LIFE OF WASHINGTON"

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THE LAST OF THE TROUBADOURS

BY STUART HENRY

On Sabbath afternoons in the simple village of Maillane, where Frédéric Mistral was born, lived and died, there were wont to promenade up and down the public thoroughfare two columns of people. The one on the left wore deep blue cravats and represented those daring, modern fellows—the radicals and free-thinkers. The other column, on the right, comprised those adhering to the ancient ideas of the throne and the altar, and wearing cravats of light blue.

Mistral was to be found among those wearing the light blue. He was thus true to his wonderful thirteenth century when the Troubadours reigned with their graces and weaknesses, their romances and superstitions, their perennial youth and early decay. In fact Mistral and his followers set up a real kingdom of letters, sanctified by rites, glorified by festivals, and crowned with toasts of beflowered rhetoric and rhymes to that lovely dead Provençal past of which they were the direct inheritors. Theirs was a knightly round table out in *plein air,* graced with roses and love, embellished with sunshine and wine, gay laughter and simple faith, in a realm where elderly men exuberantly married young wives.

Successive Queens of the Félibres also reigned—women so good to look upon that they appear to have been chosen for their pulchritude—lustrous midnight in their hair and unfathomable depths in their soft black eyes. And the first of them was Mistral's young wife, to whom he was married at forty-six.

His appearance brought to mind some Southern colonel. He had the emotionalism and lounging ways of our own warm South. His soft hat tossed on across his right ear, his martial moustache, his lordly goatee, his skin tanned by a thousand suns, his hospitable enthusiasm, suggested a grandee of royal girth and spacious manners, ready to burst forth in expansive mirth or to quickly shed a confiding and sympathetic tear.

Much has been written to show his hilarity and frolicsomeness, especially at the times when Daudet visited their adored Provence. They and their fellows, bearded, loose-limbed, with the jaunty swagger of their warm clime, carried on high jinks amid the home folk up and down the river valley. They played pranks, shouted and laughed, absorbed much wine, and revelled in the tales and jests of their boasted locality.

Some think of Mistral as a literary aristocrat and Over-Lord, dwelling in a home rich and beautiful with art objects suggesting the romantic ancient days of Aucassin and Nicolette. They picture him as a luxurious æsthete and master dilettante, able to linger for months over an archaic rhyme and toy for years over the memories of a decayed language and literature that appear dancing in a few light-hearted pages of history. Others are led to think of Mistral as a rustic true to his peasant mother, and living in a cot containing two rooms, one above the other, and companioned by that poor man's friend, a dog.

For, though he was king of the south half of France,—the most famous and beloved man there,—he pretended to be a sort of clodhopper. In his village, not far from the mediæval Avignon, of royal and papal memories, he was contented for a long lifetime to receive the homages of the world. No well-educated person thought a visit to that province complete without having paid his very welcome respects to the Chief of the Félibres. Citizens of distant America even were num-

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bered in his circle of personal interests. He dedicated a poem to former President Roosevelt, and included Richard Watson Gilder among the acknowledged friends of his Society. On Mistral's tomb, built at Arles in 1907, the face of Roosevelt is one of the faces carved in the marble.

Modest in his life of provincial triumphs, Mistral seemed to have been born under a lucky star. His evenly modelled hands were spoken of as indicating his tranquil life. Good of heart, manly, he had the full leisure to love all that was noble and beautiful. Having fallen heir to sufficient means from his farmer father, he was always free from economic pressure and could thus slowly do a worthy work that would have been impossible to those of the pen who see the prowling wolf whenever they peek out of doors.

To labour twenty years, eight hours a day, on a production as little salable as a Provençal dictionary, though unique and valued as it is, required an assured ease of purse. In this toil of love, to pick up fragments of one's ancient native idiom from fisher folk and old housewives at their daily tasks, demanded an occupied, gossiping idleness such as belonged only to a loquacious Félibre. With a dallying beauty and simpleness could he write: "If joy comes not to-day, assuredly it will come to-morrow. And as soon as the violet breathes her perfume, the butterfly will flutter to her; then will the maiden, like a ripening fruit, come to her lover; and the crystal dewdrop will be as radiant as a diamond."

The crowning of his literary fame was precisely his early poem "Mireille" (1859), from which came the libretto for Gounod's famous opera of the same name—twenty years later. It is the most popular *opéra comique* in France save *Carmen* and *Mignon*. One of the toasts drunk by the Society of Félibres was: "I drink to Mireille, the most beautiful mirror in which Provence looks at herself."

Mistral—last of the veritable Troubadours—was truly gifted in that he was an erudite philologist who possessed a rare creative sense of poetic form. His name had become greater than any direct appeal of the productions of his pen; for only to the learned few does the bent of his labours mean anything. It was to the credit of this not ungrateful or ungenerous age that he reaped all the rewards of fame from a public which understood practically nothing of his work. While he humbly pushed away scholastic honours from himself, they only crowded the more thickly about his brow. The very nature of his undertaking disarmed criticism. There was none of his compatriots who really cared to say him nay, though he persisted in not using the national language except in translating his own books. He fairly earned his share of the Nobel prize in 1904, with the proceeds of which he founded a Provençal museum at Arles. A few months before his death he appropriately wrote: "The days that grow chill and the swelling sea—all things tell me that the winter of my life has come, and that I must without delay gather my olives and offer the virgin oil on the altar of God."

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TO ROBERT LYTTON: FROM ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

For more than sixty years this tribute, by the author of "Aurora Leigh," to Robert Lytton (Edward Robert Bulwer-Lytton, First Earl, 1831-1891), more generally known as "Owen Meredith," has been forgotten. The poem was written at Bagni dé Lucca in the summer of 1853, when Robert Lytton, then an attaché at the Florence Legation, was staying with the Brownings. It was here, too, when he was with them again in 1857, that he had a severe attack of gastric fever and was nursed by Robert Browning. Robert Lytton had scarcely recovered when "Penini" Browning, a boy of eight years, was similarly attacked, but in a mild form; during his illness, seeing his mother's anxious face bending over him, the child said, "Think it's a little boy in the street; and you won't feel so badly." The MS. is in the clear but delicate caligraphy of Mrs. Browning, without a single correction, and written on both sides of a half sheet of paper, with a deep gash in the upper edge. The MS. was formerly in the possession of Miss Browning, who copied on a large sheet the full text of the three stanzas imperfect in the torn original. Miss Browning gave both to Mrs. Barrett Browning, who has kept them until to-day "in a little box of personal treasures."

1

O NOBLE heart, noble soul, live
Our leader, and king of us all!
Take the love which we languish to give;
Give the love without which we must fall.

2

You, brave shoulders of Atlas, just strong enough
To bear up a world much in want of it!
You, the wise heart that's probed our life long enough
To pardon the nonsense and cant of it!

3

An eye that looks straight on to God,
And a tongue that can baffle the Devil,—
A wit that walks forth silver-shod,
And sets a fair front against Evil.

4

When you speak, as you speak, I think Paul
At Athens, posterity teaching,
Said such words, though such thoughts, just let fall
Such grand language as yours, in his preaching.

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5

Yet bear with us! think for us! speak for us!
There is none we can honour above you.
When you think, our own thoughts are too weak for us,—
When you speak, we are silent, and love you.

6

You are strong: we are weak and the jostle
Of life seems to hurt us too much;
But you, O beloved, O apostle
Leave healing behind in your touch.

7

Light and warmth—the whole of you piling
Its own magnificent gladness:
But he that would prove your wise smiling
Must have probed all the sources of sadness.

8

For o'er depth below depth of your being
Unfathomed the soul of you sleeps:
And your great smile is still too all seeing
A rainbow that arches the deeps.

9

All that strength! all that power! yet so pliant!
You're so great we could never come near you,
Were it not that the child with the giant
Is mixed, and we honour—not fear you.

10

O but for old times for one moment!
How we'd hymn you and crown you, and bring you
Through the Forum with praising and comment.
Stepping proud o'er the flowers we'd fling you.

11

We'd die for you gladly, if need were,—
And gladly we'd live while we might for you:
We'd follow wherever your lead were,
Believe in you, hope for you, fight for you.

12

These are words, now! and yet, Oh yet live
Our leader and king of us all!
Take the love which is all we can give!
Take large meanings for deeds that are small!

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WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE AMERICAN DRAMA?

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

At a meeting of the Authors Club of New York on the evening of April 9th, Mr. William Archer delivered an informal address, during the course of which he asked an exceedingly significant question concerning the current American drama. He stated that he had visited this country several times during the course of the last fifteen years, and that, on each occasion, he had been impressed by the vivacity of invention, the alertness of observation, and the zest of entertainment in our popular American plays; but that, whenever he had returned to New York after an absence of only two or three years, he had discovered with surprise that nearly all the current American plays had been written by new writers, and that the playwrights whose work he had admired only a short time before had apparently been relegated to oblivion. He regarded our continual discovery of new writers as an evidence of an extraordinary fertility in native talent for the theatre; but he considered our apparent failure to develop the writers whom we did discover as an evidence of a scarcely explicable prodigality. "Why is it," he inquired, "that each new generation of American playwrights seems to endure only two or three seasons? Why is it that so many men of talent, who have written one or two promising plays, are supplanted by other men of talent before they have had time to fulfil their promise? What becomes of all your playwrights? Why do you throw them away, instead of helping them to develop their ability?"

This inquiry is extremely difficult to answer; but, at the request of Mr. Archer, some attempt will be made to explain the current situation in the present paper. In the first place, it may be stated that our theatre-going public seems to set a higher value on invention than on imagination. This fact was clearly felt by the late Clyde Fitch; and to satisfy the public craving for invention, he nearly always devoted his initial acts to exploiting some novel device of theatrical dexterity. His audience desired him to be clever; and, responsive to the sense of this demand, he tossed out a sop of cleverness before proceeding to the imaginative business of his play. But the history of nearly all considerable artists teaches us that they begin with invention and then slowly ripen to imagination,—they commence with cleverness and ultimately rise to simplicity and serenity. It is not surprising, therefore, that the most vivid invention, the most captivating cleverness, should be displayed in the first or second plays of writers of ingenious talent. A new idea is most likely to be advanced by a new man. This is probably the reason why the American public, with its avidity for clever invention, prefers the ingenuity of new authors to the matured imagination of writers who have risen above the initial exercise of cleverness.

In the second place, it should be stated that the American public goes to the theatre merely to be entertained, and that it finds more entertainment in a shifting of the point of view toward life than in a deepening of the vision of life from an established point of view. Thus far, no incentive has been offered to our playwrights to grow up. Our public does not ask that a man shall meditate upon our life until he is able to say something about it that is valuable; it asks merely that he shall point an unexpected finger at some aspect of our life that has not previously been exploited on the stage. In setting this premium on sheer originality, it votes in favour of new writers

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at the expense of older and wiser men, and tosses aside Augustus Thomas, who is trying to expound a philosophy of life, in favour of Bayard Veiller, who gives it news.

Only twenty years ago, it was commonly complained that a new playwright could not get a hearing in America. Nowadays any playwright can get a hearing, provided only that he come forward with something that is new. This premium that is set on novelty is perhaps the greatest cause that inhibits the development of serious drama in America. A mature playwright, who has grown to take a greater interest in life than in the theatre, is seldom likely to deal with novel subjects or to present them in a novel way. Great themes are never new; and an artist with something to say about life is rarely willing to overlay his message with the distractions of inventive ingenuity. As a result of the public demand for cleverness, we are now confronted with a situation which makes it easy for new playwrights to display their inventions, but makes it comparatively difficult for the same writers a few years later to secure a favourable hearing for the more imaginative works of their maturity.

Until this situation is changed, we shall never succeed in developing a national drama in America. Until we devise some system for distinguishing between new playwrights who are merely clever and new playwrights who are likely to progress from invention to imagination, until we devise some method for nurturing the comparatively few writers who seem inherently capable of an ultimate achievement of dramatic art, until we learn to throw away the merely entertaining craftsmen as soon as they have entertained us but never to throw away an author of real promise, and until we learn to laud imagination more than we applaud invention and to set a premium upon the man who secures his incentive from life itself instead of from the theatre, we shall not be rewarded with a national drama in America. The familiar statement that the theatre-going public gets what it deserves is true, at least, to this extent:—that no public ever gets a national drama until it deserves it.

As Mr. Archer stated, we have more than enough playwrights of sufficient talent to achieve a national dramatic literature, if only the conditions of our theatre were such as to foster the development of their ability instead of to cut it off at the very outset. The reason why we produce so few American plays of any genuine importance is not that we lack the men to write them, but that as yet we lack the conditions to demand them. Great dramatists are made, not born. Dramatic talent is born; but dramatic genius is developed only when dramatic talent is fostered by inspiriting theatrical conditions. No plant can come to flower unless it can take root in fertile soil; and the reason why so many of our playwrights are never heard from after their first two or three plays is that they are sown as seed by the wayside and fall on rocky ground.

The responsibility for the present dearth of American dramatic art must be divided between the public, the managers, the critics, and the playwrights themselves; and we may most clearly analyse the situation by approaching it successively from the points of view of these four factors.

First of all, it must be frankly stated that the public of America, considered as a whole, is not at all interested in the drama. It is enormously interested in the theatre; but that is another matter altogether. Throughout his recent book on *The Foundations of a National Drama,** Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has insisted on the prime importance of dispelling the confusion between the drama and the theatre which persists in the popular mind. The drama is an art of authorship; and the theatre entertains the public by the exhibition of many other matters than the art of authorship. Mr. Jones has pointed out that the theatre

*The Foundations of a National Drama. By Henry Arthur Jones. New York: George H. Doran Company.

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has often flourished in periods when the drama was dead. Thus, in England in the early nineteenth century, there was no British drama of any consequence, but the British theatre prospered by exhibiting the acting of such great performers as Mrs. Siddons and the Kembles, Kean and Macready. Sir Henry Irving, who did great things for the British theatre, did absolutely nothing for the British drama, since he never produced a play by a contemporary author of importance. Likewise, Edwin Booth and Richard Mansfield, who led the American theatre for two successive generations, accomplished nothing whatsoever for the American drama.

The drama, to repeat, is an art of authorship; and the American public of to-day, considered as a whole, cares nothing for dramatic authorship. It goes to the theatre merely to be entertained; and it does not care in the least whether it is entertained by musical comedy, vaudeville, moving pictures, or what are quaintly called legitimate plays. It groups all these heterogeneous exhibitions together, and decides that certain offerings—without regard to class—are "good shows" and certain others are not. *The Belle of Bond Street* is considered a "good show" because the cast contains the widely advertised Gaby Deslys; and *The Legend of Leonora* is considered a "good show" because the cast contains the no less widely advertised Maude Adams. But the public would never think of deciding that *The Legend of Leonora* was a "good show" because it had been written by ——— "what was his name? . . . Oh yes, Barrie. . . . Of course:—wrote *Peter Pan,*—didn't he? . . . Wasn't Maude Adams cute as Peter Pan?"

Since the American public is not interested in dramatic authorship, and cares only for what it is willing to consider a "good show," it would scarcely be fair to blame our theatrical managers for devoting most of their attention to non-dramatic forms of entertainment, such as musical comedies, vaudeville, and moving pictures, nor even for insisting that the legitimate plays they do produce shall be so planned as to compete commercially with these other types of "what the public wants." Thus we perceive that the growth of the American drama is actually impeded by the popularity of the American theatre. The fact that a million Americans go to the theatre every night is of no assistance to our playwrights; it is, instead, a hindrance to them, since, in spending their time and money for forms of entertainment that are mainly non-dramatic, these million people are preventing themselves from developing any interest in the drama.

The reason why Mr. George M. Cohan is the most popular playwright in America to-day is that he has succeeded in inventing a type of legitimate comedy that can hold its own against the drastic competition of musical comedy and vaudeville and moving pictures. His plays unite the rapid, dashing plot of kinetoscopic exhibitions with the low-comedy characterisation of vaudeville turns and the general air of inconsequential sprightliness that pervades the best musical comedies; and *Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford* or *Seven Keys to Baldpate* are denominated "good shows" by the same people who always go to see Gaby Deslys and never go to hear John Galsworthy. Mr. Cohan is an artist of the theatre; and he must be very highly praised for his dexterity in managing to meet the public on its own ground with plays that, none the less, may be admired by people of intelligence and culture. But it seems unfortunate that the Cohan formula should be accepted at the present time as the only talisman to success in the American theatre. With the exception of the vulgar and reprehensible *To-day,* which attained what the French would call "a success of scandal," the only American plays which have succeeded in the season that is now drawing to a close were cut in accordance with the Cohan pattern. *Seven Keys to Baldpate* was written by Mr. Cohan; *Potash and Perlmutter* was produced at Mr. Cohan's theatre; and *The Misleading Lady, Too Many Cooks,* and *A Pair of Sixes* were

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all devised in deliberate imitation of Mr. Cohan's methods. All these plays may be highly praised as popular entertainments; but do they constitute the makings of an American dramatic literature? . . . If not, the reader should remember that they constitute the best that our native playwrights have produced during the season of 1913-1914.

Is there a single manager in America who is willing to forego the emoluments that result from wholesale dealing in popular theatric entertainments, in order to foster the development of an American dramatic literature? . . . Have we a single manager who is willing to work for a national achievement, as Lady Gregory has worked in Dublin, as Miss Horniman has worked in Manchester, as Mr. Granville Barker has worked in London? Without the managerial efforts of Lady Gregory and Mr. Yeats, the world would never have heard of John M. Synge; without the managerial efforts of Miss Horniman, the world would never have heard of Stanley Houghton; and without the managerial efforts of Mr. Granville Barker, the world would never have heard of Bernard Shaw. It is, perhaps, enough to ask this question. It would be, of course, embarrassing to answer it.

Our managers, following our public, seem to care only for the theatre and not at all for the drama. Perhaps, for the sake of clearness, it may be desirable, at this present point of our discussion, to define what is meant by "the drama." We can find no better definition than one which has been offered by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. According to this good and faithful servant of all that is noblest in the contemporary theatre, the purpose of the drama is (1) to represent life and (2) to interpret life, in terms of the theatre. Mr. Jones admits that only a few great dramatists have succeeded in *interpreting* life in terms of the theatre; but he insists that no writer should be dignified with the name of dramatist unless he has at least succeeded in *representing* life in terms of the theatre. According to this formula of criticism, we should, in estimating any drama, inquire (1) whether the author has set forth a representation of life, and (2) whether he has also revealed an interpretation of life. A play that passes the first test is a drama; a play that also passes the second test is a great drama; but a play that does not pass either test is not a work of dramatic art and can be considered only as a passing entertainment.

How often are these simple tests applied by the men who are employed by our newspapers and magazines to inform the public of what is going on in the theatres of America? . . . This question brings us face to face with one of the most important causes of the dearth of public appreciation of the drama in this country. Our so-called organs of opinion, instead of endeavouring to lead the public, are content to follow it; and, instead of establishing departments of dramatic criticism, they are content to conduct departments devoted merely to gossip of the theatre. With less than a dozen exceptions, the newspapers and even the magazines of this country treat the theatre as "news" and refuse to recognise the drama as an art. When the late Stanley Houghton came forward with *Hindle Wakes,* a work of dramatic art in which he told the utter truth about an important phase of life which for centuries had always been lied about in the theatre, did any of our newspapers trumpet this rare and wonderful achievement in its headlines? . . . Did any of our editors deem it important to declare that a new dramatist had emerged in Manchester who was able to set forth both a truthful representation of life and a piercing interpretation of it? . . . No, indeed; our newspaper reviewers merely stated, as a piece of news, that *Hindle Wakes,* though meritorious, seemed scarcely likely to enjoy a long run in New York. In other words, it wasn't a "good show"; and the public, prejudiced against it by the faint praise of the papers, permitted the piece to be withdrawn without a hearing.

It seems scarcely an exaggeration to

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state that there is no dramatic criticism in America,—that there is no concerted effort on the part of those who edit the theatrical pages of our publications to assist the public to distinguish between the drama and the theatre and to cultivate an appreciation of the drama which shall be clearly set apart from the enjoyment of non-dramatic types of entertainment. Our so-called "dramatic critics" [with less than a dozen exceptions in the whole United States] are not critics but reporters. They give greater publicity to the fact that Miss Billie Burke looks well in pink pajamas than to the fact that Miss Eleanor Gates has written a work of art in *The Poor Little Rich Girl*. The fancy and the wisdom of Miss Gates are considered less important as a piece of "news" than the pajamas of Miss Burke; and, as a result of this sort of propaganda, our potential dramatists are required to compete not only against musical comedy and moving pictures but also against the lay figures in a haberdasher's window.

It will be seen, therefore, that the comparatively few playwrights in America who are honestly ambitious (1) to represent life truly, in order (2) to interpret life nobly, are condemned to struggle single-handed against the embattled negligence of the public and the managers and the theatrical reviewers. The public does not want to be told the truth; it wants to be amused. The managers do not want dramatic art; they want "what the public wants." The theatrical reviewers are not interested in the drama; they judge the value of a play in proportion to the number of nights it seems destined to run in the metropolis, and consequently consider *Peg o' My Heart* a more important work than *The Pigeon*. Need we wonder any longer why so many of our playwrights succumb to this embattled negligence and never fulfil the promise of their earliest endeavours?

But our playwrights themselves cannot be entirely absolved from blame for the present dearth of dramatic art in America. Too many of them, even from the very outset, write with an eye to the theatre instead of with an eye to life. They derive their inspiration from the wrong side of the footlights. Instead of trying to express what they think that life is like, they are contented to express what they think a play is like. Instead of following Hamlet's advice and imitating nature, they imitate each other. If one of them writes a play about the underworld that makes money in the theatre, a dozen others hasten to write plays about the underworld,—not because they are really interested in the underworld or have anything to say about it, but because they are merely interested in making money in the theatre. This enervating circle revolves until it has exhausted its transient popularity; and, the next season, the same playwrights are chasing each other around another circle. Thus, instead of moving on and getting anywhere, our playwrights merely exhaust themselves in running Marathons around a track which returns continually to the starting-point.

What, then—to sum up the entire situation—must we accomplish in America, before we shall deserve to develop a national drama to which we shall be able [in the florid language of political platforms] to "point with pride"? First of all, we must educate a considerable section of our public to distinguish between the theatre and the drama, and to value the art of the drama as something distinct from, and better than, such types of ephemeral entertainment as musical comedy and vaudeville and moving pictures. Having educated a special public to patronise dramatic art, we must organise this public and be able to deliver it to the support of every play in which life is represented truly in the endeavour to interpret life nobly. These two tasks —the task of educating the public to recognise dramatic art, and the task of organising the public to support it—have already been undertaken by the Drama League of America; and this society has thus far done its work so well that it no longer seems quixotic to expect that, within the next ten years, a strong

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and potent interest in the drama (as distinguished from the theatre) will be developed in America.

In the second place, we must discover and encourage and support a few managers who will be willing to make a living wage by catering to the growing interest in the dramatic art, instead of gambling to win or lose large fortunes by catering to the prevailing taste for entertainment of a type that has no real relation to the drama.

In the third place, we must organise a vigorous demand for dramatic criticism in America. While permitting our newspapers and our magazines to report non-dramatic entertainments as they report baseball games, while allowing our editors to extract the fullest "news value" from the pinkness of Miss Burke's pajamas, we must also demand that contributions to the great art of the drama shall be explained and interpreted by experts in the noble art of dramatic criticism. In other words, we must insist that our so-called organs of opinion shall consider the art of the drama as seriously as they now consider the art of painting and the art of music. We do not permit our newspapers to treat Rembrandt or Wagner as subjects for feeble merriment; and we must likewise cease to allow them to treat Ibsen as a joke.

In the fourth place, we must encourage our playwrights to endeavour to represent life truly and to interpret life nobly, by rewarding them with fame and money whenever they succeed in either of these difficult endeavours. We must convince them that the playing of the game itself is more than worth the burning of the candle at both ends. The present writer now recalls a conversation with the late Clyde Fitch, which occurred about seven years ago, in which Mr. Fitch complained because *The Truth,* which he regarded as his best play, had failed in New York, at the same time when *Sappho,* which he regarded as a work of no importance, was still playing to twelve thousand dollars a week in one-night stands in Texas. "Is there anybody in this country," he inquired, "who cares to have us try to do our best?" . . . It is an encouraging sign that, whereas *Sappho* has now been tossed aside, *The Truth* has recently been revived in New York by one of the very few American managers who care about the drama as an art. This revival has demonstrated that *The Truth* is worthy of its title, and that the man who wrote it was capable of representing and interpreting the life he saw about him in America. But Clyde Fitch was not destined to live until this sincere and able work was accorded, at a belated date, the recognition which it deserved when it was first disclosed. At present we can merely wonder if our public and our managers and our reviewers would so negligently have allowed themselves to throw away this dramatist, if they had known, at the moment when he wrote *The Truth,* that he was doomed to die at the early age of forty-four.

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THE ACCUSTOMED MANNER AND SOME RECENT NOVELS*

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

It is quite a common occurrence to find a publisher announcing the latest volume of some well-known novelist as a new departure, something radically different from his accustomed manner. As a matter of fact, there are two or three cases in point in the present month's instalment of fiction. Sometimes, of course, the publishers are mistaken in their opinion; sometimes again they are correct. But in either case they fail to recognise that such a statement is in a measure a confession of weakness. It implies the belief that the general public is tired of the author's previous manner and will welcome a change. It almost amounts to a suggestion that he stands a better chance of achieving a new success by throwing aside all the advantages previously gained and appealing to the world at large in a guise so different as to put him practically in the position of a new writer. Now, of course, it would be nonsense to suggest that novelists have not a perfect right to change their methods as often as they please, or to deny that such a change is sometimes the wisest step that a writer can take. But at the same time emphasis should be placed upon the undeniable value of the accustomed manner. Obviously, from the inherent meaning of the phrase, it is something which has to be earned, something which no beginner can possess. And in order to acquire it, the first, and the second, and the third book must have met with some fair amount of success, for otherwise the author would not have gone on, following the same little pathway, apparently leading nowhere. No, an accustomed manner obviously means that an author has gained a certain following; and the people who like him expect in buying one of his books that they will find something in the same general vein as those which he has produced in the past. Most of us are creatures of habit, to an extent surprising to ourselves when we stop to think of it. We do not care to dine at the same restaurant every night, but when we do revert to the same restaurant, we prefer to occupy the old, familiar table and be served by the waiter who knows our individual tastes. We may not habitually attend the same church, but when we feel in the mood for some particular brand of orthodoxy, we would certainly feel aggrieved if a clergyman with whose views we thought ourselves familiar should suddenly change his manner and electrify his congregation by advocating views utterly at variance with his previous teachings. Well, the case of the novelist differs merely in degree, it is the same in kind; and when a publisher advertises any new volume by a writer of established reputation as a "radical departure" from his customary vein, it really amounts to an official notice to his friends and admirers, that here is a case of *caveat emptor*,—in other words, that it is a book which will be quite likely to disappoint them.

The assertion was made in an earlier paragraph, that a change of manner is a confession of weakness, and a moment's

The World Set Free. By H. G. Wells. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Chance. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Initiation. By Robert Hugh Benson. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Mrs. Brand. By H. A. Mitchell Keays. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

Shallow Soil. By Knut Hamsun. Authorised Translation from the Norwegian by Carl Christian Hyllested. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Victory Law. By Anne Warwick. New York: John Lane Company.

My Lady of the Chinese Courtyard. By Elizabeth Cooper. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

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thought will show that it quite obviously is so. There may be some rare and extraordinary exceptions, but the only causes which come readily to mind as likely to induce an author to change his manner are first, that he has written himself out; secondly, that he believes that the public has become tired of his particular vein, or thirdly, that he thinks he has hit upon a new manner, better worthy of his talents. In other words, his changed tactics practically say, either "my old type of work is no longer good enough," or "the public think that my old type is not good enough," or "I myself think that the old way never has been good enough." And, like every other man, in every other walk in life, who suddenly decides to change his job, the degree of success attending the change is largely problematic.

But it must be recognised that a change of manner in a novelist is not by any means the simple thing it would appear. No man, we are told, can merely by taking thought, add an inch to his stature; and similarly, there are few writers who, by taking thought, can wholly rid themselves of their accustomed manner. Dickens, of course, had a first and a second well-defined manner, witness the distance traversed between the *Pickwick Papers* and *Bleak House,*—and he would have had a third manner, had he lived to finish *Edwin Drood.* And yet Dickens's personality was so infinitely bigger than his theme, or his setting, or his special treatment of any individual story, that in surveying his literary productions as a whole, what we think of is not the points of difference, but the amazing unanimity of his life work.

And it is usually the same with men of genius in any one of the creative arts. They change because they have outgrown their earlier selves, and this kind of change is gradual. The academic critic, who loves the comfortable security of neat pigeon-holes, of course attempts to draw sharp, dividing lines, where in point of fact they do not exist,—for in the case of genius, the old method and the new melt into each other, like the colours in the solar spectrum.

There are just a few writers of the present generation who have added much to the joy of living, by just a few rare volumes, and who come very near to justifying a claim to something akin to genius, and yet have never pursued any one line far enough to establish any claim to an accustomed manner. Two cases in point come immediately to mind, that of Owen Wister in this country, and that of Alfred Ollivant in Great Britain. Each of these writers achieved a popularity utterly out of proportion to their production, considered merely from point of bulk. Each of them essayed no less than three different veins of narrative; and their most sincere admirers would be puzzled, if called upon to decide between the rival claims of *The Virginian, Philosophy Four,* and *Lady Baltimore,* of *Bob Son of Battle, Red Coat Captain* and *The Gentleman.* The only lack of parallel in these two cases is this: that Mr. Wister did some apprentice work of very uneven merit, in the same order of treatment, before he achieved *The Virginian,* and that Mr. Ollivant did his poorest work in *Danny,* a belated attempt to follow up the vein of *Bob Son of Battle.* At all events here are two cases,—and the list can easily be amplified by any one following the drift of contemporary fiction,—of writers who, in spite of extraordinary gifts, have for some unexplained reason never attained an accustomed manner. They stand, in fiction, in much the same position as a tradesman, who has never stayed long enough in one locality to acquire a good will. At the opposite extreme stands a class, so rare that one can easily check them off on the fingers of one hand, so long as the discussion is confined to a single country,—namely, those novelists who, after having established a wide reputation in one vein, deliberately throw aside all the advantage gained, change their whole policy of writing radically, and achieve a second and even bigger success in a new vein, with a new public. The conspicuous

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cases in point of course,—to confine ourselves to novelists writing in English,—are Henry Harland and H. G. Wells. The former, of course, concerns us today only as a bit of literary history, but Mr. Wells is still with us; his departure from his first established manner is so recent that the most curious thing about it is not its amazing success, transcending the earlier one, but the utter ignorance on the part of his new public, of his identity with the earlier H. G. Wells, who produced *The War of the Worlds* and *The First Men in the Moon*. When Mr. Wells had suddenly sprung into a new and entirely different popularity with his *Ann Veronica,* the younger generation, and more especially its feminist contingent, who hailed him as an unexpected champion of feminism, apparently had not the faintest inkling that twenty years earlier he had been labelled quite definitely the English Jules Verne, the spinner of pseudo-scientific marvel-yarns, the harbinger of the twentieth century miracles. It has been no slight source of amusement to the present reviewer, when some rather hectic suffragette has lauded to the skies *Ann Veronica,* which he still regards as a peculiarly obnoxious production, to ask her casually whether she likes *The Time Machine* and *The Invisible Man,* and then to note the look of dazed unenlightenment that overspreads her face.

"THE WORLD SET FREE"

It will be equally interesting to watch the surprised faces of Mr. Wells's new following, when they attempt to read his latest production, *The World Set Free.* It is frankly and without apology a reversion to Mr. Wells's first manner,—but unfortunately, to borrow a picturesque phrase from the prize ring, it is so hard in any profession, high or low, to "come back." Mr. Wells knew instinctively some years ago that his first vein had run out; in mining parlance, it had reached the point where he feared that it was not "pay-dirt." His early stories, like Jules Verne's early stories, had all been based upon some big conception,—what in the language of the street would be called a "cracker-jack" idea. But little by little that particular vein was worked out, and even his most fervent admirers had to admit that some of his later prophetic dreams of the coming centuries were rather sorry stuff. His new attempt to return to the old manner is even more feeble than his worst failure in the past. Its only appeal lies in the fact that it chimes in with the present widely popular revulsion against war,—regardless of the simple historic fact, that since the beginning of recorded history, wars have served as milestones, not only of victory but of progress. The new volume by Mr. Wells may be dismissed quite briefly. In a foreword he acknowledges that the whole idea of it was born of the latest discoveries in regard to radium. We all know that force, energy, work, is stored up in physical and chemical bodies. But this knowledge dates back barely a century. The latent force in heated water has been in use barely a hundred years; the molecular force generated by electricity is less than half as old. It was barely yesterday that radium was discovered and that chemists, dazed by the bigness of the problems opened up to them, gradually realised that the energy generated by the passage of water into steam, or even of the explosion of gun-cotton into its elements, was nothing in comparison with the energy pent up in an atom of any one of the recognised chemical elements and given out in the slow process of disintegration. Mr. Wells writes a story, throwing forward the date and setting nearly half a century. He imagines a scientific development, through which a means is found of releasing at will the structure of the atoms of any and every element. This release, costing practically nothing, generates an incalculable energy, and at the same time produces, as a side product, out of lead and the other cheap commodities, an immense amount of gold and silver, which plays the mischief with current values. The result is an era of frenzied finance, such as the world has never seen before, a

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colossal series of mercantile upheavals that shock Christendom. And in the wake of national upheaval comes the clash of nation against nation,—and the new discoveries in chemistry have produced an absolutely unforeseen and unimagined weapon. It has proved possible to release instantaneously the pent up powers of any element. Thus, lead, exploding at once into the atoms of the metal next in order, would generate a destructive force greater than that of any explosive known to-day. Mr. Wells has chosen to conceive of a bomb containing some element which will begin a series of these disastrous explosions. Once set in motion, they will continue, perhaps for a hundred years; and with the help of a few aeroplanes in the progress of his world's war, he drops a few of these bombs over Paris and Berlin and London,—and by the time these interesting bombs have abated in their explosive vigour, there isn't anything left of the big capitals of Europe, excepting a sort of churned up volcanic mud,—and Mr. Wells adds complacently, there never will be. He ends up with a sort of world-confederation, in which the entire people of the globe unite under one ruler, accept one language and one government. But his whole story fails utterly to appeal, for the one simple reason that, abandoning his earlier method, he has not tried to interest us in the destinies of any individual human beings. Here and there a man or a girl stands out like a Rembrandt portrait, and dies at a turn of the page, while later on we ask ourselves, "Do we know, are we personally acquainted with any of the survivors? No, emphatically, we are not. Then why in Heaven's name should we be expected to take any interest in the story at all?" Frankly it is a charlatan piece of work, palpably and inexcusably unreal, coming as it does from the pen of a man who, in earlier days, could transport us even to the moon, and still make us believe.

"CHANCE"

Mr. Joseph Conrad is one of the best examples to be found in the whole range of contemporary fiction of an author so vigorously, so irrepressibly himself that he might change his manner at will and yet remain, in spite of himself, absolutely and unmistakably individual. In point of fact, his new volume, entitled *Chance,* is one of the current novels above referred to as having been announced by the publishers as a new departure, something radically different from what was to be expected from the author of *Falk* and *Nostromo* and *Lord Jim.* Frankly, such an announcement is nothing less than a flagrant piece of injustice to a volume which, in so far as Mr. Conrad has changed his manner at all, in recent years, represents a reversion to type,—for it comes nearer in spirit and in treatment to *Almayer's Folly* and *The Outcast of the Island* than any of his intervening books. It has a typical Conrad theme and it obeys the typical and inimitable Conrad formula of construction, a formula that in the hands of any other writer would represent a literary heresy, and with which, paradoxically enough, Mr. Conrad himself achieves results that would be simply impossible by any of the more conventional methods. Let us ask, first of all, what is the typical Conrad theme? Well, the shortest way to generalise it is to say that his heroes or heroines suffer from some sort of a soul-scar: they carry the mark of Cain, they are branded upon their conscience. The brand may be that of cowardice, as in the case of Lord Jim, or it may be that of cannibalism, as in the case of Falk. But, whatever the cause, the effect is to differentiate the true Conrad hero from his fellow-beings, to set him aside as some one who sees life from a peculiar angle and in a more or less distorted form. In *Chance* the central figure is a young girl, the daughter of a visionary and unscrupulous promoter, whose get-rich-quickly schemes brought ruin to countless unhappy investors and landed the man himself in jail. Now, De Barras, the Great de Barras, idolised his only daughter; and the girl, having no one else in the world to turn to, clung to him with pathetic devotion. In spite of his

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affection for her, De Barras, immersed to his neck in the stormy waters of frenzied finance, was obliged to leave her largely to the questionable devotion of hired guardianship; and his choice of a governess happened to be an unfortunate one. Imagine an unscrupulous woman, guilty of flagrant misconduct; imagine the rudimentary facts of physical life forced upon a young girl's notice, before her shocked comprehension can fully grasp their significance; imagine the woman, in her hatred of youth, because youth has slipped from her own grasp, deliberately and wantonly taunting the girl with her lack of beauty, her irremediable unattractiveness. Love and marriage were the true goal, the crowning joy of a woman's life; but she, Flora de Barras, would hope for them in vain, for no man would ever look at her with anything but contemptuous pity. And the tragedy of it was that the girl believed her, and henceforth was destined to creep through life in an agony of humility and self-abasement. And, of course, the woman had lied, for, even though we see the girl only at second hand, through the eyes of a number of men who, little by little, give us the verbal patchwork that eventually completes the complicated pattern of the story, we cannot miss the appeal which her special type of attractiveness has for more than one of them, —an attractiveness which, through them reaches and holds us in its thrall. Well, imagine such a girl left destitute, penniless, alone in the world, with her father in prison, but soon to be released and without a spot in the world in which to hide himself. At this psychological moment, a young man, strong and loyal, the sort of man that any woman might feel proud of winning, comes into her life. Perhaps it is her gentleness, her utter femininity that appeals to him, perhaps it is the dumb tragedy of her face; but at all events he wants her, and he tells her so. The girl does not believe that he loves her, for she has been taught that no man ever will look upon her with love. She has told him the story of her father, and the man cares nothing for the disgrace of it; he is a sea captain, and his ship will make the best possible place of refuge in which the poor, discredited old promoter may hide from the world. For her own sake, the girl would never bring herself to accept marriage with a man who merely pities her; but for her father's sake she can and does. Yet, with a remnant of spirit, and perhaps because she does not wholly understand her own emotions, on the eve of her marriage she writes a letter, pathetic in its defiance and girlish illogic, in which she tells her lover's sister that she cares nothing for him, and that she is marrying him solely in order to provide for her father after his release. All this is really a prelude to the story that Mr. Conrad has to tell, for the volume opens at the date of the marriage. We get at first only fugitive glimpses, we see darkly, through the medium of many eyes; and little by little, we grasp the tragedy of a man and woman, husband and wife in name only, because of a foolish, proud little letter, living in the enforced intimacy of a ship, and watched hour by hour by a half crazed old man, whose weak mentality fails to grasp the situation and who believes his daughter has sold herself for his sake, and consequently determines to commit murder in order to give her back her freedom. Somehow, in spite of its grimness, half the strength of this story slips away when one attempts to epitomise it by the straightforward method. It is Mr. Conrad's wonderful art of indirectness, his trick of letting us glimpse the truth only gradually and in fugitive flashes, that enables him to shake the very inmost fibres of our being. He has learned one of the cardinal secrets of great fiction: that the joys and the fears of anticipation vastly surpass those of actuality. It is the dread of the hidden thing, the panic fear of to-morrow that gives the ultimate turn of the screw, and Mr. Conrad is unsurpassed in his dexterity in using it.

"INITIATION"

Another writer who reaps the profit of a well-established manner of his own

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is Robert Hugh Benson, whose latest volume is entitled *Initiation*. A good illustration of just what this means was furnished a few days ago by a discussion in which the present reviewer took part, possessing as it happened the advantage of having read the volume, while the other two disputants were a woman who had read the first three chapters but had no other knowledge of the author, and a man who had not even seen the new book, but was familiar with Father Benson's earlier work. The woman was inclined to be surprised, if not a little shocked, by some of the outspoken criticisms of religious usages and theological doctrines which the author permitted his leading characters to utter. The man who had not read *Initiation* explained unhesitatingly that all such utterances must have been introduced deliberately, with the finished art of a master controversialist, for the purpose of using them in refutation later in the book. And of course he was quite correct, although no one unfamiliar with Father Benson's methods would catch his drift until the very moment when he chooses to drive his arguments home. *Initiation* is the story of a young Englishman of wealth and position, a Roman Catholic by profession, yet whose religion is like a loose cloak, ready to slip from his shoulders. The story opens in Rome, where the young man has met a Protestant girl whose faith is of the same unstable type as his own. The two soon fancy themselves in love, although to the reader it is obvious that the attraction between them is simply a recognition of kinship between two phenomenally selfish natures,—a kinship which the first serious clash of interests will inevitably disrupt. However, a rash and premature engagement results, the news of which strikes dismay into the heart of the hero's aunt, a gentle, golden-hearted lady of mature years and youthful spirit, whom any novelist might be proud of having portrayed, and whom few could have given us with the delicate touches and unerring instinct of Father Benson. This perturbed and anxious aunt consults an elderly friend and counsellor in regard to her nephew's prospective marriage with a Protestant, expressing her doubts as to the young man's religious convictions. Her friend says in reply, in substance if not in precisely these words: "My dear lady, the young man is a Catholic, only I should say that he has not yet been initiated." She replies in a puzzled tone, "I don't understand you," and he rejoins, "Oh, yes, I think you do. By 'initiated' I mean just the difference between your religion and his." There in a sentence we have the whole theme of Father Benson's novel; it is the intimate history of a man's initiation into the spiritual significance of the religion which he has emptily professed. In the course of this initiation he is tried as by fire. The girl, whose shallow flippancies he has hoped to make a substitute for a working philosophy of life, is taken from him by her own inane vanity; the sins of his fathers are visited upon him to the extent of robbing him of the light of day; and after protracted agonies, he loses his life in order to find it,—for at the last hour illumination breaks in upon him, and he recognises his monumental errors and gets a grasp upon the eternal verities. Such, so far as a reviewer not wholly in sympathy with Father Benson's views can interpret them, is the general purport of this volume. That it is painful in the extreme, grim with the grimness of a merciless purgatory upon earth, follows inevitably from the nature of the theme. And, of course, the degree of one's appreciation must depend in a measure upon one's individual creed. But the book is undeniably a brilliant piece of controversial work; it has a certain compelling power that forces serious thought; and incidentally it contains two contrasting portraitures of womanhood that stand out from the printed page as though executed by a master brush.

"MRS. BRAND"

The publisher's note which accompanies *Mrs. Brand,* by H. A. Mitchell Keays, defines the story as "a suggestive

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and powerful study of a decadent church as contrasted with an ascendant religion." Such it may appear to some readers, but after the lapse of a week, about all that stands out clearly in the present reviewer's memory is the portrait of a carnal-minded, self-seeking man who, under the cloak of a minister of the gospel is quite ready to betray his best friend and supporter, and to use his secret knowledge of this friend's wife and her past history to accomplish her undoing. The book skirts along the margin of melodrama and frankly is too much overdone to carry conviction. The man is depicted rather cleverly at first, as a fascinating personality and a conscienceless hypocrite, who makes his preaching sensational, not from conviction, but because it pays. Yet, although he is a false friend and a neglectful husband, his deliberate hastening of his wife's death by an overdose of morphine is an act for which the reader has not been sufficiently prepared, and consequently it jars upon us as an artistic blunder. Mrs. Brand herself, as a study of a woman whose emotional complexities are a puzzle to herself, has some fine moments and almost redeems what, in spite of her, must be labelled a disappointing and rather boresome book.

"SHALLOW SOIL"

Murder and suicide and a woman hovering on the brink of dishonour would be a fairly adequate definition of the book we have just been discussing; and suicide and dishonour are also leading ingredients of the volume next in order, *Shallow Soil,* translated from the Norwegian of Knut Hamsun. Yet to put the chief emphasis on this aspect of the volume would be to do it serious injustice. The author's main intent is to satirise existing social conditions in Norway, where it would seem,—at least if we are to accept the vivid and diverting picture that he draws,—that the younger literary and artistic circles are taken, both by themselves and by others, with a most portentous seriousness, while the merchant class, the real backbone of the country, is held up to contempt and ridicule, and tolerated only so long as it good-naturedly pays for extravagant suppers and other social diversions of impecunious poets and journalists. Even a reader with no personal experience of Norwegian life feels instinctively that the author's special brand of satire verges upon broad caricature, and at times one suspects that this whole picture of a Scandinavian Bohemia is a *roman à clef,* in which more than one portrait has been drawn with a certain amount of personal animosity. Unless we make allowance for exaggeration, it becomes impossible to understand how the delicate plants of literature and art could have put forth such a flourishing growth from such exceedingly shallow intellectual soil. Nevertheless, there are just a few unforgettable things in this volume. There are, for instance, Ole Henriksen and his business rival and dearest friend, Tidemant; and their close communions in some little back room of dim old warehouses, fragrant with all the mingled imports from the far-off East; the ceremonial opening of cobwebbed and priceless bottles; Ole's raptures over the beauty and charm of little unsophisticated Aagot, whom he hopes to marry, and Tidemant's unconquerable belief that sooner or later he and his wife Hanska will be reconciled,—all these are features of the book that obstinately refuse to be forgotten. And still another is Irgens, the poet, past-master of the two arts of self-glorification and seduction, — Irgens, whose monumental selfishness drags the innocence of little Aagot through the slime of the underworld and sends Ole to a suicide's grave, yet whose notorious intrigue with Mrs. Hanska is rendered powerless to do harm because of her husband's unconquerable optimism and almost divine forgiveness. The book is sadly uneven, but there are moments in it of monumental bigness.

"VICTORY LAW"

Victory Law, by Anne Warwick, need not detain us long. It is simply one more variant upon a theme which has

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become a sort of obsession with all the women writers of to-day who happen to be interested in the feministic movement. It once again raises the familiar battle-cry of woman's inalienable right to "self expression"; if a husband interferes with her career, let her cut out the husband! Victory Law, heroine of the title-rôle, is an actress who, after years of toil, has achieved an enviable success upon the Great White Way, has received the offer of a London engagement and the intimation that the King desires a private performance at Court. She does not know that she owes her success to the almost hypnotic influence of the leading man; she does not know that the leading man is in love with her; in fact, the amount of things that she does not know leaves us wondering how she knew enough to be an actress at all. Well, the upshot of the whole business is that she loses her heart and what little head she has to a rather pompous scion of an old Knickerbocker family who has an absurdly exaggerated distaste for the theatre and disbelief in the possibilities of an actress's virtue. Well, this gentleman marries Victory Law and removes her from her corrupt surroundings. Among the many things she does not know is the fact that he believes her as corrupt as the worst of her associates; and partly because she lacks this key to his attitude and partly because everything in life conspires to lure her back to the footlights, the good little lady goes through purgatory for a couple of years, until finally she rebels, leaves her husband and goes back to the stage. A most sensible thing for her to do and quite in accordance with probabilities. But the mental and moral somersaults performed by the deserted husband, and the husband's next of kin and connections by marriage, and the love feast partaken in beatific concord by husband, wife, and supposed lovers Nos. one and two, all has a flavour somewhere between that of the *Decameron* and of Offenbach's comic operas,—although even at that we are placing this volume in far too exalted company.

"MY LADY OF THE CHINESE COURTYARD"

It is like inhaling a long-deferred breath of clean fresh air to turn from the above book to the dainty, delicate artistry of a series of letters purporting to come from the wife of a high official of the Flowery Kingdom, *My Lady of the Chinese Courtyard,* by Elizabeth Cooper. By no outward sign is the fact indicated that these letters are fictitious. Perhaps in the ultimate sense of the word they are not really fiction. Through long years of residence in China, and exceptional opportunities for penetration into Chinese courtyards, — in other words, glimpses behind the veil of Chinese domestic life, the author has saturated herself with the point of view of the high-caste Chinese woman; and these letters mirror it back to us with a fidelity forever beyond the reach of even a moving-picture camera. The volume is divided into two parts, presenting two contrasting pictures and separated by nearly a quarter of a century. In the first part little Kwei-Li is a bride of only a few weeks. She is still rebelling against the novel restraints of her new life; she resents the despotic rule of her conservative old mother-in-law; she writhes under the daily infliction of long precepts quoted from Confucius. To crown all, her husband, in the very height of their first wedded happiness, is called upon as attaché to the Imperial Court to accompany certain Chinese dignitaries on a diplomatic voyage around the world. So little, lonely, heart-broken Kwei-Li pours out her very soul in this series of letters, wonderful in their descriptive power, compelling in their tenderness and pathos, illuminating in the light they shed upon a side of intimate Chinese life which to the Occident has been a closed book. The first half of the volume is tragic. Little Kwei-Li bears a son; she is radiant with her new-found joy, and almost simultaneously with the arrival of a letter announcing the husband's early return, Kwei-Li's son is taken from her. The bereaved little

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mother hovers on the brink of insanity; and the incident which saves her, while it might appeal to a certain type of sentimental bigots, would have been a sad artistic blunder if it constituted a closing chapter. Chance throws in her way a shabby, dog-eared Chinese version of the Gospel of St. John, and in reading those marvellous and inimitable pages, the promise of them sinks into her stricken heart and she finds comfort.

But Kwei-Li is essentially and incurably an Oriental, a daughter of the Moon, a descendant of Mandarins. No Western religion, no imported doctrines of the new freedom for women, can ever sink their roots deeply into her nature. In middle age we meet her again, the same Kwei-Li and yet curiously changed. In youth she was a radical according to Chinese standards; but radicalism in China outstripped her in the race with years; and in middle age we find her almost a counterpart of her husband's mother, scandalised at the changes she sees going on about her and firm in her conviction that the happiness of the Chinese wife depends upon the "safe shelter of the Chinese courtyard." This book may be safely commended to all readers capable of appreciating a most unusually sympathetic and penetrating interpretation of an alien race.

SIX BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Prince von Bülow's "Imperial Germany"*

Prince von Bülow's interesting volume is much more than a defence of his policy as Chancellor of the German Empire from 1900 to 1909; it is an illuminating exposition of the methods and ideals of the Imperial Government. The point of view is necessarily one with which those accustomed to American principles of administration cannot be expected to sympathise. Yet the writer is by no means an unenlightened partisan. He is free to admit the defects in the German national character. "Despite the abundance of merits and great qualities with which the German nation is endowed," he says in introducing the subject of domestic policy, "political talent has been denied it." There is no parliamentary government in Germany in the English sense and all attempts to establish it have been futile. The German idea of freedom is individualistic. It is not unlike that expressed by Charles I on the scaffold. The citizen has a right to justice, but not to participation in affairs of state. Our democratic predilections must not blind us to the success of other political theories. The test of a government is the efficiency of its operation. And no one can deny that the German Government is efficient.

The disadvantages of democracy are usually most clearly visible in foreign policy. This evil has been minimised in England by a sort of unwritten agreement between parties that partisanship shall cease at the water's edge. Even so, Ministers have to take careful account of public opinion. In the United States the President has large powers—larger in some respects than those of an English Prime Minister—but he has the Senate to reckon with, though the public be indifferent, and the Senate too often regards party interests. A German Chancellor who has the full confidence of the Emperor can shape his foreign policy pretty much as he pleases. If the Reichstag grows unruly about voting supplies, a new combination of groups can easily be forced. Prince von Bülow gives in these pages an entertaining account of the formation of the "Block" in 1907 and the defeat of the alliance between

*Imperial Germany. By Prince von Bülow. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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the Centre and the Social Democrats. It is a question of managing the representatives of the people, not of following the will of the people. Nevertheless, however autocratic its methods, the German Government does on the whole represent the German people. The Emperor is popular with all classes, except the Social Democrats; and these, though a considerable minority, are still a minority, and one not a little out of touch with the main currents of German life.

Despite occasional instances of failure to accomplish all it would, there is no question as to the success of the German Government in foreign policy generally. Prince von Bülow gives full credit to the sagacity of Bismarck in the years following the War of 1870:

He realised that in Germany the will-power of the nation would not be strengthened, nor national passions roused by friction between the Government and the people, but by the clash of German pride and sense of honour with the resistance and the demands of foreign nations. So long as the question of German unification was a problem of home politics, a problem over which the political parties, and the Government and the people wrangled, it could not give birth to a mighty, compelling national movement that would sweep nations and princes alike along on a tide of enthusiasm. By making it clear that the German question was essentially a question of European politics, and when, soon after, the opponents of German unification began to move, Bismarck gave the princes the opportunity of putting themselves at the head of the national movement.

It was upon the creation of German sea power, however, that the success of German foreign policy finally depended; and for this a large share of the credit must be given to Prince von Bülow and the Emperor himself. The industrial transformation of the Empire required a merchant marine, and the merchant marine required a navy. The task was one of exceptional difficulty, the former Chancellor thinks, because of the jealousy of England, which deemed the movement one of aggression:

Our fleet had to be built with an eye to English policy—and in this way it was built. My efforts in the field of international politics had to be directed to the fulfillment of this task. For two reasons Germany had to take up an internationally independent position. We could not be guided in our decisions and acts by a policy directed against England, nor might we, for the sake of England's friendship, become dependent upon her. Both dangers existed, and more than once were perilously imminent. In our development as a Sea Power we could not reach our goal either as England's satellite, or as her antagonist. England's unreserved and certain friendship could only have been bought at the price of those very international plans for the sake of which we had sought British friendship.

As we learn elsewhere, Germany has always been the good boy of the nations. "For centuries we Germans have aimed at nothing but the defence and security of our country." That presumably accounts for the Emperor's performances at Tangier and elsewhere, and for the urgent desire for "a place in the sun." The friction, which twice reached a perilous stage, between Germany and the United States was another revelation of pacific intentions. Those who thought otherwise were deluded by "the English and American press." All the Germans really want is to have their own way. Their present position in Europe gives them a reasonable assurance of getting it. Prince von Bülow is probably right in assuming that the Triple Alliance cannot easily be dissolved. Yet the interests of Italy by no means coincide with those of Germany and Austria. This was demonstrated in the Tripoli adventure. It was German ambition to obtain a foothold somewhere in North Africa that compelled Italy to take the decisive step. Italy could not afford to be hemmed in on the Mediterranean by possibly hostile Powers. Furthermore, no genuine friendship between Italy and

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Austria is possible while *Italia irredenta* remains unredeemed. And does any one suppose that if Germany had to choose between Italy and Austria she would hesitate? Prince von Bülow has no illusions regarding France. There can be no hope of reconciliation while Alsace-Lorraine remains in German hands; and Germany will never give up the conquered provinces. German foreign policy, therefore, must proceed with one eye on France and one on England.

On questions of home policy he is equally frank. He calls the history of that policy a "history of mistakes." The political disruption of Germany was ended by the establishment of the Empire; but the character of the German people has not been changed. The separatist spirit remains. The English idea of party government has obtained no foothold. The Government must use every party—or every combination of parties—one after the other. The reason is obvious. Without responsibility to the Reichstag, ministries shape their own course and manipulate the parties. Prince von Bülow, himself Conservative, has had to oppose the Conservatives on more than one occasion. Thus, every party being in a sense equally powerless, the ultimate principle of government is despotism. For the Government lays down certain lines to which parties must conform. A reversal of policy because of a hostile majority in the Reichstag is inconceivable. That is one reason why the Social Democrats are treated as aliens and outcasts. Prince von Bülow denies to them the very conception of patriotism. Yet it does not follow that, if they have their own ideal of Germany, they are to be esteemed traitors. He takes pains to show that while their numbers are steadily increasing the number of seats they gain in the Reichstag varies materially. For example, in 1903 these were cut in half. He calls this weakening the party. But the thoroughly unfair system which makes it possible may in the end weaken the Government rather than them.

The pages that deal with the economic policy of the Empire and the results of its industrial expansion are not the least interesting in the volume. There is no question as to the commercial sagacity of the Germans or the formidable nature of their rivalry in the markets of the world. This, too, is another proof of the fact that the kind of government matters less than the nature of government. The modern cry for efficiency has not been unheeded by the Germans. If prosperity is the touchstone of success, then Prince von Bülow may look back to his term of office with justifiable pride. *Edward Fuller.*

II

Mary Thacher Higginson's "Thomas Wentworth Higginson"*

"Oh, dear!" wrote his Aunt Nancy of the birth in 1823 of the eleventh child, "if this would only be the last blessing of the sort which was to fall to our happy lot!" And so began a noble, full and eager life, quietly lived and as quietly narrated by his wife. The pleasant volume is permeated with that reticent gentlemanliness which so distinguished its subject. The secret of Colonel Higginson's popularity was the overflowing fountain of sympathy which pulsed in his veins, says the author; yet in spite of this and his zealous soldiership under the banner of many reforms, his voice was never breathless or strident. Even in 1848, when he successfully kept three voices going at once—the preacher's, the stump-speaker's, and that which cried in the wilderness against negro and woman slavery! Higginson's comment on Beecher is a good comment upon himself. "He makes a wonderful exhibition of popularity and power, and Beecher is always Beecher, at his best and his worst; but still there is a coarse jauntiness about him. And he is the only man I have ever spoken with in public of whom I felt ashamed."

*Thomas Wentworth Higginson. By Mary Thacher Higginson. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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At the age of thirteen he entered Harvard, the youngest of a class of forty-five. In his sophomore year he records: "Many of the class, having become slightly boozy, made somewhat of a noise in prayers." Later comes another entry of interest to those who mourn the degeneracy, even at Harvard, of the college youth of to-day. "What a sight the Chapel presented at prayers this morning! About two hundred panes of glass blown up, the hands of the clock taken off and the dial stove in, and the front panels of the pulpit removed, and 'A Bone for old Quin to pick' written on the wall." After college—where, in spite of cutting prayers and other things for skating, he made a brilliant record—he became assistant in a private school for boys. His salary was $600 a year, out of which he paid $25 the year for a good room and $3 to $4 a month for board. School began at six-thirty in the morning and continued until eleven, with an evening session of an hour. Then he spent a year as private tutor of three boys at a salary of $250 and found. But in spite of his eighteen years' maturity, the Hyde in him occasionally worsted the Jekyll. "I made an Excursion (about ¼12) and attacked the four steel signs in the neighbourhood—no one suspecting but the girls. No danger in spite of the $50 reward."

Sick of teaching, he estimated that he could live on a $100 proctorship at Cambridge and pick up $200 at writing. The proctorship did not materialise, but a call to preach did. He entered the Divinity School and lived on the $100 bonus offered to poor Divinity students. Having doubts about his theology, he left but later returned; and finally, in spite of radicalism and many heresies, began his life of preacher. Opposition to his anti-slavery views led to the resignation of his pulpit in two years, but at last a Free Church gave him a call. Edward Everett Hale was for a long time the only minister in Boston who was willing to exchange with him. But Massachusetts now began to seethe with the Fugitive Slave question. The pastor was arrested for inciting a riot; and soon he plunged into the thick of the Free State struggle in Kansas. "I am always ready," he wrote to John Brown, "to invest money in treason, but at present I have none to invest." He joined in the rash schemes to liberate Brown later. When finally came the call to arms, the ex-clergyman got a commission to open a recruiting office; but he resigned his commission to take command of a black regiment. "Will not Uncle Wentworth be in bliss!" exclaimed his niece. "A thousand men, every one as black as a coal!" One of his captains said he was always fearless, and rode amid flying bullets with note-book and pencil in hand. "Nothing can ever exaggerate the fascination of war," wrote the colonel afterward, "and the danger is so invisible it is not hard to disregard it." Not entirely recovering from a wound which he had not given time to heal, he was forced to resign on account of ill-health. The rest of his long and active life he devoted to lecturing and literary work, fighting still in causes which have happily yet remained bloodless, notably Women's Suffrage and Temperance. "I thought," said Dr. Crothers, "when I heard the bugle sounding Taps for him and the distant response of the muffled drums as his casket was borne by young Negro soldiers, of the passing of Mr. Valiant-for-truth in *Pilgrim's Progress*."

The pen-pictures in his diary of the notable people of his period are delightful. The combination of gentleman and labourer at Brook Farm struck him as perfect. He gives a glimpse of Jenny Lind quite unique. "I was ardent about Jenny Lind, partly because the Boston audience seemed so peculiarly icy. There was no spark of enthusiasm from beginning to end." The pastor and his wife during their first charge entertained all the lecturers who came to Newburyport. He found Thoreau more human and polite than he expected; the hermit talked sententiously, with a manner the most unvarying facsimile of Mr. Emerson's, but with thoughts quite his own. Emerson gave one of his old style lectures with

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his usual gentleness and graciousness. "Charles Sumner stretched his ponderous form of seven feet in length under our roof. He has not very good manners—always sits in the rocking chair, gapes almost constantly without any attempt at concealment. But he is a true moral reformer." Lucretia Mott had the most brilliant eyes and a regal erectness which went with her face—nobody else ever stood upright before. Whittier was Yankee everywhere and could no doubt whittle, but how soft and beautiful was his tenderness! Miss Lucy Stone was a female anti-slavery lecturer, a little meek-looking Quakerish body with the sweetest, modest manners and yet as unshrinking and self-possessed as a cannon. She was a Bloomerised Quaker, and her delicious voice averred she wore them for health, since her lectures obliged her to be out in all sorts of weather.

Almost the last of the old guard was the Colonel, of men whose lives were as stern as they were gracious and serene. He always took off his hat when he voted.

Graham Berry.

III

Theron G. Strong's "Landmarks of a Lawyer's Lifetime"*

If that genial philosopher, Mr. Martin Dooley, had read *The Landmarks of a Lawyer's Lifetime* he might have revised his opinion that "there do be great changes takin' place ivery day, but very few ivery hundred years." Certainly there is much in Mr. Strong's interesting reminiscences of his career at the New York Bar to refute that idea. The law is supposed to be, and, as a matter of fact, is one of the most conservative professions in the world. It clings to old forms, persists in employing obsolete words and quaint phrases conforming to ancient usage, and otherwise delights in time-honoured precedents. But even this fortress of antiquity, buttressed by custom and tradition, has not escaped the spirit of innovation which has transformed so much of American life during the last half century. On the contrary, Mr. Strong demonstrates that the practice of the law has been well nigh revolutionised within that period. His record covers only forty years, yet in his time he has witnessed radical changes in the procedure of the courts, a complete reorganisation of office practice, the appearance of a new class of clients and the development of a new type of lawyer. A generation ago the general practitioner and the family solicitor were still important factors in the legal fraternity. To-day they are almost as extinct as the dodo. Then the law was a profession—to-day it is a business.

All this is clearly set forth by Mr. Strong, and if his volume contained nothing else it would justify itself, for the evolution of the profession as he describes it is a real footnote to history. This is, however, by no means the keynote of his book, which is a well-sustained and admirably written account of legal life in the great metropolis from the early seventies down to the present day, rich in anecdote and illustrated by capital pen portraits of the leaders of the Bench and Bar. Of course most of the scenes and events which Mr. Strong describes are local, but as many of the men whom he depicts were, or are, national characters, his volume will have a wide appeal. Certainly the author's pages do not lack authority, for he has an extended acquaintance among the members of his profession and unequalled opportunities for observing them at close range. At times his portrayal of the jurists with whom he is dealing contains errors of omission. But these are errors of the heart and not the head, and one can easily read between the lines that it is not ignorance of his subjects' faults, but knowledge of their virtues which has tempered the writer's judgment.

No small part of the book is devoted to information intended for junior members of the Bar or those who are consid-

*Landmarks of a Lawyer's Lifetime. By Theron G. Strong. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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ering the profession as a life work, and the advice which the author gives, founded, as it is, on a long and varied career in the courts, is extremely practical and helpful. Indeed, it is not often that a lawyer of high distinction and attainment has permitted the younger generation to enjoy the benefit of his experience, and in so doing Mr. Strong has performed a service, not only to the profession, but to the public.

Frederick Trevor Hill.

IV

Patrick MacGill's "Children of the Dead End"*

Years of service as a reviewer of books cannot deaden, in the mind of a lover of literature, the joy of the thrill when a new real personality comes to meet one through the pages of a first book. In reading this volume the thrill comes to one in the first chapters and holds good until the end, deepening with the realisation of the unusual quality of the writing—and further back than that—of the unusual quality of the author's personality. Patrick MacGill is a new name in literature, but it is not one which will long remain unknown. The quality of the prose in this book is sufficient of itself to name the author a poet. And heading each chapter there are snatches of verse from a previously published book of poems which show a power of realism and a swinging lilt in the rhyme that reminds one more of Kipling than any one else. But it is a Kipling with a far deeper outlook on life, a Kipling with an understanding of humanity and a love for it that comes nearer to Walt Whitman. A poet, in fact, who can stand on his own feet without the aid of comparison, is this Patrick MacGill.

His book is a song from out of the depths from which he himself has come. Dermod Flynn, the Irish peasant boy, working as hired servant on a farm in his own country, then a member of a potato squad in Scotland, and a navvy on construction works in the Highlands, is Patrick MacGill himself by his own confession. It would seem hardly possible to put the intensity of feeling, the intimate personal touch into the portrayal of such a life except in those rare cases where a man can live such a life and yet not let the grinding toil, the poverty and brutality of it, crush out the mentality that struggles to live, and develop, and to find expression. While leading us through the devious paths along which run his life story Dermod Flynn, despite his own sufferings, never loses sight of the life around him. He is a strong individualist, but an individualist who can still see things with the social sense—who can see things and question why. Just as he could always see the beauty of nature even when wandering the high road without a penny in his pocket, cold, wet and hungry.

We follow him from the first picture of the Irish peasant's home, the memory of which is saddened by the shadow of the Landlord waiting always for every penny that can be saved, even saved at the expense of the little life which must go out in death because there was nothing wherewith to pay the doctor. The Landlord and the Parish Priest, these two tyrants, drive Dermod, at twelve years of age, out into the slave market of the County Fair, where little children sell their labour that their parents may pay the rent. The early loosening of home ties, the treatment received at the various farms where he worked, developed in Dermod's soul a great longing for personal freedom and a resolve finally never to work for any particular master. This drives him to industrial life, first in its primitive form of the hired squads of potato diggers, then finally, as his body develops and his muscles grow hard from days of walking the high road and nights of sleeping under hedges, he becomes one of the great army of navvies, the floating population

*Children of the Dead End. By Patrick MacGill. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

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of unskilled labour which moves hither and thither in great human waves wherever some big enterprise calls for a number of strong hands.

Life on the high road, in the so-called "models," a sort of boarding-house for transient navvies, in the labour camps, is portrayed with such virility and strength, with such an underlying sense of the waste of it all, that there are times when it is almost too painful to bear. But with true artistic sense of values these moments are relieved by a simple-hearted joy in the beauties of nature, by a delight in sauntering by the wayside toward the adventure that is waiting around the corner, and by a sort of wholesome outburst of animality which makes Dermod Flynn, even at an early age, the best fighter in the camps. And through it all runs the delicate golden thread of Dermod's shy, half-acknowledged love for Norah Ryan. When pretty Norah, like many another sweet, innocent Irish girl, has gone under in the grip of the cruelty of life, Dermod's pure affection soothes her last moments in a scene that lingers long in the memory, although the two women in it, Norah and her sodden friend Ellen, are social outcasts, and Dermod and his faithful Moleskin Joe rough, unwashed navvies.

Dermod's first attempts at an expression of himself in writing attract the attention of a London editor who sends for him and offers him a journalistic position. But Dermod cannot stand civilisation as represented by the office in Fleet Street and he returns to the open road again. From beginning to end the book is intensely masculine. But it is not the masculinity of Kipling, for instance, not a masterful and possessing masculinity. It is rather the primitive, patient masculinity of the most primitive labour, the tiller of the soil and the unskilled navvy, upon whose strong muscles and broad shoulders all modern civilisation is built up. It is a book which delves to the heart of things with a touch as firm as it is tender.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

V

J. MacDougall Hay's "Gillespie"*

"Man is the blindest of God's creatures. We concert measures and cast the most sanguine of plans, and all the time are weaving a mesh for ourselves. We harness life and put a snaffle-bit in its mouth, and, gathering up the reins, direct our hopeful course. All the time we are trotting down a road that has been prepared for us."

"We are driven by something deep within us that we have got from our ancestors, to do strange things that were allowed in their age, but are unlawful now," she said. "Honk! Honk" vibrant and clear as a bell it rang out high over the snow in response—the bugling of birds borne along by the "something deep" within them—and was heard by these frigate-birds, a man and a woman, sitting facing one another in the pitiable belief that they, alone of all God's creatures, can stem the call of destiny.

These two paragraphs which appear in the first few pages of Mr. Hay's book sound the keynote of the tragic drama of destiny which slowly but surely unfolds itself in six hundred absorbing pages. Although the reader is early acquainted with the prophecy of doom which lowers over the house of Strang, never for a moment does he lose interest in its slow development: for the tragedy of Gillespie Strang is the most poignant of all tragedies, in that it is one of character, rather than of environment. In it, accident, in the ordinary sense, plays no part; unless one regards it as an accident rather than a trick of destiny that, in their blind wisdom, hoping to trick the Fates, his parents saw to it that he grew up with no other education than that of the fisher-folk of the village. And so, in the fertile soil of his ignorance, what in his father was simply keenness became greed. His passion for gain killed every other impulse. It is horrible to see him, when hardly more than a lad, spinning the web which is to enmesh one of his father's friends.

*Gillespie. By J. MacDougall Hay. New York: George H. Doran Company.

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Without scruple, without compassion, he lies and cheats his way to wealth. Weak men, trusting women, confiding children, all are fish for his net. And yet so skilfully does he mask his ultimate purpose under a false good fellowship and heartiness, that for a long period he is regarded as a public benefactor. His warehouses, his ships, his big shop are the pride of the village. Even when they come to a relisation that he is without generosity or pity and turn on him, he shows them that he can make a profit out of their hatred. Yet never, not in the moment of his greatest prosperity, does the reader fail to hear the tread of approaching fate. Day by day, almost hour by hour, he brings it nearer by his own acts, working out his own doom. He cheats his old father out of the savings of his industrious years; he batters the soul of the wife who loved him to death, until she becomes an unspeakable drunken drab, the jest and bye-word of the commonest tavern loafer; he lets his eldest son, one of the few really amiable characters the author has drawn, go to his death in an illy equipped ship which his greed prevents him from repairing properly. All this he survives. His head is bloody though unbowed. Then comes the unspeakable horror of the end for which the reader is not wholly unprepared. While one cannot pity him, while he is a dominant figure of malignity throughout the book, the tragic uselessness and waste of the lives he has spoiled and of his own life grip both the heart and the imagination.

There are four principal characters in the book: Gillespie, Morag, his wife; Eoghan, his son, and Margaret Gilbraith, the widow of the man he despoiled and ruined in the outset of his career. Strong and ruthless as Gillespie himself, she strides on to her revenge, the human embodiment of his pursuing destiny, until, at the last, she sits "in sackcloth at the altar of her revenge." These four characters, drawn with an unfailing sureness of touch and markedly differentiated, are living, breathing, pulsing and human. Each works out his destiny to its logical end. And if for all except Margaret that destiny is death, who will say that hers was the least bitter even if at the end "her heart was purged and purified." The whole book is vivid and graphic and it is done with understanding and sympathy, even, in places, with tenderness. Grim, sombre and unrelenting, it holds the reader from cover to cover. The grotesquely pathetic figure of one of the minor characters, the loyal and loving Topsail Janet would alone give the book distinction.

There are, of course, minor blemishes. The episode of the plague ship, for example, is unnecessary and hampers for the moment the progress of the story which may be considered to be a thought too leisurely as it is. Then there are certain reiterations which are sometimes irritating. The patter of rain drops on the window always suggest the foot-fall of some little animal. The simile grows tiresome. But the very leisurely manner of the author gives one time to become thoroughly acquainted with the least of the many figures and with every turn of the winding streets of the old fishing village. One has more the feeling of having lived in a real place and of having wandered about its streets and the fields of the surrounding country at the conclusion, than is usual.

Without suggesting any comparison, it may be said that the book recalls, partly because of its hopeless pessimism and partly because of its dominant principal figure, the powerful story by the late George Douglas, *The House With Green Shutters*. But for many reasons *Gillespie* is the bigger book of the two. Gillespie is a more gripping figure than Gourley for the mere reason that in Mr. Hay's longer book we have a more careful study of the gradual development of a character equally powerful and sinister.

H. Dick.

VI

Booth Tarkington's "Penrod"*

Almost invariably comparisons are exasperating. To damn a book for the dis-

*Penrod. By Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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criminating reader it is necessary only to speak of it as the American *Madame Bovary,* or the *David Copperfield* of mid Western life, or to suggest that such and such a character in the book deserves a niche in the Valhalla of fiction by the side of, say, Fielding's Tom Jones or Hawthorne's Arthur Dimmesdale. But to this rule there is the very occasional exception, and the exploitation of Mr. Tarkington's Penrod Schofield as fit companion for Mark Twain's Tom Sawyer is to be regarded, not merely without resentment, but as a comparison that is, on the whole, exceedingly felicitous. But if Penrod be a worthy cousin of Tom Sawyer, he is much more a worthy younger brother of Hedrick Madison, that diabolical and delightful boy of Mr. Tarkington's *The Flirt.* He lacks two years of Hedrick's age, and four or five years in the matter of literary precocity, but he has more sentiment, and every bit of Hedrick's riotous imagination. Hedrick, in his fourteenth year, aspired to *Henry Esmond,* and interspersed his conversation with fragments of French derisively intended. Penrod, at eleven, is himself a practitioner of the noble art of fiction, and his Harold Ramorez is a hero of truly epic proportions. The book would be worth while if it contained nothing but the chapter entitled "Romance." Those innumerable dashes indicate that Penrod has learned one supreme trick of his craft—that of leaving something to the imagination of the reader. The present reviewer respectfully calls the attention of Mr.—— —— and Mrs. —— —— and Miss —— —— (despite this evasion the names of those "best sellers" may easily be guessed) to HAROLD RAMOREZ THE ROADAGENT OR WILD LIFE AMONG THE ROCKY MTS. Despite certain limitations they must recognise and acclaim in its author, Penrod Schofield, a young Flaubert, a consummate master of his art.

Blair West Witherspoon.

BOOKS BY NEW AUTHORS

ANTONIN DUSSERRE'S "JEAN AND LOUISE"*

IT is no kindness to this new writer who is introduced to a foreign public with his first book, to quote some reviewer who classes the story as a "French *Tess of the D'Urbervilles.*" But it certainly is true kindness to this "prominent reviewer" not to reveal his or her name. For anything more unlike Hardy's colourful masterpiece than this quiet little book could hardly be imagined. Against a background of the Auvergne mountains a quiet story of human joy and sorrow, told with exceeding simplicity, unfolds itself. Through it all pulses an intense love of nature, a filial affection for Mother Earth who is tyrant and protector alike to that most primitive toiler, the tiller of the soil. Jean Paulhac, son of the richest farmer of the village, loses an arm in an accident. Cut down in the pride of young manhood, thrown out from the ranks of the worker whose capital is physical strength, Jean becomes bitter and morose. But the quiet up on the hills, where he turns to herding as the only work left him, renews his courage. And it is up on the hillside that he meets the little shepherdess, Louise, a girl of unknown parentage. Their love ripens slowly during the long summer days, but ends in sorrow that finally turns to tragedy. It is a simple enough little tale, but there is genuine sincerity and depth of feeling in it and it holds the reader's attention close until the end. For the work of a self-taught peasant it is worthy of even more consideration

*Jean and Louise. By Antonin Dusserre. Translated from the French by John N. Raphael. New York: George H. Doran Company.

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than it justifiably demands on its own merit.

There is one curious quality about this book, however, for which it is not possible to fix the responsibility as we are dealing with a translation here. It would require a reading of the original French to determine whether it is indeed the author who has thrown such a veil of sentiment—sentimentality at times—about the setting and the people of his story, that we fail utterly to get the smell of the raw earth, the sense and touch of natural things. The characters are well drawn and the incidents absolutely probable for the setting. The rapacity of the elder Paulhac, the sensible good nature of Jerome Carrier and his wife, Jean's bitterness and sullen resentment against fate, the idle or malicious chatter of the girls and their natural way of speaking of natural things, are all familiar characteristics of the French peasant as we know him in the national literary masterpieces. But it is in this certain quality of sentimentalising everything that we find it hard to believe that this book is written by a man who grew up a peasant. It might more easily have been written by some highly intelligent cultivated woman living for a time among the peasants and becoming deeply interested in them. It may be the translation that is to blame for this. But the book would linger longer in the memory after reading if it had a little something more of the earth earthy about it: if it, for instance, found the golden mean between its own aloofness from realism and the brutality of Zola's *La Terre*.

Lee Foster Hartman's "The White Sapphire"*

It is greatly to any author's credit if he can do the unusual thing with his first book. Not that *The White Sapphire* as a novel is particularly unusual, it is an amiable, well-constructed story written in easy, natural style and it holds the reader's attention pleasantly until the end even if it is hardly likely to keep him sitting up nights. But while announcing itself as a mystery story it departs from the type in that it gives us no bloodshed, no tragedy of murder, guilt or deception. When the mystery is cleared up, no one has suffered, except possibly one attractive youth who turns out to be not quite as reliable as he should be. But even he is a gainer by his experience in that he has learned his lesson and will do better next time. A mystery story with a happy ending is a good commercial asset and we can wish this one all luck on its way.

All the pleasant turmoil of mystery hinges about the breaking into a safe in the Winthrop country home, and the theft of a ruby. For a time it brings tears to pretty Evelyn Winthrop and anxiety to some other members of her family. Yet in the end, it fulfils an excellent purpose in that it brings together in mutual love two young persons who seem eminently suited to each other. Therefore, since the preservation of the race is an all-important matter to this old world, a mystery which serves so good an end cannot be too highly recommended. The solution of the mysterious disappearances and reappearances of the ruby is a clever bit of modern scientific reasoning. But the reader must find out for himself what happened to the ruby and to the white sapphire, for it would be cruel to him to rob him of a very pleasant hour by revealing the plot here.

*The White Sapphire. By Lee Foster Hartman. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

Ellen Wilkins Tompkins's "The Egotistical I"*

Timothy Wilkes, the egotist of this agreeable little book, may regret that he is not commonplace, but the reader certainly does not. The world would be a cheerier place to live in if Timothy's sweetness of temper were as much the usual thing as he would have us believe it to be. Timothy Wilkes is an amiable

*The Egotistical I. By Ellen Wilkins Tompkins. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

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semi-invalid of an elderly bachelor who loves flowers, the sea, his friends and even his chance acquaintances. But most of all he loves the Youthful Pessimist, a young girl whom he has watched grow up. Against the background of his own well-beloved garden, Timothy talks to us of his point of view of life and mingled in with it is the slenderest thread of the story which is still a delightful little bit of life. All the people to whom Timothy introduces us seem familiar, so much are they like people we have all met at some time or other. Even Ip, the abjectedly affectionate mongrel, is just the sort of dog one sees so frequently. Timothy had deep-laid plans for the Youthful Pessimist, but that energetic young person takes things into her own hands and selects her husband herself.

The book is like nothing so much as like some quiet corner of a well-kept garden where some of the flowers represent the poetry of life, others the Comic Spirit, and where everything goes on its appointed round of seasons carefully sheltered from cataclysmic forces that shake and rend the outer world. Timothy's own garden, his chief object in life, seems its symbol. Applying formal criticism to anything so elusively delicate as this book would be like brushing the down off the rose petals. It is best to let Timothy speak for himself in some samples of his philosophy that the reader may see it will be worth while to cultivate his further acquaintance. In discussing the apparent demise of the art of conversation in our national life he says:

> Our malady is not a dearth of brains, but a dearth of unselfishness, a dearth of interest in what is Biblically termed our neighbour. We are so self-centred that it becomes an actual annoyance to simulate an interest we do not feel, and so we continually stand outside the drab walls of conventionality simply because we are too careless and inert to reach for the key that opens the door of the temple itself——

Then, about the ocean, which he loves:

> It is undoubtedly true that by steadily staring at the shifting waves I have acquired a quaint moral benefit. To my mind the ocean so neatly illustrates the scheme of life and so efficaciously silences the why and wherefores of our existence upon this sphere. The countless waves and wavelets are but the millions of human beings all rolling shoreward to apparently aimlessly break upon the shoals and sand of an everyday life. At the turn of the tide, the Lord and Master of all gathers them together again in his large and capable hand only to repeat the performance with, to the naked eye, scarcely a hair breadth of difference. These waves, but small splashes of water by themselves, have contrived to beat the shifting sand into firm, well-packed beaches; have ground the unsightly stones to tinted and polished pebbles; have even changed the hard rocky face of old Mother Earth herself. I take it that our attempts in this life may lead to like results. Individually we may have failed. But collectively we may not only have justified our existence upon this sphere but have proved a glorification to our creator.

Bertrand W. Sinclair's "North of Fifty-Three"*

This is a rather big book, big with a sense of more than just the vision of what life can mean in the open. It is the evolution of the city woman into the pioneer home-maker in the waste spaces which furnishes the chief plot of the story. Beyond and above that there is a philosophy of life which while lacking possibly the ultimate courage of vision of what things might be, gives an honest, wholesome estimate of things as they are. We first make the acquaintance of Miss Hazel Weir when that young lady is working as a stenographer in a wholesale establishment. She is a wholesome type of the independent, fairly well-educated office worker, is happily engaged to the man she thinks she loves, earns a good salary and her lines lie in

*North of Fifty-three. By Bertrand W. Sinclair. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

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pleasant places. Then suddenly things begin to happen. She strikes the eye and the fancy of one of her employers, and when she refuses even his offer of marriage the man sets to work vindictively to make life impossible for her. He does this very effectively by leaving her a sum of money at his death shortly after, in an accident. The sensational wording of his will sets all the tongues of Hazel's little world a-wagging. The positions she seeks are closed to her and her lover leaves her in suspicious rage. Hazel's realisation of her utter innocence deepens the sting of the falsity of her world, all the world she had ever known. She leaves home and accepts a position as school-teacher in a pioneer community in British Columbia. But gossip follows her, and the unexpected appearance of a travelling salesman who knew her at home shows her how truly scandal has poisoned her life.

Smarting under the sting of this understanding, she wanders off into the woods and gets lost, an event which culminates in her being carried off bodily by Roaring Bill Wagstaff, who has also deserted civilisation for a life in the wilds. But Bill is a very gentlemanly sort of abductor, and though he keeps her up in his cabin all winter, he does not molest her in any way, but tries to win her affection honestly and manfully. The girl is stubborn, however, and when spring comes and she still wishes to return he feels he has made a mistake and lets her go. But it is she who is mistaken, as it turns out, and she goes back to him of her own free will. The full half of the book after that tells of their married life together. They move north into the gold regions of Alaska and pass a terrible winter there, which leaves them rich in that which men call wealth. They return to civilisation and cut a big dash in Hazel's home town. But the man is the stronger, and finally she realises that his view of life is saner and wholesomer, and as the book closes they are again among the pioneers breaking the way for those to come in the fertile valleys of the Canadian Northwest.

Victor Bridges's "Another Man's Shoes"*

When the reader has finished the first three chapters of this book he will sagely remark that its plot sounds familiar. Several earlier novels with a somewhat similar theme will obtrude themselves upon his memory. But by the time he has read several more chapters he will not care to waste time on literary reminiscences. He will keep at this book and not put it down until it is finished. For even if not entirely new in theme, the story of how Jack Burton, unsuccessful soldier of fortune, exchanged identities with Stuart Northcote, successful member of the same fraternity, develops some wrinkles quite its own and gallops onward in a series of thrills that leave the reader breathless. In taking over another man's personality Burton inherits not only a mansion and a motor car, but finds himself caught in a net of intrigue, the dim beginnings of which lie over-seas in a revolution-racked Central American state. Bound by his word to Northcote to balk at no danger, and finally beginning to take a personal interest in it all—particularly in the person of the beautiful Mercia Solano—Burton goes through enough adventures in a week to last the average mortal for a lifetime. In fact he becomes so accustomed to midnight visits from beautiful ladies or would-be assassins—and sometimes they are one and the same person—that when he finally does have an uninterrupted night's sleep, he feels positively neglected.

Besides, when you have been contemplating your last shilling it is comforting to find yourself the owner of a fine home furnished with every comfort, and to have a large sum of money safe in your inner belt. These unwonted luxuries and a sense of delight in adventure carry Jack Burton through the troublous first days of his impersonation of the millionaire Stuart Northcote. After that, he wants to see it out for his own sake,

*Another Man's Shoes. By Victor Bridges. New York: George H. Doran Company.

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and even the startling climax cannot shake him. What that climax—or rather series of climaxes—is, the reader must find out for himself. And the finding out will be most absorbing. There is a crisp, cheery humour in the telling of this tale that obviates the grewsome impression which might otherwise be made by a series of bloody skirmishes which even include a murder. It can be truthfully said that this story will satisfy even the most hardened seeker after fictional thrills, and yet it leaves a good taste in the mouth and a feeling that we would like to read the author's next book.

Ruth Holt Boucicault's "The Substance of His House"*

In the course of one of his lilting rhymes Kipling gives some sound advice to the soldier whose wife prefers his comrade to himself. The "make him take her and keep her" suggestion, with its implied effect of best punishment, seems to hold good in the case of Lady Mary Stanhope, the heroine of this novel. But there were excuses for Lady Mary and she certainly tried her best to do the right thing. She had been married very young to an English nobleman who was much older than herself. Although he is rather a nice sort, is Sir Arthur Stanhope. When he realises that his wife loves a younger man and that she is bravely combating her inclination, it is he who suggests the natural, sensible thing to do. And it is Mary who refuses his proffered divorce, from motives of conventional churchianity apparently. The problem of what would happen in such a case seems like a tempting one to the novelist. But Mrs. Boucicault has chosen the easier way. Sir Arthur conveniently dies and Mary is free to marry Philip Carmichael. But the manner of Sir Arthur's death gives rise to gossip that crushes Philip's hopes of a political career. He and Mary leave England and start life afresh in an orange grove in California.

*The Substance of His House. By Ruth Holt Boucicault. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Their love with its differing degrees of intensity and the influence of the new environment on their differing characters, are painted with delicate sympathy and fine understanding. Then comes the catastrophe which would have made Sir Arthur—had he been present to look on at it—agree with the above mentioned Kipling poem. The catastrophe is the usual thing, another woman—a spirit from the past. Lady Mary seems the sort of woman who might be noble enough to forgive the physical sin while she would stand firm in her demand for mental and spiritual congeniality. This is why it is disappointing to find her succumbing to the same old difference—as if there were nothing else under Heaven that could change the relations between a man and a woman, except another man or another woman! However, the book is well written, the style simple and natural, showing only occasionally the exaggeration—an exaggeration in values—which usually stamps a first novel. It is eminently sincere, and while, as often happens, the principal characters are too much the expression of the author's idea to be really alive, several of the minor characters are free from this fault and are distinctly engaging. The book is a very creditable piece of work for a first effort, and it deserves, as such, a sincere meed of praise.

W. D. Steele's "Storm"*

There is an astonishing vigour and virility about this book for a first effort. It has an overplus of strength which hurtles the pictures at us, pictures sometimes as lurid as those of a Doré Inferno. But too much strength is a fault that time and practice will cure in bringing to the writer a greater sense of proportion, and it is better far in its rich promise for the future than too little strength would be. The book is worthy of note in so many ways that it is hard to choose the quality to praise first. Possibly what first arrests our attention is the fact that we

*Storm. By Wilbur Daniel Steele. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

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are reading a story of life on Cape Cod which is totally different from any other Cape Cod story that was ever published. Think of the placid, quaintly amusing or gently romantic stories of Cape Cod life and people to which we are accustomed, and then try to imagine what this life and these people would be like if portrayed by Zola in his most virile years. For there is a Zolaesque quality about this book which obtrudes itself constantly upon the attention. In the place of romance or comedy we have a brutality of realism, a pitiless portrayal of the risk and dangers, the daily sordid tragedies and the embruting drudgery of the coast fisherman's existence. And it is a new sort of fisherman we meet here, not the native American but the Portuguese, immigrated from the Azores, who are rapidly filling up our New England fishing villages, although they have not as yet caught the novelist's eye. All the danger, all the brutality, all the drudgery is doubly poignant in the case of these aliens who are expected to take their share of it all and to receive for reward the sneering taunt of "dirty Dago."

We see it all through the eyes of Joe Manta, a slow-witted but quick-hitting giant Portuguese fisherman. We follow him through a puzzled childhood and boyhood and a stirring young manhood until the day when he establishes himself as the most dangerous fighter of the village and carries off from another man the radiant girl whom he has always loved, although he scarcely dared speak to her. In fact, Joe's slowness of speech and heaviness of wit in his interviews with Allison Snow seem hardly credible to a man who can talk as well as he can about the beauty of nature and the mystery of life. It irritates the reader sometimes, just as the confusion and abruptness of style in the description of some outbreak of nature's cruelty or man's violence blurs the picture instead of deepening the colours. This, however, seems to be a fault which greater experience at writing will remedy and will leave in its stead a truly remarkable power of description. The background of Joe's strenuous life, the canvas of Cape Cod, is anything but the pastoral setting our writers have hitherto made it. The silent daily tragedy of the women who wait—the most pathetic figures of the fishing village—the women who wait for their men to return from the sea, living or dead they know not, is a poignant note in the general luridness. The description of the porgie ship with its festering freight is one of the most Zolaesque moments. And when the porgie-men land in Old Harbour the Cape Cod village seems more like another Port Said than like its usual peaceful self.

Maravene Thompson's "The Woman's Law"*

When a book has only one apparent aim, which it accomplishes, it is overcaptious to analyse too carefully the ammunition employed. Certainly Maravene Thompson's first novel serves the purpose of passing an absorbing hour amid strange coincidences, odd situations and terse vivid episodes. Founded on a case of double identity, skilfully handled, it is not difficult to surrender one's-self to the suspense which is the author's main concern. It makes no demands upon the reader, but invites him to read it through at a sitting—which is more than can be said of most novels of this calibre. Indeed, there are several new twists unfolded with considerable ingenuity which suggest that the author will no doubt gain the attention of those who merely like a good story. Frankly, the ethics discussed as the motivation of the story will not hold water, but perhaps the idea that a woman will sacrifice everything for the sake of her child is sufficiently popular to make an initial sympathetic appeal. In this particular case our heroine discovers that her husband has killed a man and, in order to keep the shame from her little boy, she resolves to save the father from prison.

*The Woman's Law. By Maravene Thompson. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

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She goes out in the street and finds a double of her husband, whom she brings into her house. It happens that, owing to a shock, this man has lost his memory and so easily fits into the scheme. The husband escapes and the substitute is taken to an asylum, where he is eventually cured save that he remembers little of the past. As it is necessary to keep up the lie, the mother of the boy is compelled to bring the double back to her house, where they promptly and reciprocally fall in love with each other. The doctor in the meantime has become suspicious and discovers the truth. It is easy to see the problem which confronts both man and woman when the fact is revealed. This leads to an inevitable conflict between love and what is called ethics, resulting in a series of rapid, melodramatic situations which will carry the reader along to a proper solution.

There is no denying the popular elements in this novel, written as it is in good, rattling dialogue and wasting little time in its kaleidoscopic whirl. The elemental nature of the emotions, the careful building, the abrupt transitions and twists suggest that it was written primarily with an eye to stage presentation. The glare of the footlights colours the entire story, which is only another way of saying that its externality is one of its best assets for the reader who prefers episode and situation to the inner reaches of character and profundity of feeling.

Margaret Vandercook's "The Loves of Ambrose"*

There is much that is quaintly tender in this little story. The author has succeeded in sustaining the atmosphere she has so skilfully created. One hardly needs the aid of the illustrations to assist in forming a mental picture of the little Kentucy village and its people of the middle of the last century. With the words which first introduce the hero to us: "So Abraham Lincoln may have looked on some dress-occasion in his youth," the figure of young Ambrose rises clearly. The same thing may be said of all the other simple characters. To the reader who has outgrown his taste for the sentimental, this simple old-time story will appeal but little, its homely philosophy and humour will seem tame and colourless. But there are some of us who will turn its pages with pleasure, recalling, perhaps, the day when "We, too, lived in Arcadia." It is a relief, too, to read a story so sectional, so typically Southern that does not depend for background and colour on the Civil War, that great conflict being merely touched upon to mark the passing of the years.

Ambrose Thompson, the hero, is in love with life and with love. He frankly acknowledges his absolute need of the companionship and society of women. So, when Death removes his wives, he always, after time has softened his grief without lessening his loneliness, falls in love again with undiminished ardour. So, in his four marriages, we have the loves, every one genuine and sincere, of his Springtime, his Summer, his Autumn and his Winter. The only thing that troubles him at the last is the problem as to which of his wives will be his companion in Heaven. And it must be confessed that the old man has secretly a preference. His first marriage, a boy and girl affair, had begun with a warm-hearted pity for a lonely girl little more than a child; his second had been the ideal union of his dreams; his third companion had been a little overmasterful; and his fourth and last had been inspired as much by pity for a forlorn woman as his first. The question as to which of the four will be his mate for all eternity troubles the old man considerably. There is, of course, a certain humour in the situation, but it is handled in the spirit of the age and place and could give offence to no one. To those who think that the burning question of feminine domination is a modern invention arising out of the fears aroused by the more aggressive women of to-day,

*The Loves of Ambrose. By Margaret Vandercook. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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it may come as a revelation that it was an issue in Ambrose's time as well. His escape from the strong-minded heiress of the village is one of the most mirth-inspiring passages in this little story, which contains much that is humorous.

Hamilton Gibbs's "The Hour of Conflict"*

It is refreshing to find a writer who, having a story to tell, sets about telling it in a workmanlike way. Mr. Gibbs's theme is not particularly original or daring. But his manner of telling his story is simple and direct, his sense of character strong and his style smooth and clear. He apparently knows his France and has a sympathetic comprehension of the French peasant and his outlook on life. He has what painters call the "seeing eye," and what he has seen he can paint in words. In many places where a less temperate writer would have succumbed to the temptation to over-write, he has exercised that wise restraint which marks the man who cannot only make for himself a literary ideal, but who is strong enough to keep it constantly before him, even in scenes where it would be easy to become emotional and sentimental. There are many well-drawn characters that will linger in the reader's memory, especially the Abbé, his housekeeper, Thérèse, the pompous old doctor, Monsieur Gonsard, père Guerchard, and the mischief-loving Marthe. All of them are sharply characterised. But standing out from them all is the figure of the heroine, Toinette, the simple-minded and trusting daughter of the innkeeper. With her devotion to her father, her reverence for her uncle, the priest, her sincere piety and her innate refinement, she is an appealing figure. When in despair over her one false step she prepares to make the only atonement which she thinks left for her, the appeal to the reader's sympathies is irresistible, although there will still be pity for the young English lad who is the cause of her undoing. Their common atonement is the serious part of the story. One must be a pharisee indeed who will not be glad when they both come into port safely at last.

*The Hour of Conflict. By Hamilton Gibbs. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Munson Haven's "Old Valentines"*

A pleasant little tale in which a pair of young lovers, frowned on by a rich relative, have their devotion and affection tested by the acids of want and poverty with everything ending in the good old-fashioned way, is what Mr. Haven has given us in *Old Valentines*. Phyllis Oglebay, by the accidental drowning of her parents, is left dependent, while still a child, on her father's only brother, Sir Peter Oglebay, a distinguished engineer who has retired from the practice of his profession, full of years and honours. Years before, the brothers had quarrelled, because the younger, a painter, had married a beautiful actress.

The old man finds his home brightened and his dead affections re-awakened by the presence in his house of this beautiful little child. In time Phyllis grows to womanhood and promptly falls in love with a young man who has the temerity to confess that he is a poet by profession. Naturally Uncle Peter cannot be made to take such a profession seriously, particularly as John Landless, the poet, confesses to having an income which only a poet could imagine could be made to provide for two. He refuses to listen to any talk of marriage between the young man and his ward and niece. They solve their problem in the time-honoured way: they run away and are married. Sir Peter is unforgiving. He shuts himself once more in his great gloomy mansion and is by far the most unhappy of the trio. Through the good offices of Mr. Rowlandson, an old bookseller who has dealt with Sir Peter for many years, a reconciliation is brought about, and Sir Peter lives to delight in

*Old Valentines. By Munson Havens. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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the reproach that he is a doting great-uncle, quite unfit properly to look after children.

George Allan England's "Darkness and Dawn"*

Those who like full measure and running over in their tales of adventure will be satisfied with the extent and variety served up to them in the six hundred odd pages of Mr. England's book. One has only to run one's eyes over the headings of the chapters to discover a bill of fare calculated to tickle the most jaded palate if titles mean anything. "Terror," "Trapped," "Doomed," "Catastrophe," "Disaster" are some selected at random. And the writer keeps his promise; while in certain ways his work is open to criticism, he certainly is not lacking in invention. And the field he has chosen is but little trampled as yet by the writers of adventure stories. It would perhaps be demanding too much to ask for a more graceful and less mannered style in a book where the story is so essentially the thing. But if Mr. England could free himself from some tiresome mannerisms, which judging from the number of times he employs them, he rather fancies, his work would gain in simplicity and dignity. "Aloud she hailed: 'Oh! Help, help, help!'" "To him she clung"; "Came Allan to her;" "At her he peered." The author indulges himself in such phrases on nearly every page—forms that the schoolboy of to-day is rightly taught to avoid. If, as is suggested by the dedication, the plot of the book was suggested to him, the author's time could have profitably been devoted to improving his manner of presenting it.

The whole known world has been destroyed some thousands of years before Allen Stern, consulting engineer with an office on the forty-eighth floor of the Metropolitan Tower, and his stenographer, Beatrice Kendrick, awoke to find themselves the only survivors of the vanished races of the earth. Some stupendous catastrophe, unheralded and unforeseen, had destroyed the world they knew hundreds of years before their awakening. From the observation platform they looked out on the ruins of what had been, when they fell asleep, the great city of New York, now once more a forest primeval, overrun with wild beasts and tribes of bestial pygmies. After a battle in which they destroy their enemies with pulverite, they are nearly lost in a maelstrom while attempting to escape in a canoe which they have stolen from the enemy. They find a biplane, which the engineer is able to put into commission, and in attempting to fly westward to discover if the whole world is destroyed, they fall down a chasm and discover a white race who call themselves Merucaans, having in their language a few traces of the lost English tongue.

*Darkness and Dawn. By George Allan England. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

TO WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

THE POET OF "THE FIRE-BRINGER"

BY HERBERT HERON

Dead! and we gaze, unseeing, on your bier,
Where westward thunders roll;
But though you die, your living song is clear
(Prometheus lights your goal);
And till we too are taken, we can hear
That music from your soul!

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THE STORY OF AN EMPRESS

PART V—YEARS OF POLITICAL CRISIS

THE baby Prince William thrived, in spite of the defect in his left arm, which was shorter than the other. We have some entertaining glimpses of him, and of his parents' pride in him, in the correspondence of Priscilla Lady Westmoreland. A German friend of hers, a lady of high rank, wrote to Lady Westmoreland when the Prince was only about a week old:

"I must tell you of my wonderful good fortune—I have actually seen this precious child in his father's arms! You will ask me what this child of so many prayers and wishes is like. They say all babies are alike: I do not think so: this one has a beautiful complexion, pink and white, and the most lovely little hand ever seen! The nose rather large; the eyes were shut, which was as well, as the light was so strong. His happy father was holding him in his arms, and himself showed traces of all he has gone through at the time. The child was believed to be dead, so you may conceive the ecstasy of every one at his first cry."

Prince Frederick William was indeed, as this lady put it, beside himself with joy. He delighted in showing his baby to his friends and loyal servants, calling him "mein Junge."

In the early summer of 1859 the Princess Royal spent a happy holiday at Osborne, and her English relatives and friends thought her extraordinarily well and happy; it was also considered that she had become much better looking. The Queen describes her as "flourishing, and so well and gay," and as "a most charming companion," while Prince Albert tells Stockmar that "We found Vicky very well, and looking blooming, somewhat grown, and in excellent spirits. The short stay here will certainly be beneficial both to her health and spirits."

While the Princess was in England, she was asked by her parents if she would make private inquiries as to any German princesses who might be suited to become Princess of Wales, but the search does not seem to have been successful. It was then that Sir Augustus Paget, who had been for two years British Minister in Copenhagen, spoke to his financée, the Princess Royal's lady-in-waiting, of Princess Alexandra. It was from this lady, now Walpurga Lady Paget, that Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort first heard of the beauty and many endearing graces of the Danish princess. So impressed were they by her account that it was arranged that the Princess Royal should meet Princess Alexandra informally at Strelitz, in the palace of the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg.

This meeting duly took place, and the Princess Royal wrote most enthusiastically of the result of their informal interview. It was directly owing to this fact that it was settled that the Prince of Wales and Princess Alexandra should meet, as if by chance, in the cathedral of Spiers, with a view to making close acquaintance.

The birth of Prince William brought a considerable change in the lives of his parents. Babelsberg had become too small to make a convenient summer home, and so the King granted them the use of the New Palace at Potsdam, which is only about half an hour's journey from Berlin.

This enormous rococo building, with its two hundred rooms, was erected by Frederick the Great at the end of the Seven Years' War, in order to show his enemies that he had plenty of money still left with which to go to war again if necessary. Prince Frederick William was very fond of the New Palace, where he had himself been born, and which was full of reminders of his great namesake. Apparently the only thing he did

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not like about it was its name, for it will be remembered that during his brief reign he altered it to Friedrichskron.

Queen Victoria, on her visit to Babelsberg in August, 1858, had gone to see the Palace, and she describes it in her diary as "a splendid building that reminded me much of Hampton Court—the same colour, same style, same kind of garden, with splendid orange trees, which in the cool, calm evening sent out a delicious smell. The Garten-Saal, one enormous hall, all in marble with incrustations of stones, opening into a splendid room or gallery, reminded me of the Salle des Glaces at Versailles. There is a theatre in the Palace, and many splendid fêtes have been given there. There are some rooms done in silver, like those at Sans Souci and Potsdam, and all in very rich Renaissance style. The millions it must have cost! But none of these palaces are *wohnlich* (liveable in). None like dear Babelsberg!"

The Princess Royal was determined to make, at any rate, her own rooms in the Palace *wohnlich*. After the fashion of the period, she surrounded herself with portraits of her relations, and with paintings of her various beloved English homes. There were endless souvenirs of her childhood scattered about in her rooms—souvenirs of her Christmases and of birthdays, little gifts presented to her as a child and young girl by her grandmother, by her "Aunt Gloucester," and by all those who had surrounded her during the days of her happy youth.

It is curious to reflect that, twenty years after the Princess Royal first took up her residence there, an English visitor was to write: "Without Carlyle's *Frederick the Great,* Potsdam would be a collection of mere dead walls enclosing a number of costly objects. Illuminated by the book, each room, each garden wall thrills with human interest." But when the Princess Royal first went there to make the New Palace her home for a part of each year, it might much more truly have been described as an arid and dusty waste, and that though it was surrounded by many waters. The gardens were very stiff, indeed ugly, but the Princess's active, creative mind saw their possibilities, and under her fostering hand and taste they were transformed and made to yield the utmost of beauty and delight.

The New Palace henceforth became associated, in the minds of all those who were truly attached to the Princess, with all that was best and most peaceful in her life. It was there that she was able to set the example of that helpful and happy country life which she had learned to value in England, and it was not long before its simple domestic character became known far and wide, and exercised an influence the extent of which it is impossible to estimate.

The Prince and Princess had a farm at Bornstedt, not far off, and there the Prince delighted to become for the time a simple farmer, managing himself all the details of the crops and the labourers, while the Princess occupied herself with the poultry and her model dairy. It may, indeed, be doubted whether the Prince and Princess found the farm a very good investment financially, but that was of small importance compared with the spiritual refreshment which they derived from this close periodical contact with the simple, natural gifts of mother earth.

Among the neighbouring villagers, too, they found plenty of scope for the exercise of an intelligent philanthropy, in gradually modifying the primitive ideas then prevalent on sanitation, and in caring for the children and the old people. The Prince would himself sometimes teach in the village schools. A pretty story is told that one day, when he was questioning a class, he asked a little girl to what kingdom his watch-chain and a flower in his button-hole respectively belonged, and when she had answered correctly, he went on to ask, "To what kingdom do I belong?" and the child replied, "To the kingdom of Heaven."

In June, 1859, the war between Austria and the allied French and Sardinian armies, culminating in the defeat of the Austrians at Solferino, brought

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natural anxieties to the Princess. The Prince Regent, while declaring the neutrality of Prussia, nevertheless ordered a mobilisation of the Army for the protection of Germany, and Major-General Prince Frederick William, commanding the First Infantry Brigade of Guards, was appointed to the command of the First Infantry Division of Guards. Though the Princess, thus early in her married life, showed by her quietude that she was a true soldier's wife, it was a great relief to her when the threatened danger was over and the mobilisation rescinded on the conclusion of the Peace of Villafranca in July. Prince Frederick William's promotion to command a division was then confirmed by his father.

The political situation, however, remained difficult, and Prince Albert and his daughter watched it with anxious concern. The following passage in a letter of his dated September is no doubt in reply to some comments of hers on the position of Prussia and Germany in view of the rising agitation for unity in Italy:

"I am for Prussia's hegemony; still *Germany* is for me first in importance, Prussia as Prussia second. Prussia will become the chief if she stand at the head of Germany: if she merely seek to drag Germany down to herself, she will not herself ascend. She must, therefore, be magnanimous, act as one with the German nation in a self-sacrificing spirit, prove that she is not bent on aggrandisement, and then she will gain pre-eminence, and keep it," and he goes on to point the moral in the sacrifices which Sardinia had already made for the Italian idea.

In November the Princess Royal paid a visit to England with her husband in time to celebrate the Prince of Wales's birthday on the 9th, and Prince Albert tells Stockmar:

"We find the Princess Royal looking extremely well, and in the highest spirits, infinitely lively, loving, and mentally active. In knowledge of the world, she has made great progress." The visit lasted till December 3d, and Prince Albert wrote to the Dowager Duchess of Coburg that Prince Frederick William "has delighted us much. Vicky has developed greatly of late, and yet remains quite a child; of such indeed is the kingdom of Heaven."

And after his daughter had gone back to Berlin, the loving father wrote to her:

"Your dear visit has left upon us the most delightful impression; you were well, full of life and freshness, and withal matured. I may, therefore, yield to the feeling, sweetest of all to my heart as your father, that you will be lastingly happy. In this feeling I wait without apprehension for what fate may bring."

On this visit to England the Princess did not fail to see her old friend and ruler, Sarah Lady Lyttelton, who records:

"The dear Princess came in, habited and hatted and cockfeathered from her ride, looking very well though in a *very* bad cold. She embraced me and received me *most* kindly, and took me into her magnificent sitting-room, where I spent almost an hour with her, till she had to go and change her dress for luncheon. She talked much of her baby and inquired after everybody belonging to me, and seemed as happy as ever."

II

The year 1860 was on the whole a happy one for the Princess Royal. It brought her a long visit from her parents and the birth of her eldest daughter, but on the other side of the account the relations between her two countries, England and Prussia, became perceptibly worse.

For the New Year her father sent her one of his customary letters of sagacious counsel, in which may be detected a certain note of uneasiness as to the development of his daughter's powers of self-control:

"You enter upon the New Year with hopes, which God will surely graciously

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suffer to be fulfilled, but you do also with good resolutions, whose fulfilment lies within your own hand and must necessarily contribute to your success, also happiness, in this suffering and difficult world. Hold firmly by these resolutions, and evermore cherish the determination, with which comes also the strength, to exercise unlimited control over yourself, that the moral law may govern and the propensity obey,—the end and aim of all education and culture, as we long ago discovered and reasoned out together."

It is remarkable that early in this year Prince Frederick William appears to have been for a time the centre of the hopes of the reactionary party. The Junkers actually planned to bring about the resignation of the Prince Regent, and to induce Prince Frederick William to assume the supreme power and govern without a constitution, which formed the great obstacle to their military ambitions. This scheme argued an extraordinary misapprehension, not only of Prince Frederick William's honest, straightforward character, but also of all his political ideals. He was, especially at this period of his life, a pure Constitutionalist, with a profound admiration for the free polity of England, and it would be difficult to imagine any form of government which would have seemed both to him and to his wife more immoral, as well as more certain to entail a counter-revolution, than a military dictatorship. It is perhaps not without significance that in March a British warship was launched at Portsmouth and was named *Frederick William* by way of compliment to the husband of the Princess Royal.

In June there was a parade at the Königsberg garrison, at which the Prince Regent said to his son, "Fritz, I appoint you to the First Infantry Regiment, the oldest Corps in the service," and about a month afterward the young commander was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General.

The Princess Royal's eldest daughter was born on July 24th, and was christened Victoria Augusta Charlotte, being known as Princess Charlotte till her marriage in 1878 to the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen. Queen Victoria records the news of the baby's birth in her usual vivid style:

"Soon after we sat down to breakfast came a telegram from Fritz—Vicky had got a daughter at 8.10, and both were well! What joy! Children jumping about—every one delighted—so thankful and relieved."

Only the day before there had come a letter from the Princess Royal containing the intelligence that Prince Louis of Hesse was ardently desirous of paying his addresses to Princess Alice, the Princess Royal's much-loved sister and companion of her childhood. To this Prince Albert refers in writing to his daughter:

"Only two words of hearty joy can I offer to the dear newly made mother, and these come from an overflowing heart. The little daughter is a kindly gift from heaven, that will (as I trust) procure for you many a happy hour in the days to come. The telegraph speaks only of your doing well; may this be so in the fullest sense!

"Upon the subject of your last interesting and most important letter, I have replied to Fritz, who will communicate to you as much of my answer as is good for you under present circumstances. Alice is very grateful for your love and kindness to her, and the young man behaves in a manner truly admirable."

A few days later the anxious father writes to the young mother one of his curious medical homilies:

"I hope you are very quiet, and keep this well in mind, that although you are well, and feel yourself well, the body has to take on a new conformation, and the nervous system a new life. Only rest of brain, heart, and body, along with good nourishment, and its assimilation by regular, undisturbed digestion, can restore the animal forces. My physiological treatise should not bore you, for it is always good to keep the GREAT PRINCIPLES in view, in accordance with

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which we have to regulate our actions."

But it was not all physiological treatise that was despatched from Osborne to Berlin. The Prince has an amusing reference to the busy importance with which the little Princess Beatrice, who was then three and a quarter years old, regarded the arrival of her first niece:

"The little girl must be a darling. Little maidens are much prettier than boys. I advise her to model herself after her Aunt Beatrice. That excellent lady has now not a moment to spare. 'I have no time,' she says, when she is asked for anything; 'I must write letters to my niece.'

"It will make you laugh if I tell you that I have christened a black mare Ayah (as black nurse). I lately asked the groom what was the horse's name, which I had forgotten. 'Haya,' was the answer. 'What?' I asked. 'We spell it Hay, Why, Hay.' You should call your Westphalian nurse, 'Hay, Why, Hay!' "

It had been arranged that the Queen and Prince Albert should pay their visit to their daughter and son-in-law at Coburg at the end of September. By a most unfortunate chance there had occurred about the middle of the month one of those "incidents" which are sometimes, when mishandled by officialdom and magnified by offended national pride, allowed to exercise an influence ludicrously disproportionate to their real triviality. The Macdonald affair, as it was called, at one moment threatened to bring about a serious breach between England and Prussia, and as it was unquestionably one of the causes of the dislike and suspicion with which the Princess Royal was to be regarded by a section of the Prussians, it is worth while to record it in some detail.

A Scottish gentleman, a certain Captain Macdonald, had a dispute about a seat in a railway carriage at Bonn. He knew no German, was ignorant of Prussian law, and very likely behaved, or was considered by the authorities to have behaved, in an autocratic manner. However that may be, he was not only ejected from the carriage, but was committed to prison, where he remained from September 12th to 18th. On the 18th he was tried and fined twenty thalers and costs. The English residents at Bonn warmly espoused his cause, and Captain Macdonald seems, apart from the original dispute, to have had reason to complain of violence used to him, and also of his treatment while in prison. It was also particularly unfortunate that at the trial the Staatsprocurator, or public prosecutor, should have denounced the behaviour when abroad of English people generally. "The English residing and travelling," he said, "are notorious for the rudeness, impudence, and boorish arrogance of their conduct."

This accusation, whether well founded or not, naturally seemed to English lawyers and the English public a piece of gratuitous irrelevance, intended merely to excite prejudice against Captain Macdonald. It is impossible now to apportion the blame for the way in which the incident was allowed to embitter public opinion in both countries. The affair dragged on for months—indeed, it was not finally disposed of till the following May. There were questions in Parliament, Lord Palmerston was extremely angry, and an article in the *Times* served to pour oil on the flame.

In the circumstances the incident inevitably rather dashed the joy of the happy family party at Coburg. The Queen conferred with Lord John Russell, then Foreign Secretary, whom she had brought with her, and she alludes in her journal to "the ejection and imprisonment (unfairly, it seems) of a Captain Macdonald, and the subsequent offensive behaviour of the authorities. It has led to ill blood, and much correspondence, but Lord John is very reasonable about it, and not inclined to do anything rash. These foreign governments are very arbitrary and violent, and our people apt to give offence, and to pay no regard to the laws of the country."

The Queen and Prince Albert arrived

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at Coburg on September 25th, and the Princess Royal delighted in visiting with her father the scenes of his boyhood. She went with the guns to a drive of wild boars, and almost every day there was an expedition to some interesting place in all the relief of *incognito*. One day Prince Albert had a narrow escape. He was alone in an open carriage when the horses ran away. With great presence of mind, he jumped out, and happily got off with nothing worse than a few cuts and bruises. Gustav Freytag, the distinguished German novelist and dramatist, was received, and the Queen records that there was much conversation with him after dinner. As we shall see later, Freytag was admitted to the confidence of the Princess Royal and her husband, and he repaid their kindness in strange fashion.

It was on this visit that the Queen saw her eldest granchild for the first time. Writing on September 25th, she says:

"Our darling grandchild was brought. Such a little love! He came walking in at Mrs. Hobbs's [his nurse's] hand, in a little white dress with black bows, and was so good. He is a fine, fat child, with a beautiful white soft skin, very fine shoulders and limbs, and a very dear face, like Vicky and Fritz, and also Louise of Baden. He has Fritz's eyes and Vicky's mouth, and very fair curly hair. We felt so happy to see him at last!"

This was the beginning of an enduring friendship between grandmother and grandson, and no one with any historical imagination can help recalling the last scene of that friendship, when this fine little boy, grown to be a mighty Emperor, hastened to share the grief of the English people at the death-bed of their great Queen.

The Queen was evidently much attracted by the already characteristic energy of the little Prince, for there are references to him all through her records of this visit:

"Dear little William came to me as he does every morning. He is such a darling, so intelligent." "Dear little Wilhelm as usual with me before dinner—a darling child." "The dear little boy is so intelligent and pretty, so good and affectionate." "Had a last visit from dear Stockmar. Toward the end of his stay, dear little William came in and played about the room." "The darling little boy with us for nearly an hour, running about so dearly and merrily." "At Cologne our darling little William was brought into our carriage to bid good-bye. I felt the parting deeply."

Prince Albert wrote to the Duchess of Kent:

"Your great-grandson is a very pretty, clever child—a compound of both parents, just as it should be."

Mrs. Georgina Hobbs, the nurse mentioned above, first went to Germany as a maid in the service of the Princess Royal on her marriage, and was afterward promoted to be chief nurse to the Royal children. Prince William and his brother and sisters were devotedly attached to "Hobbsy," as they called her, and it was from "Hobbsy" that they learned English, for their parents always talked German to one another.

The Princess Royal, perhaps naturally, preferred to have her children's nursery arranged and conducted on the English rather than on the German model, but who can doubt that in this, as in other matters of even less importance, she would have done better to have studied the susceptibilities of her adopted country? Indeed, Dr. Hinzpeter, who was afterward appointed the tutor of her sons, bears witness that her nursery management became a great subject of gossip among the Berliners, and stories were even current of corporal punishment administered before the Court to princes with dirty faces. It is true that Dr. Hinzpeter describes these stories as mythical, but the fact that they were circulated and believed helps to account for the Princess's growing unpopularity.

At this period Prince Albert was seriously disturbed by the attacks which the

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Times was constantly making on Prussia and everything Prussian. In an article in the *Saturday Review,* recommended by him to his daughter, it was said: "The only reason the *Times* ever gives for its dislike of Prussia is that the Prussian and English Courts are connected by personal ties, and that British independence demands that everything proceeding from the Court should be watched with the most jealous suspicion."

The Prince was honestly indifferent to the insinuations against himself by which these attacks were frequently pointed, but he was reasonably anxious about the bad effect they would have in Germany. Writing to his daughter on October 24th, after his return to England, he refers to the Macdonald affair, which had already become acute:

"What abominable articles the *Times* has against Prussia! That of yesterday upon Warsaw and Schleinitz is positively too wicked. It is the Bonn story which continues to operate, and a total estrangement between the two countries may ensue, if a newspaper war be kept up for some time between the two nations. Feelings, and not arguments, constitute the basis for actions. An embitterment of feeling between England and Prussia would be a great misfortune, and yet they are content in Berlin to make no move in the Bonn affair."

It was only too true that the Prussian Government was in no hurry to settle the Macdonald affair. The bitterness which it engendered did not die out till long after its formal termination in May of the following year, and undoubtedly it contributed far more than was suspected at the time to increase the delicacy and difficulty of the Princess Royal's position. It was actually thought in Germany that she inspired the attacks in the British Press. "This attitude of the English newspapers preys upon the Princess Royal's spirits and materially affects her position in Prussia," so wrote Lord Clarendon.

This autumn and winter Prince Albert, in spite of many political and other anxieties and a sharp attack of illness, faithfully continued to instruct his daughter in the art of government.

It does not seem ever to have crossed his mind that such instruction, though admirable in itself, was ill-advised, in view of his pupil's position. The ideal woman in Prussia was then, and still is to a large extent, one who, conscious of her intellectual inferiority, contents herself with managing her household and children. If this view obtained with regard to women in private stations, much more was it considered to be the duty of princesses of the Royal House to abstain from any active interest in public affairs. But either Prince Albert did not appreciate this, or it is possible that he thought his daughter to be freed by her exceptional ability from the ordinary restrictions and limitations of her rank. There is yet a third possibility—that he did not altogether trust his son-in-law's political judgment, and was anxious to give him, in the troublous times that seemed impending, an help-meet who could influence him in the right, that is, in the Coburg direction. Whatever may have been the reason, the Prince certainly continued to the end of his life to cultivate his daughter's knowledge and grasp of public affairs.

In December, 1860, the Prince Consort received from Berlin a memorandum upon the advantages of a law of Ministerial responsibility. Its object was to remove the apprehensions entertained in high quarters at the Prussian Court as to the expediency of a measure of this kind. This memorandum was the work of the Princess Royal, and it is easy to imagine what a storm of indignation would have arisen in Prussia if by any accident or indiscretion the knowledge that the Princess had written such a paper had leaked out.

Still, it was undoubtedly an able piece of work. Sir Theodore Martin says that it would have been remarkable as the work of an experienced statesman; and, as the fruit of the liberal political views in which the Prince had been at pains to train its author, it must have

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filled his mind with the happiest auguries for her fulfilment of the great career which lay before her. "It would have delighted your heart to read it," were his words in writing to Baron Stockmar.

To his daughter he sent a long and flattering reply, beginning: "It is remarkably clear and complete, and does you the greatest credit. I agree with every word of it, and feel sure it must convince every one who is open to conviction from sound logic, and prepared to follow what sound logic dictates."

This pathetic faith in the potency of logic in political affairs is hard to reconcile with the Prince Consort's earlier and sounder dictum that feelings, not arguments, constitute the basis for actions. It is evident from the rest of the letter that the Princess had laid it down that the responsibility of his advisers does not in fact impair the monarch's dignity and importance, but is really for him the best of safeguards. She had gone on to discuss the proposition that the patriarchal relation in which the monarchs of old were supposed to stand towards their people was preferable to the constitutional system which interposes the Minister between the sovereign and his subjects. Her father's comments on this would have seemed to many Prussians most heretical doctrine to be imparted to their future Queen.

The patriarchal relation, he says, is pretty much like the idyllic life of the Arcadian shepherds—a figure of speech, and not much more. It was the fashionable phrase of an historical transition-period. Monarchy in the days of Attila, of Charlemagne, of the Hohenstaufen, of the Austrian Emperors, of Louis XI, XII, XIII, XIV, XV, etc., was as little like a patriarchal relation as anything could me. On the contrary, it was sovereignty based upon spoliation, war, murder, oppression, and massacre. That relation was sedulously developed in the small German States, whose rulers were little more than great landed proprietors, during a short period in the eighteenth century, and was cherished out of a sentimental feeling. It then gave way before the Voltairean philosophy during the reigns of Frederick II, Joseph II, Louis XVI, etc., was turned topsy-turvy by the French Revolution, and finally extinguished in the military despotism of Napoleon.

The Prince went on to say that in the great war of liberation the people and their princes stood by one another in struggling for the establishment of civic freedom, first against the foreign oppressor, and then as citizens in their own country; and the treaties of 1815, as well as the appeal to the people in 1813, decreed constitutional government in every country. The charter was granted in France, and special constitutions were promised in all the States; even to Poland the promise of one was made, although there, as well as in Prussia and Austria, that promise was not kept. Then came the Holy Alliance and introduced reaction into Germany, France, Spain and Italy, by dint of sword and Congress (in 1817-1823). Once more the patriarchal relation was fostered with the sentimentalism of the Kotzebue school, and the betrayed peoples were required to become good children, because the Princes styled themselves good fathers! The July Revolution, and all that has taken place since then, sufficiently demonstrate that the peoples neither will nor can play the part of children.

As for the personal government of absolute Sovereigns, Prince Albert declared that to be a pure illusion. Nowhere does history present us with such cases of government by Ministers and favourites as in the most absolute monarchies, because nowhere can the Minister play so safe a game. A Court cabal is the only thing he has to fear, and he is well skilled in the ways by which this is to be strangled. History is full of examples. Recent instances have occurred where the personal discredit into which the Sovereign has fallen makes the maintenance of the monarchy, not as a form of government, but as an effective State machine, all but impossible.

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When, as in the case of the King of Naples, this result has arisen, all that people are able to say in defence is, "He was surrounded by a bad set, he was badly advised, he did not know the state the country was in." To what purpose, then, is personal government, if a man in his own person knows nothing and learns nothing?

The Sovereign should give himself no trouble, said the Prince in conclusion, about details, but exercise a broad and general supervision, and see to the settlement of the principles on which action is to be based. This he can, nay, must do, where he has responsible Ministers, who are under the necessity of obtaining his sanction to the system which they pursue and intend to uphold in Parliament. This the personally ruling Sovereign cannot do, because he is smothered in details, does not see the wood for the trees, and has no occasion to come to an agreement with his Ministers about principles and systems, which to both him and them can only appear to be a great burden and superfluous nuisance.

How these doctrines would have been regarded by probably the majority of Prussians appears from another letter which the Prince wrote a fortnight later. His daughter had sent him an article from the Conservative *Kreuz-Zeitung,* and on it he comments:

"The article expresses in plain terms the view that *Monarchy* as an institution has for that party a value only so long as it is based upon arbitrary will; and so these people arrive at precisely the same confession of faith as the Red democrats, by reason of which a Republic is certain to prove neither more nor less than an arbitrary despotism. Freedom and order, which are set up as political antitheses, are, on the contrary, in fact, synonymous, and the necessary consequences of *legality.* 'The majesty of the law' is an idea which upon the Continent is not yet comprehended, probably because people cannot realise to themselves a dead thing as the supreme power, and seek for *personal* power in government or people. And yet virtue and morality are also dead things, which nevertheless have a prerogative and a vocation to govern living men—*divine laws,* upon which our human laws ought to be moulded."

Christmas brought the customary exchange of loving gifts. Prince Louis of Hesse, now the betrothed of Princess Alice, joined the family circle in England, and Prince Albert writes to his daughter in Berlin:

"Oh! if you, with Fritz and the children, were only with us! Louis was an accession. He is a very dear good fellow, who pleases us better and better daily. In my abstraction I call him 'Fritz.' *Your Fritz* must not take it amiss, for it is only the personification of a beloved, newly bestowed, full-grown son.

"But to return to the dear Christmas festival! Your gifts which were there have caused the highest delight, and those we have yet to expect will be looked for with impatience. To the latter belong Wilhelm's bust, Fritz's boar's head—for which in the meantime I beg you will give the lucky huntsman my hearty thanks. Wilhelm shall be placed in the light you wish when he issues (I hope unbroken) from his dusty box. The album, which arrived yesterday morning, is very precious to us, as it enables us to live altogether beside you—in imagination.

"Prejudice walking to and fro in flesh and blood is my horror, and, alas, a phenomenon so common; and people plume themselves so much upon their prejudices, as signs of decision of character and greatness of mind, nay, of true patriotism; and all the while they are simply the product of narrowness of intellect and narrowness of heart."

On January 2, 1861, died the King of Prussia, Frederick William IV, and his brother, the Prince Regent, succeeded as William I. Prince Frederick William became Crown Prince of Prussia, and henceforth the Princess Royal was called, both in England and in Germany, the Crown Princess.

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In the *Letters of Queen Victoria* there is a most impressive account, written by the Princess Royal, and there published for the first time, of the death of the King of Prussia. The event moved her the more deeply because, not only was she present at the death-bed, but it was really her first sight of death.

The King had been ailing so long that those about him had ceased to be specially anxious. On Monday evening, December 31, the Prince and Princess Frederick William were sitting at tea with the Prince Regent and the Princess of Prussia, when there was brought bad news from Sans Souci, but still nothing to make them particularly uneasy. In the middle of the night, or rather early next morning, they were called up with the intelligence that all hope for the King had been abandoned.

Without waiting for any kind of carriage, although, as the Princess notes, there were twelve degrees of cold Réaumur, she and Prince Frederick William hurried on foot to the Prince of Prussia's palace. From thence they went in a special train to Potsdam. There they found the King dying, and the members of the Royal family standing round watching the death struggle. The painful scene went on till five the next afternoon, when Prince Frederick William wisely sent the Princess off to bed. At one o'clock in the morning of January 2d they were again called, with the news that the King had not many minutes more to live.

The letter in which all these facts are recorded is a remarkable composition, especially when it is remembered that the writer was only twenty. We may be sure that any thought of literary effect was far from her, and yet no one, reading it now after the lapse of so many years, can be insensible to the poignancy of this simple, unstudied, almost artless description of the scene in the death-chamber—the dim lamp; the silence broken only by the crackling of the fire and the death-rattle; the Queen, Elizabeth, continually wiping the perspiration from the dying man's forehead.

But the letter also shows how really noble was the new Crown Princess's outlook on life. She speaks with the warmest affection of her parents-in-law: "May God bless and preserve them, and may theirs be a long and happy reign," and she goes on to describe the King as he lay dead, peaceful and quiet like a sleeping child. She could hardly bring herself to believe that this was really death, "that which I had so often shuddered at and felt afraid of"; there was nothing dreadful or appalling, only a heavenly calm and peace.

The Crown Princess also speaks with deep feeling for the Queen Dowager, who had never really liked her, and who, as we know, had been in sympathy so pro-Russian all through the Crimean War. But this grief brought the two together as perhaps nothing else could have done, and the Princess says: "She was so kind to me, kinder than she has ever been yet, and said I was like her own child and a comfort to her."

Prince Albert was evidently greatly moved by his daughter's letter. In his reply he reminds her that in one of the most impressive experiences of life she was now older than himself. The more frequently you look upon the body, the stronger will be your conviction that yonder casing is not the *man,* yea, that it is scarcely conceivable how it can have been. In seeing and observing the approach of death, as you have been called upon to do, you have become older in experience than myself. I have never seen any one die." To Stockmar the Prince wrote that "The Princess, now Crown Princess, has in the late trying time at Berlin again behaved quite admirably, and receives on all sides the most entire recognition."

That same eventful January of 1861, the Princess lost two firm and loyal friends in Lord and Lady Bloomfield. She parted with them with great regret, and presented to Lady Bloomfield a bust of little Prince William done by herself.

At that time it must indeed have seemed to the Crown Princess as if all her own and her husband's hopes and

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aspirations for a full and useful public life were about to be amply fulfilled. The new King had not only always been an affectionate father to his only son and heir, but he had also been marked among the princes of his time for his liberal opinions and English sympathies.

The third anniversary of the Crown Princess's marriage came very soon after the death of the old King, and writing on that day to her mother she said: "Every time our dear wedding day returns I feel so happy and thankful—and live every moment of that blessed and never-to-be-forgotten day over again in thought. I love to dwell on every minute of that day; not a hope has been disappointed, not an expectation that has not been realised, and much more—that few can say—and I *am* thankful as I ought to be."

Soon after the accession of William I, Herr Max Duncker was formally attached to the Crown Prince as a channel of communication in State matters. Duncker had been Professor of History at the Universities of Halle and Tubingen, and had also obtained some practical experience of politics as a member of the Frankfort and Erfurt Diet, and as a Prussian deputy. He had indeed been chosen by Stockmar for the position of confidential adviser to the Prince, with whom and with the Princess he was already in favour; and he saw in his new post an opportunity of sowing seed which might one day spring up and bear fruit an hundred-fold.

In March the death of the Duchess of Kent deprived the Crown Princess of a grandmother to whom she had been very warmly attached, and with whom was associated all the events of her happy childhood and girlhood.

On receiving the unexpected news, for the Duchess of Kent had only been really ill a few hours, the Princess started for England, not entirely with the approval of her father-in-law. The Prince Consort, who in this matter of his daughter's relations to her father-in-law always showed exceptional tact, wrote and thanked the King: "Her stay here has been a great comfort and delight to us in our sorrow and bereavement, and we are truly grateful for it."

The problem of the Schleswig-Holstein duchies and the unfortunate Macdonald affair combined to draw England and Prussia still further apart. It is true that the latter was formally settled in May, but the bad feeling it created was not appeased. Lord Palmerston said in the House that the conduct of the Prussian Government had been a blunder as well as a crime, while the Prussian Foreign Minister (Baron von Schleinitz), then on the eve of his retirement, retaliated with a stiff rejoinder.

A leading article in the *Times*, backing up Palmerston's view, is described by Prince Albert, in a letter to Berlin, as "studiedly insulting." At the same time the Prince saw clearly that Schleinitz had made a mistake in mixing up the Macdonald affair with *la haute politique*. "In Germany the idea of the State in the abstract is a thing divine; here it means the freedom of the individual citizen." And he goes on to say that the feeling in England ought to teach Prussia that mere talk will not do.

"Prussia has been always talking of being the only natural and real ally of England, but since 1815 she has taken no part in any European question. Prussia sets up a claim to stand at the head of Germany, but she is not German in her conduct. The Zollverein was the only really German action to which she can point. She leads Germany, not upon the path of liberty and constitutional development, which Germany (Prussia included) requires and desires. I can imagine that with the high military pretensions to which she has laid claim for the last forty-five years, she suffers under an oppressive consciousness that her army is the only one which during this long period has not been called into action. I repeat, however, that a large, liberal, generous policy is the preliminary condition for an alliance with England, for hegemony in Germany, and for her military renown."

These were the views with which the

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Crown Princess was steadily indoctrinated. It is possible that she found them a little too cool and impartially objective for her patriotism, but if so, there is no trace of such disagreement in Prince Albert's correspondence.

It was fortunate that Prussian opinion was at this time distracted by the thought of the coming coronation of the new King. The ceremony raised certain questions which, though nominally concerned with mere ceremonial, possessed in reality considerable importance from a constitutional point of view. The principal question was whether the oath of allegiance traditionally taken by the estates of the realm was consistent with the new constitutional law desired by the King. Apparently the King wished the oath to be taken, but was dissuaded by his Ministers, and it was decided that his Majesty should simply be crowned at Königsberg in the presence of the Landtag.

In July, 1861, the Crown Prince, who had gone with the Crown Princess to pay a visit to Queen Victoria, wrote from Osborne a long and remarkable letter to his father, a passage in which shows how constantly he consulted his wife on questions of high politics.

The Crown Prince begs the King not to regard the coronation with repugnance on account of the omission of the oath of allegiance. He describes the act of assuming the crown as a despotic act, and as a solemn proof that the crown is not conferred by any earthly power, in spite of the prerogatives abandoned in 1848. He goes on to argue that the ceremony will compel the Great Powers to show deference to Prussia by sending ambassadors, and that therefore it ought to take place in Berlin. In this way it would exhibit the development of Prussia. Frederick I, by being crowned at Königsberg, marked the beginning of a new era for the State, but now a coronation at Berlin would mark the new future which opened out for Prussia as the defender of the United German territories. The Crown Prince advised that the King and Queen should go to Königsberg before the coronation in Berlin, either to receive the oath of allegiance or to hold a great reception, and then he goes on:

"I have ventured, dear father, to express my opinion quite frankly, though you may perhaps be surprised by my strong inclination for the coronation ceremony. The fact is simply that I have often calmly discussed this with Vicky as the only desirable conclusion, when I saw the increasing difficulties arising in your mind with reference to the oath of allegiance."

These opinions of the Crown Prince's, in which his wife evidently concurred, would hardly have been approved by Prince Albert. They show the future Emperor Frederick in a new light—no longer as the liberal constitutionalist, the firm admirer of England's free polity, but as the champion of the divine right of the Hohenzollerns, with a splendid vision of a united Germany under the military protection of Prussia. At the same time there is that qualifying sentence in which the Crown Prince refers to the plan of a coronation at Berlin almost as if he and his wife had been driven to recommend it as the only solution of the King's difficulties regarding the oath of allegiance.

The whole question becomes the more interesting in the light of a remarkable piece of dynastic history which was revealed for the first time at the jubilee celebrations of the Emperor William II in June, 1913, in an address by Professor Hintze at the Berlin University. It seems that his Imperial Majesty was informed, before his father's death in 1888, that upon that event a sealed document of high importance would be placed in his hands. When he read it, he found that it was the political testament of his great-uncle, King Frederick William IV of Prussia, brother of the Emperor who made united Germany.

As its name implies, the paper contained King Frederick William's advice to his successors on the Throne of Prussia. Part at least of these counsels was deemed to be possibly so seductive to Sovereigns of a certain temperament that the Emperor William II felt it his duty

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to commit the whole paper to the flames. The Royal testator, who inherited from his mother, Queen Louise, an exceedingly exalted idea of the rights of the Crown, recommended his successors to revoke the written Constitution which he himself had granted his people. But he had a high sense of the obligations of his kingly word and of his Royal oath, and accordingly he advised any of them who might take the step to take it before he had sworn to observe the Constitution at his coronation.

The Emperors William I and Frederick III seem to have been content with ignoring the testament. It was left for their successor, William II, fearful lest it might one day tempt some "young and inexperienced ruler" into dangerous paths, to destroy it. His apprehensions were curiously strong. He felt, he told Professor Hintze, as if he had a barrel of gunpowder in his house, and he knew no peace until he had got rid of the terrible document.

We need not discuss here whether these apprehensions were well founded. What is of the highest interest is the knowledge, thus come to light after so many years, of this extraordinary political testament. It had unquestionably been read at this time, July, 1861, by the new King William I, and it is equally certain that it had not then been read by the Crown Prince and Crown Princess. Probably the knowledge of the document would have modified the views expressed in the Crown Prince's letter from Osborne. In any case, it seems so far to have influenced the new King that he rejected his son's advice and adhered to his decision in favour of a coronation at Königsberg, which duly took place there with all suitable pomp on October 18th.

Among the very few published letters of the Crown Princess is one which she wrote to her mother describing the ceremony. She modestly declares herself "a very bad hand at descriptions," but no one who reads the letter now could possibly agree with that. On the contrary, she shows the same remarkably vivid and picturesque power of narration of which we had an example in her account of the death-bed of King Frederick William IV.

The fact that the day chosen for the coronation was her husband's birthday gave the Crown Princess great pleasure, as also that an English artist, Mr. George Housman Thomas, was commissioned to paint a picture entitled "Homage of the Princess Royal at the Coronation of the King of Prussia."

Lord Clarendon, who was the British Special Ambassador on the occasion, writing to Queen Victoria on the day after the coronation, observed that "*the* great feature of the ceremony was the manner in which the Princess Royal did homage to the King. Lord Clarendon is at a loss for words to describe to your Majesty the exquisite grace and the intense emotion with which her Royal Highness gave effect to her feelings on the occasion. Many an older as well as younger man than Lord Clarendon, who had not his interest in the Princess Royal, were quite as unable as himself to repress their emotion at that which was so touching, because so unaffected and sincere."

Lord Granville also wrote to Prince Albert, "One of the most graceful and touching sights ever seen was the Princess's salute of the King."

Lord Clarendon added, in his letter to the Queen, the striking words: "If his Majesty had the mind, the judgment, and the foresight of the Princess Royal, there would be nothing to fear, and the example and influence of Prussia would soon be marvellously developed. Lord Clarendon has had the honour to hold a very long conversation with her Royal Highness, and has been more than ever astonished at the *statesmanlike* and comprehensive views which she takes of the policy of Prussia, both internal and foreign, and of the *duties* of a Constitutional King."

Unfortunately, Prussia was far from desiring the wife of the Heir Apparent to entertain any views, statesmanlike or other, on either domestic or foreign policy.

(*To be continued*)

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THE BOOK MART

A list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold by the booksellers throughout the country between the 1st of March and the 1st of April:

FICTION

City	1st on List	2d on List
New York	The Devil's Garden	Overland Red
Albany, N. Y.	Diane of the Green Van	Cap'n Dan's Daughter
Atlanta, Ga.	Diane of the Green Van	The Devil's Garden
Baltimore, Md.	Diane of the Green Van	Cap'n Dan's Daughter
Boston, Mass.	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	Diane of the Green Van
Buffalo, N. Y.	The Inside of the Cup	T. Tembarom
Chicago, Ill.	The Inside of the Cup	Diane of the Green Van
Cincinnati, Ohio	Diane of the Green Van	On the Seaboard
Cleveland, Ohio	The Best Man	Diane of the Green Van
Dallas, Texas	My Wife's Hidden Life	Diane of the Green Van
Denver, Colo.	Old Valentines	The Intriguers
Des Moines, Iowa	Diane of the Green Van	The Inside of the Cup
Detroit, Mich.	The Devil's Garden	Cap'n Dan's Daughter
Indianapolis, Ind.	The Inside of the Cup	When Ghost Meets Ghost
Kansas City, Mo.	T. Tembaron	The Inside of the Cup
Los Angeles, Cal.	The Devil's Garden	The Inside of the Cup
Louisville, Ky.	The Light of Western Stars	The Best Man
Memphis, Tenn.	Diane of the Green Van	The Devil's Garden
Milwaukee, Wis.	The Inside of the Cup	Black is White
Minneapolis, Minn.	Diane of the Green Van	Cap'n Dan's Daughter
New Haven, Conn.	The Fortunate Youth	Peacock Feather
New Orleans, La.	The Inside of the Cup	Laddie
Norfolk, Va.	The Light of Western Stars	Sunshine Jane
Omaha, Neb.	The Devil's Garden	Diane of the Green Van
Philadelphia, Pa.	Overland Red	The Witness for the Defense
Philadelphia, Pa.	Diane of the Green Van	Sunshine Jane
Portland, Me.	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	Overland Red
Portland, Ore.	Diane of the Green Van	Pollyanna
Richmond, Va.	Pollyanna	Overland Red
Rochester, N. Y.	Diane of the Green Van	Overland Red
St. Louis, Mo.	Diane of the Green Van	The Inside of the Cup
St. Louis, Mo.	The Inside of the Cup	T. Tembarom
St. Paul, Minn.	T. Tembarom	Diane of the Green Van
San Francisco, Cal.	The Fortunate Youth	Pollyanna
Seattle, Wash.	Diane of the Green Van	The Inside of the Cup
Spokane, Wash.	The Inside of the Cup	Laddie
Toledo, Ohio	Diane of the Green Van	The Best Man
Toronto, Canada	The Rock of Valpré	T. Tembarom
Waco, Tex.	The Devil's Garden	Pidgin Island
Washington, D. C.	Pollyanna	The Devil's Garden
Worcester, Mass.	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	Pollyanna

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Cap'n Dan's Daughter	Light of Western Stars	Miss Billy Married	Fortitude
Overland Red	Pidgin Island	Miss Billy Married	Barnabetta
Light of Western Stars	Pollyanna	The Woman Thou Gavest Me	The Rocks of Valpré
Sunshine Jane	Pollyanna	The Inside of the Cup	The Rocks of Valpré
Overland Red	When Ghost Meets Ghost	Black is White	The Rocks of Valpré
Light of Western Stars	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	Overland Red	Dark Hollow
Pollyanna	Laddie	T. Tembarom	Sunshine Jane
Overland Red	The Best Man	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	The Red Emerald
Darkness and Dawn	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	Black is White	Overland Red
T. Tembarom	Pollyanna	The Inside of the Cup	The Devil's Garden
The Devil's Garden	Sunshine Jane	Diane of the Green Van	The Eagle's Mate
Laddie	T. Tembarom	The Woman Thou Gavest Me	The Passionate Friends
Diane of the Green Van	The Inside of the Cup	T. Tembarom	Sunshine Jane
The Devil's Garden	On the Seaboard	Pollyanna	Otherwise Phyllis
Diane of the Green Van	When Ghost Meets Ghost	Laddie	Pollyanna
The After House	When Ghost Meets Ghost	The Dark Flower	Pollyanna
The Inside of the Cup	Diane of the Green Van	Pollyanna	T. Tembarom
Pollyanna	Laddie	The White Linen Nurse	The Dark Flower
T. Tembarom	The Dark Flower	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	The Devil's Garden
The Inside of the Cup	The Treasure	T. Tembarom	Light of Western Stars
When Ghost Meets Ghost	Diane of the Green Van	Overland Red	Cap'n Dan's Daughter
Balcony Stories	Dark Hollow	T. Tembarom	The Dark Flower
The Devil's Garden	Black is White	A People's Man	Dark Hollow
Pollyanna	The Inside of the Cup	When Ghost Meets Ghost	Pidgin Island
The Devil's Garden	When Ghost Meets Ghost	The After House	The Best Man
The Rocks of Valpré	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	The Best Man	Barnabetta
The Inside of the Cup	T. Tembarom	Diane of the Green Van	The Peacock Feather
The Inside of the Cup	The Garden Without Walls	Laddie	The Iron Trail
The After House	Diane of the Green Van	Miss Billy Married	
Cap'n Dan's Daughter	Pollyanna	The Inside of the Cup	The Rocks of Valpré
T. Tembarom	Horace Blake	Old Mole	Light of Western Stars
Pollyanna	The Woman Thou Gavest Me	The Devil's Garden	When Ghost Meets Ghost
Westways	Pollyanna	The Inside of the Cup	The Dark Flower
T. Tembarom	The Inside of the Cup	Peg o' My Heart	Diane of the Green Van
T. Tembarom	Pollyanna	The Woman Thou Gavest Me	The Dark Flower
T. Tembarom	Light of Western Stars	The After House	Pollyanna
Sunshine Jane	It Happened in Egypt	The Devil's Garden	The After House
The Inside of the Cup	It Happened in Egypt	Cap'n Dan's Daughter	
Laddie	The Way Home	Dark Hollow	
The Fortunate Youth	The Man Inside	The Iron Trail	The Master Mind
T. Tembarom	The Rocks of Valpré	The World Set Free	Dodo's Daughter
		Black is White	Overland Red

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SALE OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library, Circulation Department, reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending March 4th:
1. Poems. Tagore.
2. Plays. Shaw.
3. Writing the Photo-Play. Esenwein.
4. Across Unknown South America. Landor.
5. Elements of Accounting. Klein.
6. The Promised Land. Antin.
7. The Philippines, Past and Present. Worcester.
8. The Life of the Fly. Fabre.
9. Plays. Strindberg.

For the week ending March 11th:
1. Poems. Tagore.
2. Elements of Accounting. Klein.
3. Crowds. Lee.
4. Village Life in America. Clarke.
5. Pragmatism. James.
6. Human Machine. Bennett.
7. Across Unknown South America. Landor.
8. Scott's Last Expedition. Scott.

For the week ending March 18th:
1. Scott's Last Expedition. Scott.
2. Home Furnishing. Hunter.
3. The Masked War. Burns.
4. John Barleycorn. London.
5. Village Life in America. Clarke.
6. Photoplay. Nelson.
7. Creative Evolution. Bergson.

For the week ending March 25th:
1. Plays. Shaw.
2. Methods in Education. McEvoy.
3. Tales of the Mermaid Tavern. Noyes.
4. Guide to Modern Opera. Singleton.
5. Life of Francis Thompson. Meynell.
6. Commercial Law. Gerstenberg.

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

What Men Live By. Cabot.
Gitanjali. Tagore.
Sadhana. Tagore.
Crowds. Lee.
Thinking Black. Crawford.
Poems. Masefield.
Poems. Noyes.
The Ascent of Denali. Stuck.
The Promised Land. Antin.
A Thousand Years Ago. MacKaye.
A Traveller at Forty. Dreiser.
South America. Bryce.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see chart, pages 358 and 359) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

SEE HINTS FOR BUYERS
PAGE 42, ADVERTISING SECTION

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Diane of the Green Van. Dalrymple. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.35	224
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	183
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25	130
4. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40	129
5. The Devil's Garden. Maxwell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35	120
6. Cap'n Dan's Daughter. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.35	113

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